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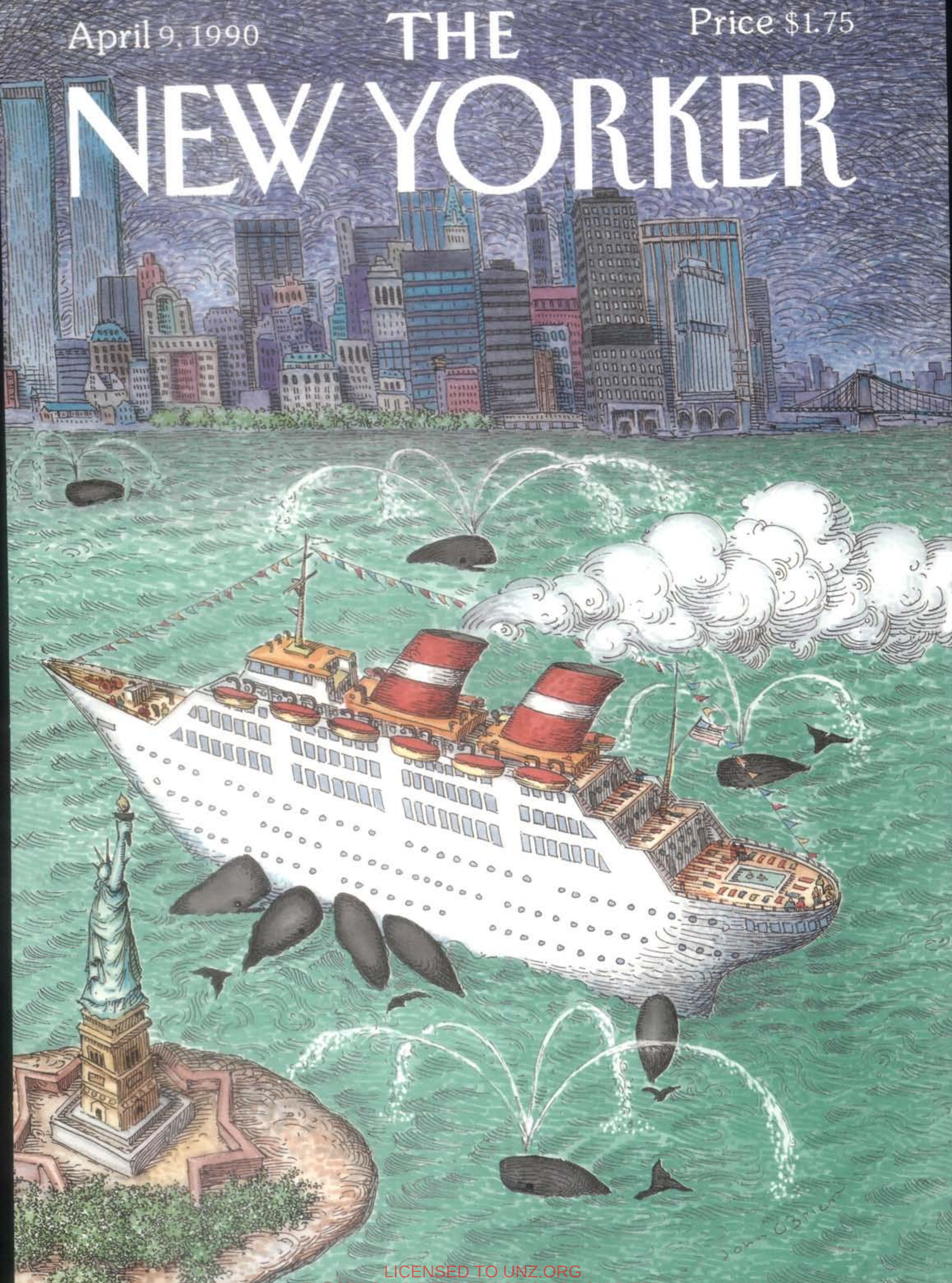

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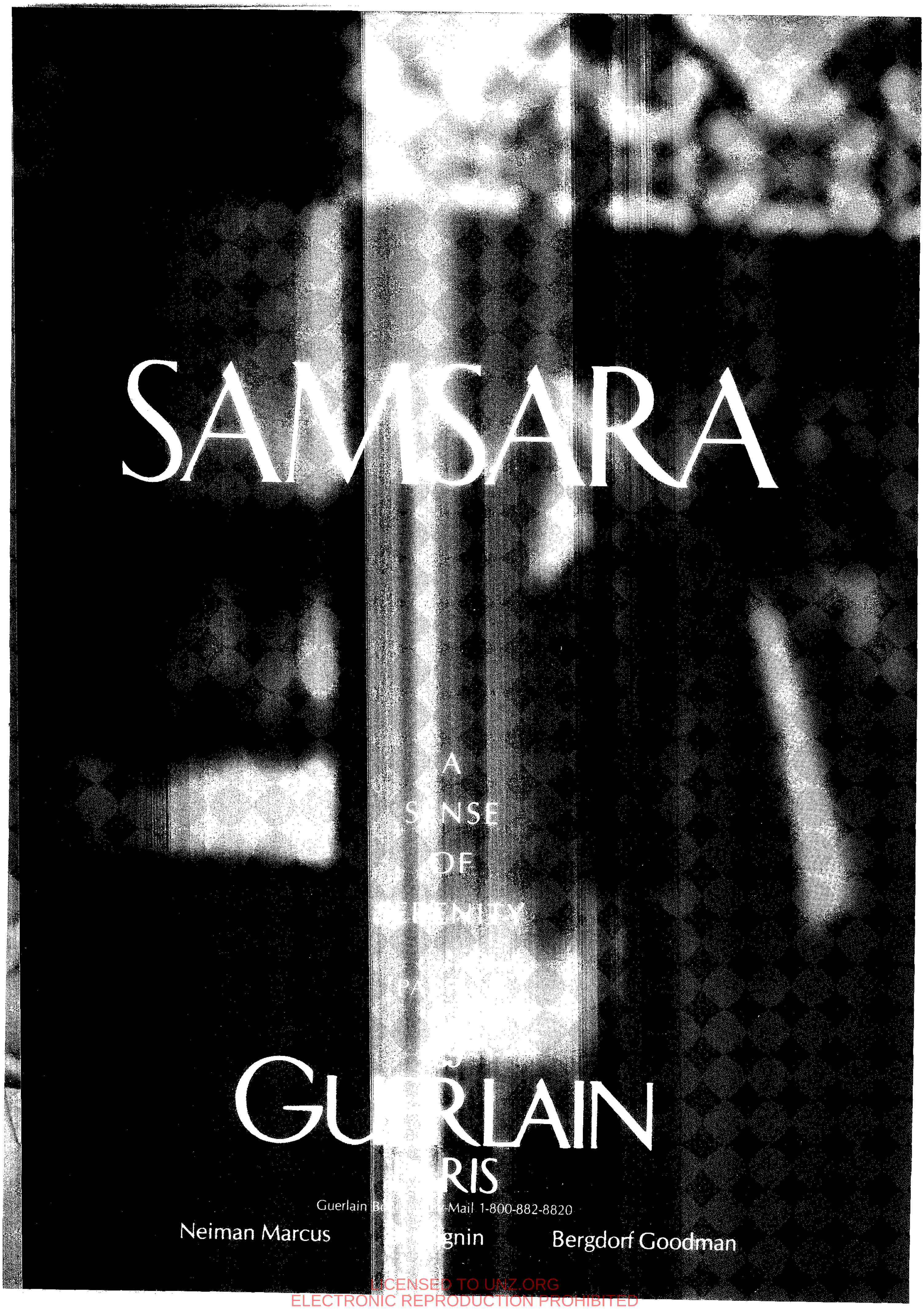
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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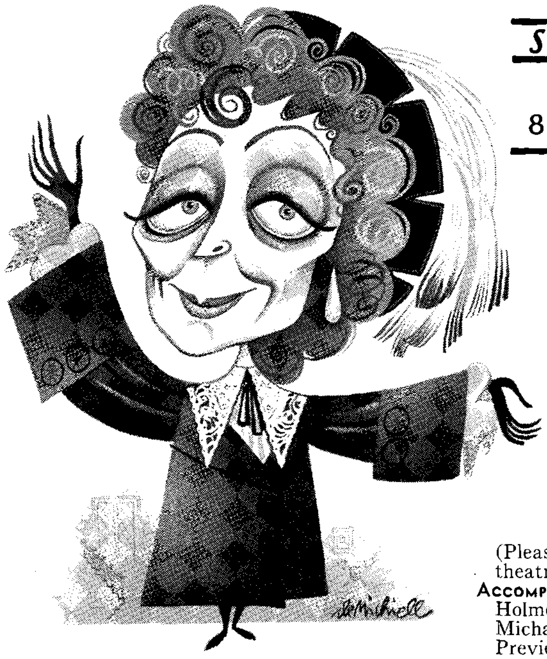

*Maggie Smith in "Lettice & Lovage"*

## THE THEATRE

MAKING the rounds of London theatre last month, we were struck by the number of plays by or about Oscar Wilde. (There were, most notably, Steven Berkoff's elegant yet vastly overcalculated production of Wilde's "Salome," and Terry Eagleton's "Saint Oscar," a surprisingly witty and challenging deconstruction of the writer's life.) It was odder yet to return home and discover that three recent New York offerings are adaptations, with music, of Wilde's 1891 novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

We attended the first of these, the American Ensemble Company's "Dorian" (which closed this past weekend), with trepidation. This story of an English aristocrat who makes a Faustian pact to retain his youth has defeated most previous adapters. (The last screen version, a 1970 affair starring Helmut Berger, was particularly horrid.) And the inclusion of songs portended an exercise in camp, or at least a return to the days before Richard Ellmann consolidated Wilde's position as not merely a *homosexual* purveyor of pith but a modernist saint. A.E.C.'s production, happily, was quite earnest. The electronic score, by Michael Rubell, was inventive, and the lyrics, by Mr. Rubell and Nan Barcan, were appropriately paradoxical. The faults were elsewhere: Ms. Barcan's sketchy book, and Robert Petito's amateurish direction.

The mixed success of A.E.C.'s adaptation did not dull our appetite for the other two musical versions, both of which open this Thursday: "Dorian Gray," at the Cubiculo Theatre (414 West 51st Street), and the Odyssey Theatre Company's "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (at the Medicine Show Theatre, 353 Broadway). But, whatever their approach to the material, it's likely that neither will be as creative as "Shades of Grey," a musical that had a brief run last year in Los Angeles. In that work, Wilde's fin-de-siècle setting was brought forward to the musical world of the nineteen-sixties, and the central character's portrait, we hear, was not a painting but the cover of a record album.

### OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

**ACCOMPLICE**—A comedy-thriller by Rupert Holmes, with Jason Alexander, Pamela Brull, Michael McKean, and Natalia Nogulich. Previews begin April 6. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

**ASPECTS OF LOVE**—The new Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, imported from London. Directed by Trevor Nunn, the show features Ann Crumb, Kathleen Rowe McAllen, Michael Ball, and Kevin Colson. Previews through April 7. Opens April 8 at 6:15. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

**THE BALCONY**—A revival of Jean Genet's 1960 play. Previews through April 7. Opens April 8 at 7. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

**BLUE HILL TROUPE**—Presenting six benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's **PATIENCE.** The show opens April 3 at 8, and runs through April 7. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. For information about tickets, call 410-2053.)

***DER RING GOTT FARBLONJET***—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company in Charles Ludlam's 1977 play. In previews. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

**KING LEAR**—The Rustaveli Theatre Company of the Soviet Union in an updated, Georgian-language production of Shakespeare's play. Simultaneous-translation sets will be available. The brief engagement opens April 2 at 7, and runs through April 8. (Majestic, 651 Fulton St., about a block east of Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, 1-718 636-4100.)

**MOUNTAIN**—Len Cariou is William O. Douglas in this play by Douglas Scott. Directed by John Henry Davis. Previews April 3-4. Opens April 5 at 8. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

**NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY**—The fourth production of the season is **LIFETIMES,** a series of dramatic monologues written by Gus Edwards. In previews. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

**ONCE ON THIS ISLAND**—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score). Directed and choreographed by Graciela Daniele. Previews begin April 6. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

**STARTING MONDAY**—Ellen Greene and Pamela Wiggins in a play by Anne Commire. Preview on April 3. Opens April 4 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

### NEW THIS SEASON

**AND THE SOUL SHALL DANCE**—A play by Wakako Yamauchi, presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Apple Corps Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. 245-2660. Closes April 7.)

**AWAY ALONE**—No one could accuse Janet Noble's sweet, feckless comedy about young Irish immigrants in the Bronx of being overly sophisticated. The play is innocent, sentimental, and old-fashioned—a little like the characters it portrays—but the feeling it creates in the audience becomes infectious, a little like the laughter it inspires. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

**BAD HABITS**—A revival of two 1973 one-acts by Terrence McNally. Nathan Lane, Kate Nelligan, and Faith Prince are in the cast. Directed by Paul Benedict. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

**BY AND FOR HAVEL**—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/90.) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

**CARBONDALE DREAMS**—Steven Sater's trilogy about a family of Ugly-American Jews in the Midwest began life as a pair of one-acts entitled "Beth" and "Bradley." (A third, "Arnold," has since been added.) "Beth" is so full of Jewish self-loathing and hostility toward one's parents (the work reeks of autobiography) as to be unendurable. Perhaps Sater needs to be reminded that the best revenge is living well, not writing poorly. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF**—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams' most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St 246-0220.)

**THE CIRCLE**—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (12/4/89) (Ambassador 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

**CITY OF ANGELS**—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author) The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89 (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

**CLOSER THAN EVER**—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richar Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music) as sung and performed by Brent Barrett Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynn Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, an lucky to have such attractive, humorous, an tender songs to sing and words to speak. Th fact that there is no amplification is an extr boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

**THE CRUCIBLE**—A revival of Arthur Miller's drama, with Justine Bateman, who is making he New York stage début. Directed by Geral Freedman. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St 420-1883.)

**A FEW GOOD MEN**—"Mister Roberts" meet "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaro Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino' direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Musi Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**GRAND HOTEL**—The dazzling imagination o Tommy Tune's direction and choreograph and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walto almost make up for the inner vacancy of thi show (except for a glorious, eccentric danc by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The stor and characters are skimpy and the music i undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

**THE GRAPES OF WRATH**—This stage adaptatio (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is th most truly adult version of Steinbeck's nove to date. It appeals to the mind rather than t the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see Joh Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leav feeling as if you had. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W 48th St. 239-6200.)

**GYPSY**—This revival of the great Sondheim Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directe by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightfu

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—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

**Heart of a Dog**—Deloss Brown's adaptation of Mikhail Bulgakov's 1925 novella. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 8.)

**I Am a Winner!**—A comedy by Fred Valle that takes place in Spanish Harlem. Three performances a week are in English, four are in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

**Jean Cocteau Repertory**—Presenting two works in rotating repertory: **THE PRINCE OF HOMBERG,** by Heinrich von Kleist, in a translation by Douglas Langworthy; and Eric Bentley's version of Brecht's **A MAN'S A MAN.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

**Lettice & Lovage**—Maggie Smith and Margaret Tyzack star in this London comedy by Peter Shaffer. The cast also includes Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze. Staged by Michael Blakemore. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

## TOTEM

*People who live in houses that look like all the other houses in the neighborhood are not necessarily conformists. Take the dwelling at 1341 Noble Avenue, between East 172nd and East 174th Streets, in the Bronx. This semi-detached brick home replicates dozens of others nearby, yet it stands out. For twenty years, its residents have been filling their beach-towel-size front lawn with found objects, such as bed headboards, stone Buddhas, rocking horses, Trader Vic's-style primitive wooden heads, and Chevy and Buick hubcaps. The pieces are wired together in a sculptural pile that stands ten feet tall and leans precariously over the sidewalk. Weird finials cap the stack: a weather-beaten ball of rubber tubing that resembles a paramecium, and a pole-mounted plastic sign that reads "ENTER CHECKING ACCOUNTS AND ALL PAYMENTS."*

*The neighbors don't mind such mad folk art in their midst. "I guess it's just a form of self-expression," said a man who grew up in a house three doors down. Another local said, "It's a wonder of art and science. I'm sure it has some meaning that we'll never understand."*

**Making Movies**—A new comedy by Aaron Sorkin, the author of "A Few Good Men." With Michael Countryman and David Marshall Grant; directed by Don Scardino. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

**Meet Me in St. Louis**—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

**A Mom's Life**—A one-woman play written and performed by Kathryn Grody. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 22.)

**New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players**—Presenting **OF THEE I SING,** the company's first non-Savoyard production. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Closes April 15.)

**St. Mark's Gospel**—Alec McCowen's one-man show, first seen here in 1978. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes April 15.)

**Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll**—All manner of hypocrites, fakes, liars, and other ethical discards are subjected to Eric Bogosian's incomparable mimicry and wit. The evening is anything but depressing. (2/26/90) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

**Some Americans Abroad**—Yank Anglophilia and self-hatred among a group of academics on their department's annual theatre tour of England. The play, by Richard Nelson, would be worth seeing if only for the quality and style of the performances—particularly from Colin Stinton and Henderson Forsythe. You could do a lot worse than this well-observed and amusing comedy of manners. (So, as the record shows, could the playwright.) (2/26/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

**The Sound of Music**—As Rodgers and Hammerstein's would-be postulant, Maria, Debby Boone combines a talent for yodelling with an apparent inability to act or sustain a note. This City Opera revival is so inert that it would probably bore a child. Still, Werner Klemperer (in the Kurt Kasznar role) is nice to have around. (3/26/90) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Closes April 22.)

**Tru**—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

**York Theatre Company**—Presenting a revival of **THE GOLDEN APPLE,** the 1954 musical by John Latouche (score) and Jerome Moross (lyrics). (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes April 22.)

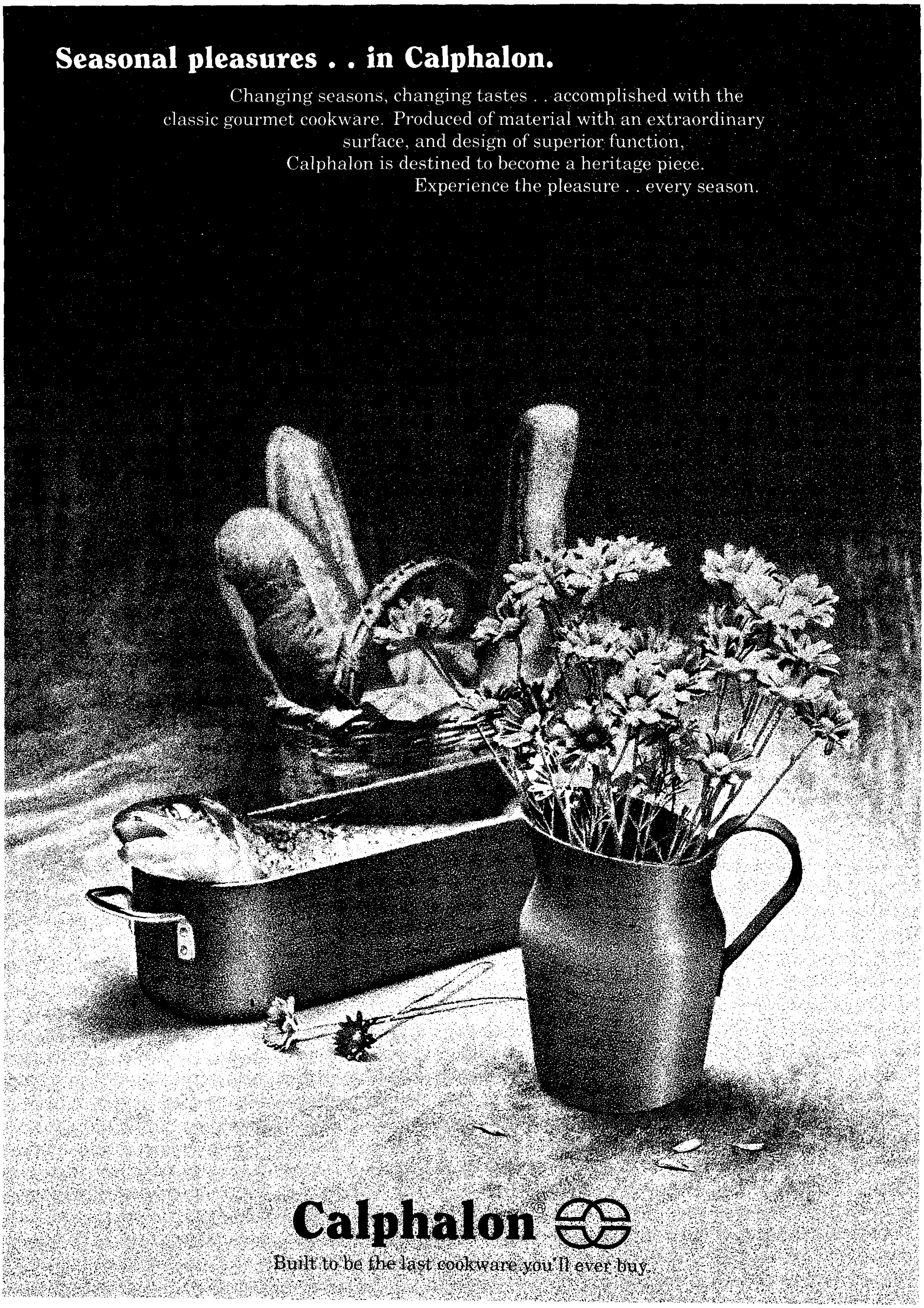
### LONG RUNS

**BLACK AND BLUE:** An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes April 22.) . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre tha cares not a whit for words and contains no one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

# DANCE

Eiko and Koma—who will perform a seventy-minute program at the Joyce, April 3-8—are a youngish urban professional couple in New York You certainly know other couples like them. They have a small family, a modest apartment, and a car. They work for the same corporation, so they drive downtown together every day put in their hours, and drive home It's what they *do* at work that make them unlike anyone else in the city They enter a dance studio, where they spend the next six hours. But they don't dance. Instead, they conduct an inquiry, using their own bodies, to find the most nakedly expressive non dance movement they can put on a stage and still look agelessly beautiful Most of their advances are made with*out their taking a single step;* they ar rarely upright. One of them wil uncurl a limb, or partially roll over filling perhaps ninety seconds with th action. Then, for the next five minute or so, both will discuss the results in their native Japanese—how th movement looks, how it could read more legibly or mysteriously, how i relates to what happened or will happen, what it means, what it might b construed to mean. Occasionally, they make a find by the end of the day More often, they throw everything ou and start over. (The Joyce program has been in preparation for tw years.)

Their movement in performanc has nothing to do with clocks, metronomes, or any mechanistic calculations of time. It goes by at the pace o a river glimpsed from a jet; it goes by at the pace of relentless, bone-borin pain. At first, you may panic unde its unaccommodating authority, but i you can break through this resistanc you may come to see that the action carry out a high-tension drama, wit a beginning, a middle, and an end that every event is *significant*; an that emotional connections are bein made murderously fast—too fast t follow completely at one viewing. Th résumés of Eiko and Koma list stud with Butoh masters in Japan an modern dancers in Germany an America, but the experience of thei art is closer to that of watching Duse face, full frame, shifting no obviou muscles yet moving the earth.



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### DANCE–Cont'd

**Eiko & Koma**—Presenting the New York premières of "Passage," "Memory," and "Rust." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 3 at 7:30, April 4-7 at 8, and April 8 at 2 and 7:30.)

**"Oba Oba '90"**—A Brazilian music-and-dance revue. (Marquis Theatre, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through April 22.)

**Pilar Rioja**—In a solo program entitled "Falla & Flamenco." (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. April 4 and April 6 at 8. . . . ¶ Equitable Center Auditorium, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. April 7 at 8 and April 8 at 3. For information about tickets to all performances, call 889-2850.)

**Rustavi Company**—Sixty singers, dancers, and musicians from Soviet Georgia. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 5-6 at 8, April 7 at 2 and 8, and April 8 at 3 and 7.)

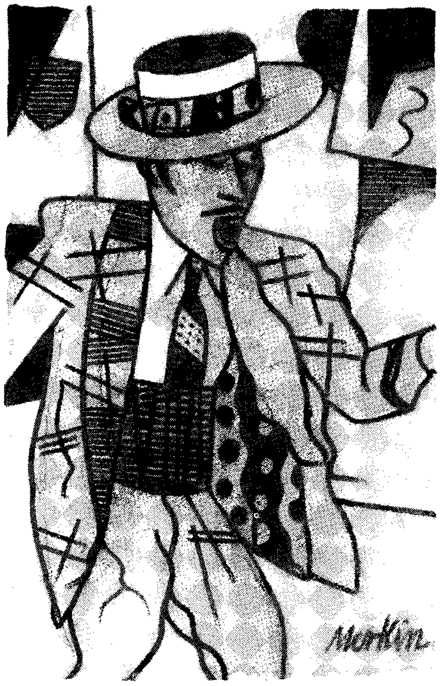
**Carlota Santana Spanish Dance Arts Company**—Presenting "Brisas Andinas" and other works, with musical accompaniment by the Alborada Latina Chamber Ensemble. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. April 6-7 at 7:30.)

**"Cinderella"**—A full-length ballet choreographed by Paul Mejia and performed by the Fort Worth Ballet. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. April 10 at 7:30 and April 11 at 8. Through April 15.)

## NIGHT LIFE

IN a city where most jazz rooms are understated and plain, Indigo Blues has always looked a little like the club that Scarface built. Its computerized lighting system cost in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars, and its sound system, which a former manager calls "the ultimate in overkill," ran about a hundred grand. Sinking this much money into a jazz club in the theatre district—which, in the small hours of the night, is an iffy neighborhood for anybody not staying at the Marriott Marquis—seemed like a bad idea. It was. After an impressive opening stretch, which included performances by Miles Davis, Betty Carter, and Max Roach, among others, Indigo Blues faltered. Apparently in an effort to pay the bills, management began booking just about anybody who'd work for a percentage. Before long, Three Dog Night was playing there.

A few weeks back, we got a letter from Indigo Blues saying that the club had a new management team and that it was returning to its "roots." (Its roots, by the way, go back about as far as Kylie Minogue's early days.) Because we were intrigued and because we wish the club luck, we called a member of the new crew, Larry Lynch. Mr. Lynch, whose background is in desktop publishing, struck us as a thoughtful man willing to try anything to revive the venue: jazz, cabaret, dancing, new menus, happy hours, record-release parties, tour packages with nearby hotels—anything, it sounded like, short of a car show. To be honest, Indigo Blues' future as a jazz club remains awfully tentative. Management's efforts to appeal to New York's jazz community will always be hampered by the fact that Indigo Blues is forty-odd blocks north of Village hangouts like the Blue Note and fifty-odd blocks south of uptown clubs like Birdland. To make matters worse, the club is rather small—there are roughly two hundred seats with decent views of the action—and there aren't many performers who can bring in enough money to make the place profitable. "I used to ask the owner why it had to be a jazz club," someone once told us of Indigo Blues. "And it was some nebulous thing like he had some Italian friends who thought jazz would be the next big thing."



*At the Ritz, August Darnell of Kid Creole & the Coconuts*

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of the singer-pianist **Steve Ross**, who's currently at work in the newly revamped Oak Room. Mr. Ross bounces up and down on the bench like a marionette, and his performances are heavily spiked with the transatlantic chatter of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and other latter-day saints. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

**Astro's Turf**, Second Ave. at 94th St. (289-0415)—A goofy, futuristic theme bar apparently designed by George Jetson. On the ceiling and floor, one finds astronaut dolls playing golf on amoeba-shaped greens; over the bar, a giant green octopus (a sextopus, actually, but who's counting?); and, on Thursday night's menu, a drink called the Woo Woo Wedge. On a recent night, while a Blues Brothers-ish band held sway onstage, patrons here were trying to figure out what the hell NASA had to do with golf, when someone informed them that the longest golf drive ever was made on that distant, grassless country club known as the moon. The informant didn't know if the astronaut in question went on to play every hole. Live music Mondays after ten.

**Ballroom**, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. Charles Pierce is in residence, offering his tributes to (and impersonations of) Bette Davis, among others.

**Birdland**, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway viewing. On April 4, saxophonist **Frank Morgan** and his quartet come in for four nights. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Blue Note**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **Koko Taylor**, a heavyset blues belter who had a big hit a few decades back with "Wang Dang Doodle," will set the pace April 3-8. Irma Thomas & the Professionals begin work on April 10. First set at nine. Dining.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. Texas-born singer-guitarist **Townes Van Zandt** didn't record much in the eighties, and many of his earlier efforts—some of which date back to the sixties—have been out of print for a long time. Despite the fact that he's an unknown in some circles, however, he's a legend in others, and he'll be here April 4. Of **Sonny Rollins'** saxophone solos on the Rolling Stones record "Tattoo You," Mick Jagger once said, "He came in and asked to hear the tunes and came up with these amazing solos the first time out. He thought he was just warming up." Mr. Rollins brings his euphoric improvising here April 6-7. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

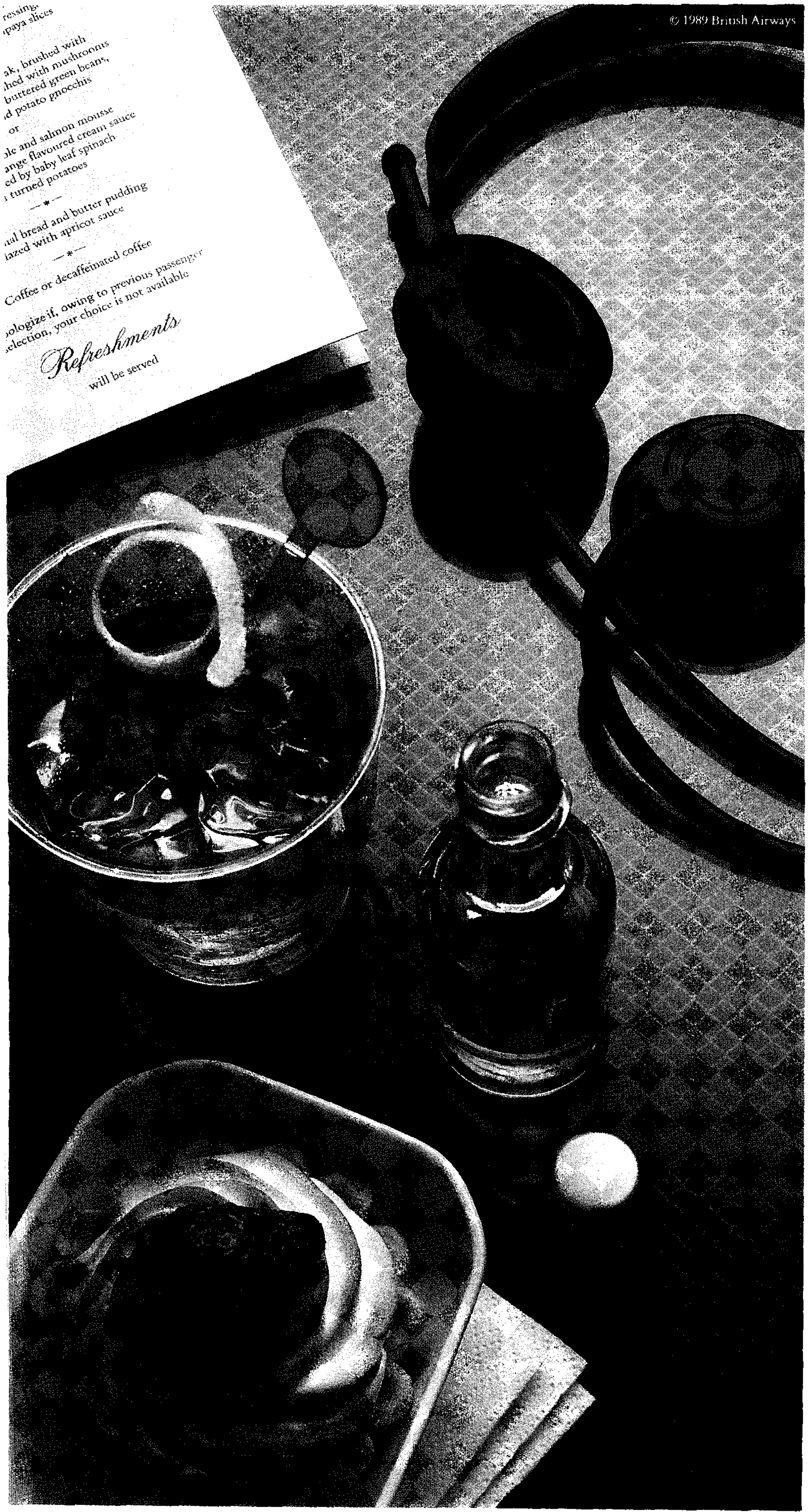
**Carlyle Hotel**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a place where time pretty much stands still. TV actress and songbird **Dixie Carter**, whose shows usually involve a good deal of character acting and songs from a rather diverse musical cast, including Bob Dylan and Cole Porter, is in action Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillars and walls are decorated with a Ludwig Bemelmans park scene (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildren and a nun), **Barbara Carroll** is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**Cat Club**, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by such acts as Exiter and Sweet Cheetah, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glide across the floor at a comfortable pace, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. The Harlem Blues and Jazz Band is in residence on April 8. Music from eight to midnight.

**Condon's**, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A new, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. A quintet belonging to drummer **Arthur Taylor** will be here April 3-8, and saxophonist **George Adams** leads a quartet as of April 10. Music after ten.

**Fat Tuesday's**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt, which is reached by passing through a tight corridor where you half expect to bump into Admiral Nimitz. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **Ron Carter**, everyone's favorite bassist (except for maybe Paul McCartney), leads his nonet April 3-8. Carter has logged in on more than a thousand jazz albums, in case you've lost count. **Phil Woods**, the Bird-inspired alto saxophonist, brings in a quintet starting April 10. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **Les Paul**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

**Greene Street**, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **Pete Malinverni** through April 4, and April 9-10; and **Lynn Bernstein** April 5-7.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Refreshments
will be served

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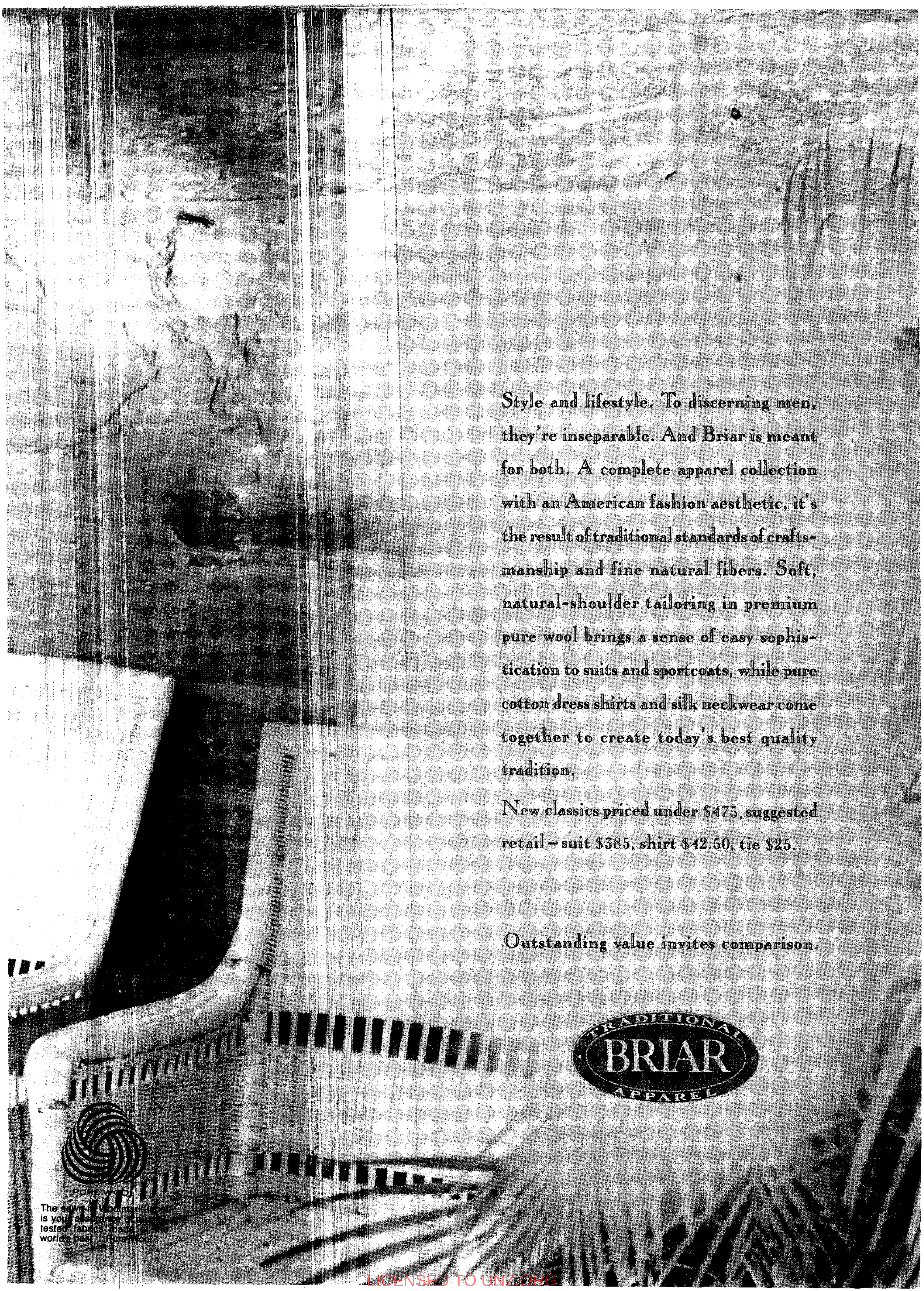

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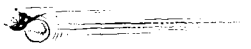
## NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

**Indigo Blues,** 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A sleek, modern jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison, with glass brick, space-age carpeting, and long strips of cool-blue neon. The Indigo Blues Band is in charge of things on Mondays. Dining.

**J's,** 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The schedule, in part: Andy Tuck's trio on April 4; the Roy Meriwether trio on April 7; Lance Hayward's threesome on April 9; Joel Forrester solo on April 10; and Lynn Bernstein's trio on April 11. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Kilimanjaro,** 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—A recently opened, northern branch of a popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the oversized dance floor seldom lies fallow. Leroy Sibbles and Soweto Soliel claim April 6; April 7 belongs to Professor Yaa-Lengi.

**Knickerbocker,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass-figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, but chin music is often the dominant sound. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** author of "Judy Carmichael's Complete Book of Stride Piano," will be here with saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM** April 3-7. Music from nine-thirty.



**Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat,** 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

**Lone Star Roadhouse,** 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **JERRY JEFF WALKER,** a country singer of the "outlaw" school and the composer of "Mr. Bojangles," makes a stand April 4-5; the Cajun party band **BEAUSOLEIL** takes over on April 6; and **DAVE MASON,** the quintessential seventies mellow-rocker, steps in on April 7. Music after nine. Dining.

**Maxwell's,** 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—A small-pond club for big-fish bands. There's not much here to look at: it's a back-room affair wih a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to papier-mâché. Still, the bookers know their college-radio playlists: Sonic Youth, Wire, and the Feelies came through not long ago, and R.E.M. and 10,000 Maniacs landed here before even *you* knew who they were. Dining.

**Rainbow & Stars,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be the cocktail lounge. **MARTIN CHARNIN'S** revue "Hits and Ms.'s"—the hits are shows that Charnin, a lyricist, composer, and director, had a hand in ("Annie," "The No-Frills Revue," "The First"); the Ms.'s are eight "Annie 2" alumni—continues through April 7. Sheldon Harnick starts work on April 10. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Red Blazer Too,** 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. When the band is swinging, and you and your dreamboat are cheek to cheek, everything can seem just swell. **VINCE GIORDANO & THE NIGHTHAWKS,** a tuxedoed outfit with felt-bannered music stands and vintage instruments, are here on Mondays and Tuesdays, playing the music of Hoagy Carmichael, Fletcher Henderson, and others. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**Ritz,** 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you'll find some worthwhile bands. **KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS** are here on April 5. The group, led by Bronxite August (Kid Creole) Darnell, has always been a step ahead of the pop world; they were onto world beat—in their case, a high-spirited blend of Latin, reggae, rap, calypso, and rock—long before it became fashionable. The **MIGHTY SPARROW,** the first name in calypso, performs here on April 7. **PETER MURPHY,** formerly of Bauhaus, claims the stage April 11, along with Nine Inch Nails. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Terumasa Hino and the Bluestruck Band claim April 3-8; **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** the expatriate South African bandleader and multi-instrumentalist, brings in his group, **EKAYA,** for a two-week stand beginning on April 10. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is bigger and slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. **LOUP GAROU,** New York's hardest-working zydeco band, takes the stage April 6-7; bluesman **ALBERT COLLINS** gets under way on April 11.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. A quartet led by the explosive tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will be here through April 8. Mondays are prime time for a big band formerly led by Mel Lewis. Music from ten.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830)—This café—for years a well-known haven for those studying pinball, jazz, and other unofficial Columbia University requirements—reopened early this year. Blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** who began playing professionally in Athens, Texas, in 1921, will be here with a quartet April 5-7. Music at nine.

**Woody's,** 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's recently opened club is a basic-black basement with mirrors, comfy couches, and rotating spotlights. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the primary decoration. **RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY,** a band of the Joy Division school—bleak lyrics, but love those guitars—will be here on April 7. One show, at eight.

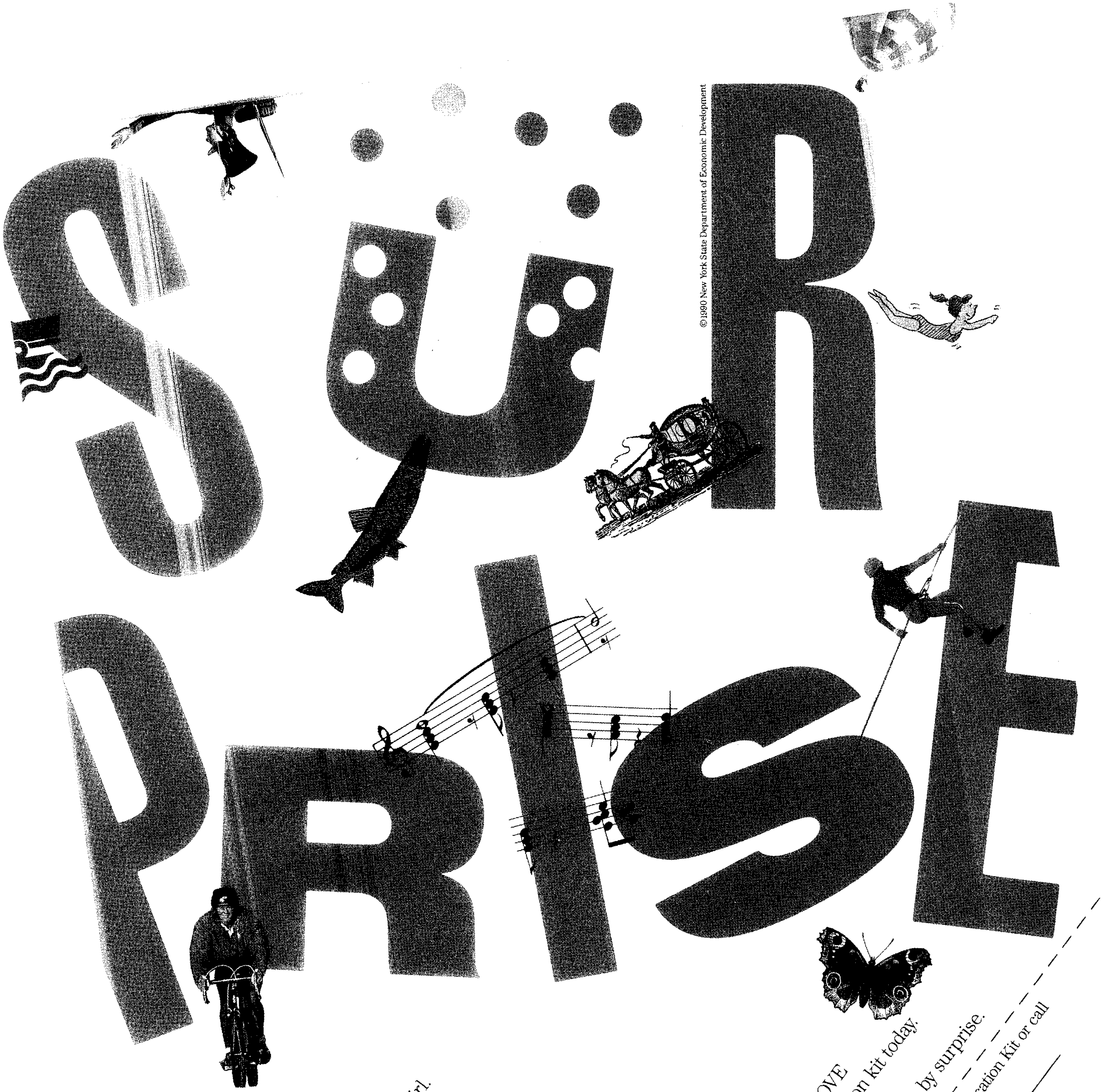
**Zanzibar & Grill,** 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—Outside, the jungle that is New York throbs in its old heavy-handed way; inside, the ceiling fans turn slowly, the palm trees rustle tropically, the jukebox plays Perez Prado and the Mills Brothers, and the customer is susceptible to fevered thoughts about going down South, where he can do a little shelling and shuffleboarding. The musicians go to work around nine. Jazz fusionist **LARRY CORYELL,** whose flashy, triple-speed acoustic-guitar playing has won him a reputation as "one of the world's monster guitarists," comes in with a quartet April 6-7.

## EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THIS was a group of Academy Award-watching thoroughbreds. The kind who get into position during the middle of Barbara Walters' second interview. The kind who don't consider it any great achievement to know who did Jessica Tandy's gown (Armani) and don't have to be told it's not just aerobics that got Jane Fonda's top half so perky. Most important, the kind who can immediately activate that patch of cranial tissue stamped Carrollian Logic, which they cultivate just for this evening. Already stored in its memory bank are Aretha Franklin singing "Funny Girl" with "antlers" on her head, Ann Reinking's hiccupping rendition of the theme song from "Against All Odds," actors in Romeo and Juliet costumes doing the jerk, and Ernest Thompson, during his acceptance for "On Golden Pond," voicing a desire to "suck face" with everyone in the audience.

For a while, the tea party was restless. The evening seemed uncomfortably smooth. The opening film montage was too hypnotic. Billy Crystal too funny. Geena Davis too beautiful. But then tabloid-prone Kim Basinger strutted on in an "I was Scarlett O'Hara and Flash Gordon's love child" white ball gown to introduce a clip from "Dead Poets Society" and proceeded to utter a who-asked-you remark about Spike Lee's overlooked film "Do the Right Thing." That cheered them up. Then Daryl Hannah proved that you may not even be as good as your last picture (potentially devastating when it was "Steel Magnolias"). That got them tittering. By the time the choreographer Paula Abdul had revived the dancing-costume motif (the vogueing Valmonts were genius), they was yeapin'.

Yet even absurdity can spin out of control. Maybe the evening wouldn't have landed Beyond the Valley of the Ultravixens had Daniel Day-Lewis not just scored an amazing upset, picking up an Oscar from Jodie Foster, who looks more like Garbo every day. But what started out sweet, with Michelle Pfeiffer's intro to Garland singing "Over the Rainbow," was suddenly shattered by the reedy, sharp whisper-singing of another, lesser voice, and before you could say "What the hell are you doing here—you haven't made a movie in twelve years" three times fast, Diana Ross's hair, nails, and requisite white beaded gown were imploring us to sing along with her lazy self. Most of those in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion were too polite to do otherwise, especially since Ross had one hand cupped on her ear, as if she were listening real good. But the TV-watching ones—like Mel Gibson, who was seen via satellite in London, ignoring the ex-actress and eating with his mouth open—were having no part of it. "Take that song away from her. Why isn't Liza doing this?" asked one stunned watcher. "She must still be auditioning for 'The Josephine Baker Story,' " cracked another. Diana, if you're listening: Thanks. We'll let you know.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

### IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

**The Circus**—The hundred and twentieth version of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey three-ring show. (Madison Square Garden. Through April 29. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300.)

**"Easter Extravaganza"**—Opening performance of a stage show at Radio City Music Hall that will run for two weeks. With Bo-Peep, a rabbit, three sheep, a wolf, a tortoise, and, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. April 11 at 7:30.)

**"Crowbar"**—A play, of sorts, by Mac Wellman, presented by En Garde Arts, and performed in the old Victory Theatre. The score is by David Van Tieghem. (209 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. April 3-8 at 8.)

**"The Nature of Things"**—An evening-length theatrical work written and performed by David Cale. Roy Nathanson and Marc Ribot have composed the score and will perform it live. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. April 3-7 at 8.)

**"Downtown/Uptown"**—A performance-art smorgasbord. April 3-8: Three short pieces and a film by regulars at P.S. 122: Terry Galloway, Ishmael Houston-Jones, Guy Yarden, and Ruth Peyser. . . . ¶ Starting April 10: The Otrabanda Company's production of Sidney Goldfarb's "Orange Grove," with music by Blue Gene Tyranny and choreography by Rocky Bornstein. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Performances nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. The series continues through April 22.)

**"Against the Earth"**—A wordless opera about *nature—i.e., rocks, fossils, water. The story* is told through dancing, vocals, percussive music, and shadow puppetry. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. April 4-8 at 8. Through April 15.)

**Laurie Carlos**—Presenting her latest work, "Monkey Dances." With Veronica Scott, Marisa Powers, Susan McKeever, and Evangeline Johns. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. April 5-8 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

**Arto Lindsay and Vito Acconci**—Presenting their song cycle, "Women's Business." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. April 6-8 at 8:30.)

**P.S. 122**—April 5-8 at 8: Nina Martin's new work, called "Date with Fate," is about people who continually collide with things and with each other, but never die. . . . ¶ April 2 at 8: Film Crash, an evening of short experimental films. . . . ¶ April 5-8 at 9:30: Ain Gordon in "30 Stories." The engagement runs through April 29. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

## ART

THE abstract painter Pat Adams is operating in high gear. Her work has never looked more assured than in her current show—her twentieth over the course of a thirty-five-year-long relationship with the Zabriskie gallery—and, with a resurgence of abstract-lyrical styles so clearly in view, it even looks timely. Adams is an extremely technical painter. Her many new paintings, big and small, are unimpeachably accomplished. In each, members of the artist's astral retinue of orbs, arcs, circles, ellipses, tangents, and angles pose with perfect balletic composure in highly refined, complex, fussed-over fields. Like many of our favorite abstractionists, Adams scumbles, mixes, scrapes, wipes. All manner of surface incidents occur in these works—some of which even sparkle—but with the utmost decorum. We may encounter myriad enticing allusions to earth, fire, wind, sea, sand, rock, sky, and cosmos. But in every instance Adams muscles the din. Associated with Bennington College for the past twenty-six years, she seems to have fully absorbed its atmosphere of spacey high-mindedness. There's no theatre in these works, no sense-memory of the cosmic blast, and no sense of comedy. Adams cannot embrace vulgarity. She cannot relinquish control. Her work is beautiful, intelligent, and relevant to the revived debate about abstraction's spiritual side. But for their coy demeanor, and their refusal to acknowledge a new audience, Adams' paintings might almost look hip.

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### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A small gathering of works by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, the mid-eighteenth-century painter of genre scenes that wag a moral finger. "The Broken Eggs," for instance, refers to a young girl's lost virtue, and "Aegina Visited by Jupiter" may reflect the artist's desire, as he once said to Diderot, "to paint a woman completely nude without offending modesty"—the resulting puff of smoke and makeshift G-string are both comic and moderately obscene. Through May 6. . . . ¶ The best Greuze on view at the museum, "Head of an Old Man," is in a show of master drawings from the collection of Ian Woodner, a real-estate developer, architect, and painter whose extraordinary procession of European works on paper extends from the fourteenth century to the early twentieth. The sections devoted to the German and French schools are especially strong. "Hare Beneath a Tree," by Hans Hoffman (1530-91/92), for instance, and the assortment of drawings and pastels by Odilon Redon are first-round knockouts. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Watercolors and etchings by the Belgian artist Jean-Michel Folon, including two series of illustrations for volumes by Guillaume Apollinaire and Jacques Prévert. Through June 3. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—The twist on Robert Moskowitz' brand of minimalist painting is that his central image is usually a representation of something phallic, and subtly so—a skyscraper, a cane, a smokestack. An exhilarating retrospective traces the motif's methodical evolution. Through May 1. . . . ¶ "Photography Until Now," a show of nearly three hundred works, examines the technological, commercial, and creative developments that have shaped the medium over the past century and a half. Through May 29. . . . ¶ Photographs by Tina Barney. Through April 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Before the museum closes to complete its restoration, visitors can see about a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures (by Chagall, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Léger, Calder, Giacometti, and others) from the collection. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—In "New Sculpture 1965-75: Between Geometry and Gesture," marvel of cool panache follows marvel of drop-dead elegance—all sprawled in perfect, if at times narcissistic, indolence over two monumental floors. The radical spirit of these works by Alan Saret, Lynda Benglis, Barry LeVa, Keith Sonnier, the late Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Joel Shapiro, Richard Serra, Richard Tuttle, and the late Eva Hesse has apparently evolved into a state of profound and impeccably pomaded art-historical grace. The many triumphant pieces here have not lost their potency; on the contrary, they now appear seminal. Through May 20. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, a small and intense exhibition of recent drawings by Roni Horn, Charles Ray, Jim Shaw, and Michael Tetherow. The level of pictorial and conceptual intelligence runs unusually high in this selection. Tetherow's drawings are quite beautiful and Shaw's have an arresting, wistful yet gonzo humor to them, but Horn's incredibly dense chromatic realizations and Ray's strangely ardent metaphysical paradoxes pack an especially tight, hard punch. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Two multi-panel works from 1986 and 1987 by Komar & Melamid are on view in the lobby. Through June 4. . . . ¶ "Czech Modernism: 1900-1945." There are some electrifying paintings in this show and a healthy and welcome selection of drawings, prints, and books, all of which give a strong sense of a vital, nearly volcanic exchange of ideas—the artists and painters of Prague seem to have devoured every kind of modern art that came their way. Many of the works are peculiar hybrids: Cubo-Expressionism (one fractured fellow knifing another), Expressionistic primitivism (the merger of Munch and Rousseau). Through May 7. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

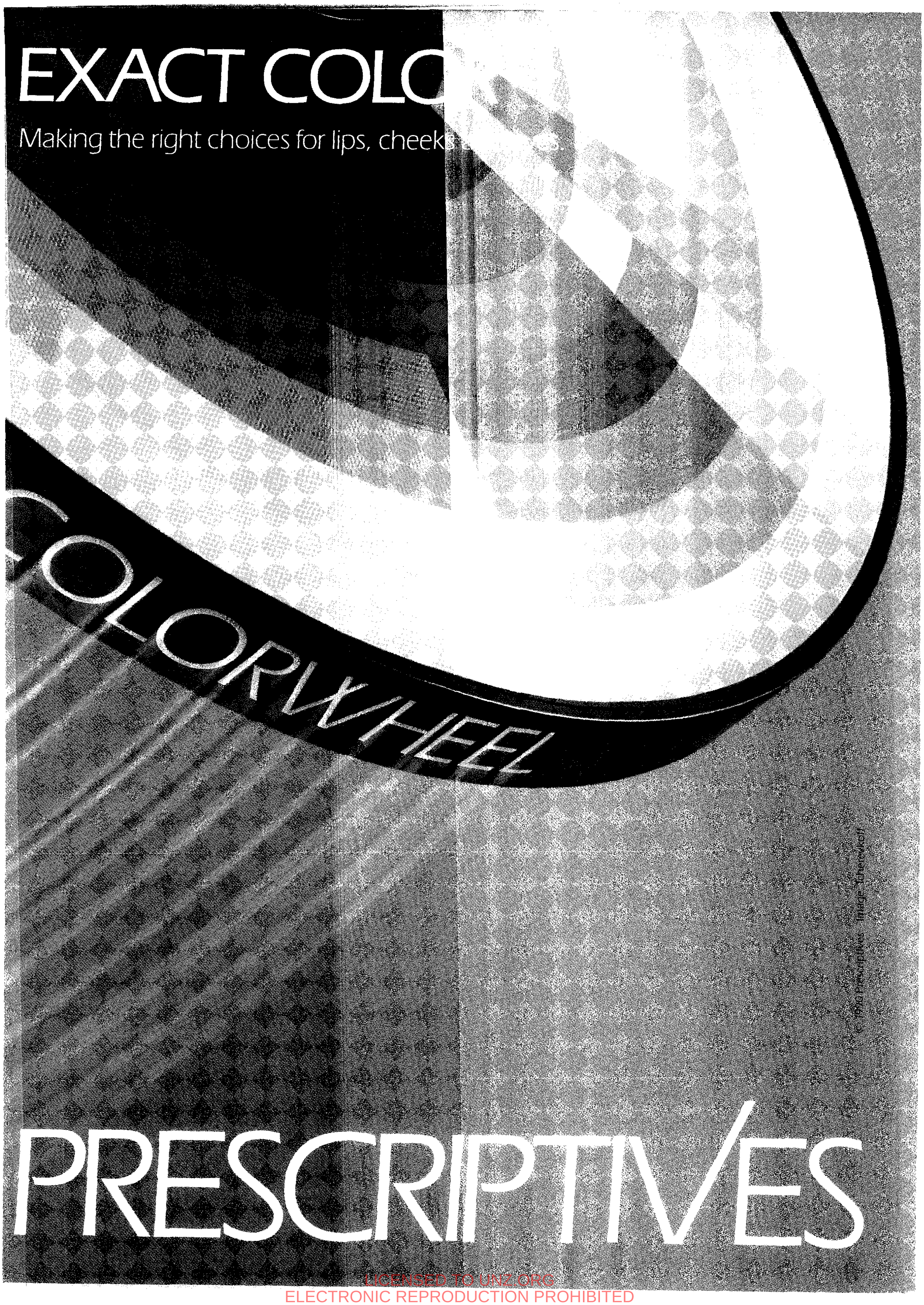
**Bronx Museum of the Arts,** 1040 Grand Concourse—A show of paintings that attempts to look at the parallels between artists of African descent in the United States and Brazil, two formerly slave-dependent nations that abolished slavery at roughly the same time. The most moving part of the exhibition is a display of various grotesque iron shackles from Brazil, reproductions of old prints of slaves wearing them, and the startling statistic, printed on a wall label, that six per cent of the African slaves were shipped to the United States and sixty per cent to Brazil. Mel Edwards' "Lynch Fragment" series of sculptures, which is installed nearby, is the richer for this historical material. Through May 28. . . . ¶ A show of Latin-American photography that embraces many different photographic attitudes. Unfortunately, most of the work is derivative and undistinguished. But there is a moving image by Hugo Cifuentes, an Ecuadoran, of a child sleeping on and surrounded by stacks of large photos—each larger than himself—of transport and travel. Through April 6. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Fabrics designed by large textile companies and by individual artisans in the past decade are presented on a grand scale—floor-to-ceiling lengths of cloth, for instance, and dramatic walk-through environments. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Frick Collection,** 1 E. 70th St.—A show of many ebullient paintings and watercolors by the brilliant and irresistibly charming Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827). Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Japan Society,** 333 E. 47th St.—During Japan's Kamakura period (1185-1333), power shifted from the court to the samurai. In this dramatic installation the court paintings—mostly scrolls with angular portrayals of poets—run down one wall, and swords, gleaming with perfection, run down the opposite wall, in a duel for refinement and mastery. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A loan show from Düsseldorf of paintings and drawings by German artists whose work protested against the First World War and the Weimar Republic. The best known of the artists represented are Otto Dix, Käthe Kollwitz, and Max Ernst. Through May 23. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed April 9-11.)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Making the right choices for lips, cheek
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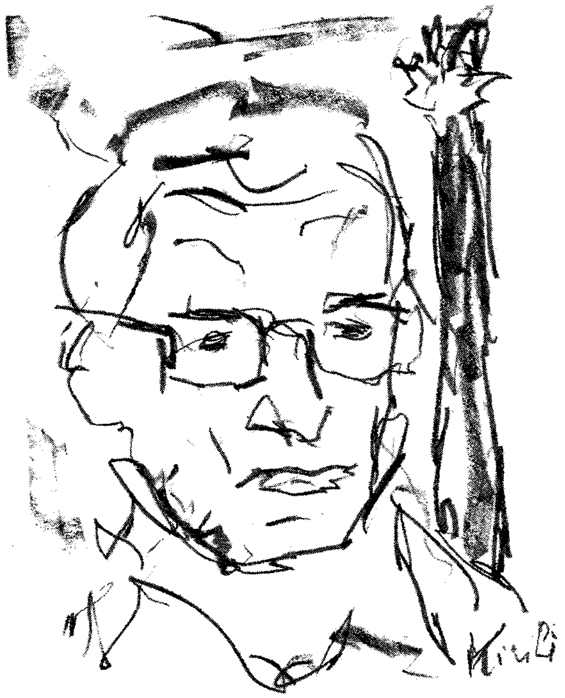

*Self-portrait by Alain Kirili*

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A show of more than a hundred illuminated manuscripts from fifteenth- and early-sixteenth-century Holland that indicates the influence these works had on later painters. Through May 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Pen-and-ink and chalk drawings from the Renaissance by the brothers Taddeo and Federico Zuccaro. Through April 29. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**The New Museum,** 583 Broadway—Mary Kelly's "Post-Partum Document" is the closest the art world gets to a cult classic. Her new work, "Interim," continues her critique of traditional gender and class roles, this time through an examination of identity and desirability in women approaching middle age. The four parts of this environmental, text-centered work are visually distinct and distanced. They challenge traditional expectations of how art works should function, and are deliberately nonauthoritarian and only somewhat seductive. . . . ¶ Jana Sterbak's post-body-art objects have great style—a metal chaise that emits a mild electrostatic shock, for example. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Spring training for non-players in a show called "Diamonds Are Forever," which offers the reflections of contemporary authors and artists on that most American of pastimes: baseball. The parks, players, equipment, and action are all immortalized, by fans such as Claes Oldenburg, Edna Ferber, Nicholas Nixon, Roger Angell, and Andy Warhol. Through April 21. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 144 W. 125th St.—A show of contemporary sub-Saharan African art that should inspire serious rethinking of such issues as cultural imperialism and the function of art within society. Through May 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

**Georg Baselitz**—A group of the artist's important "Hero Paintings" from the sixties. The hero figure may make you think of Wozzeck the soldier, opera's leading Everyman. In these rich, lean paintings—there is also a beautiful group of prints on the same theme—he undergoes multiple incomplete sex changes and other mortifications of the flesh, and he projects an air of tragicomic fatalism. Through April 14. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Center for African Art**—In yet another provocative exhibition, the Center questions the very value of what we have come to call art work. This time the subject is portraiture, but the show is really about representation in broader terms. Through texts and traditional sculptures in wood, bronze, and other materials, it contrasts the concepts of portrayal in African history with those in the West and the East. Through Aug. 12. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

**Short List**—**Hannelore Baron,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **Biala,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through April 21); **Cleve Gray,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through April 14); **George Grosz,** Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through April 14); **Hugo Robus,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through April 14); **Aaron Shikler,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through April 28); **David Smith,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through April 26.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Ronald Bladen** (1918-88)—Thickly impastoed paintings from the late fifties; and one floor sculpture from the seventies, in the artist's most familiar, matte-black, physically powerful and harshly linear style. A heartbreakingly charming quotation by the late Thomas Hess, in the exhibition brochure, tells us that Bladen was "an original 'Tenth Streeter' " and thus "an artist with strong opinions and few words." All the works bear this out. Through April 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Robert Jessup / Jarrett Huddleston**—Large oil paintings of abstract organic seaside shapes, arranged in arabesques, with tight impastoed strokes. These canvases unintentionally come close to campy, rococo abstraction. / Small pastels on paper of more uninspired abstractions; they look like details of brooches seen through a dark, sci-fi lens. Through April 21. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Alain Kirili / Robert Barry**—Recent sculptures and sculptural groups, in forged aluminum or painted plaster. These handsome, tactile, suggestive, neo-traditionalist works variously recall Rodin, Max Ernst, Picasso, and Dubuffet, yet they lack intensity. / Three pairs of minimalist paintings, each with one work from the sixties and one from the recent past. Several of the newer pieces include simple words, expressing basic things. Sometimes this artist's airiness and sense of whimsy are very charming, but these works look a little listless. Through April 21. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Ruggero Savinio**—Recent paintings—of Italian ruins and various vaguely mythological themes—in the first New York show by a son of the marvellously perverse Alberto. This Savinio has a highly polished and honed palette-knife technique, resulting in interestingly chalky allover textures, and he has a good, moody, symbolist sense of color—the blues against dark grounds, especially, are pretty great—but these works are awfully affected and effete, to the point of being inexplicably grim. Through April 7. (Daverio, 41 E. 57th St.)

**David True**—True has become a real conundrum. He has an interesting mind but questionable *taste*—or something. He is a deft painter with a misfiring sense of irony. These pulpy new paintings, with their shamelessly kitschy *japonisme* and their cornball allusions to Diebenkorn, are pretty dreadful. Through April 21. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**"Graphic Design in America"**—From Coke bottles and Ritz-cracker boxes, to M & Co.'s eighties album designs for Talking Heads and menu designs for the restaurant Florent, with Knoll furniture ads and I.R.S. tax forms in between—this exhibition offers a clean sweep of its subject. Of course it's interesting, and bound to be a crowd pleaser, but it's too tidy—like a report. Through April 7. (IBM Gallery, Madison Ave. at 56th St.)

**Group Show**—A selection of sculptors' drawings of nudes includes many of the obvious names while excluding the most obvious. There's an early Louise Nevelson sketch—very Matissean—and a Mary Frank charcoal of a nude surrounded by a Matissean collage, but no Matisse. There are three characteristically curvaceous Lachaises, and a very precise John Storrs silverpoint of a faceless woman with her arms up, like a caryatid, but no Giacometti. Although some nice drawings are on view, there's little to mull over. Through April 18. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Short List**—**Pat Adams,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 21); **Robert Arneson,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 28); **Leland Bell,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 18); **Sonia Gechtoff,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through April 25); **Arthur Gibbons,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through April 21); **Valerie Jaudon,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (through April 21); **Jane Wilson,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through April 25).

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Connie Beckley**—Mixed-media sculptures and wall reliefs that appear to be formal meditations on sound, reading, and light. There's a remote, pristine, egghead quality to Beckley's endeavors. In some cases, these innate qualities lead to works of considerable elegance, but too often they result in objects that suggest frozen ideas. Through April 7. (Cadot, 470 Broome St.)

**Nancy Bowen**—Strong and feminine painted terra-cotta sculptures rich with figurative references. In an elegant way, they capture the struggle between the personal and the classical that is shared by much contemporary sculpture. Through April 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**Alexander Brodsky and Ilya Utkin**—Two of the founding members of the Soviet school of paper architecture have come up with the most inventive application of a social-realist style to be seen in these parts in a long time. In two large sculptural installations—one depicts a cloaked figure hopelessly trying to push a huge, dirty egg—images of birth and growth take on monstrous, immovable proportions. The installations are surrounded by dark, Piranesian etchings of narrative architecture in which future and past collide. The etchings' serial structures have the stripped-down classicism of Aldo Rossi's designs and the charm and threat of good fairy tales. Through April 28. (Ronald Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

**Mark Dion** (with William Schefferine)—A fun, hip-looking installation of metal wall plaques, wheelbarrows full of stuffed toys and goldfish, and other Mike Kelley- or Marcel Broodthaers-indebted stuff, in a rather literal context. Dion was evidently asked to create a signage-and-information system for a new zoo in Belize—a country that the artist, in a press release, happily refers to as a "newly independent liberal democracy" in Central America. Whether this proves to be false or true, it's a little disconcerting to find anything so obviously Broodthaers-influenced put to such direct and earnest propagandistic use. Through April 7. (American Fine Arts, 40 Wooster St.)

**Andrea Evans**—It's not always clear what Evans' point is—it seems to be about cultural imperialism—or whether it's a resonant one. The centerpiece of the show is a frieze of cheery, small, very optical paintings in bright colors, some of which look like fine John McLaughlin minimalist paintings, but most of which look like ethnic patterns. The titles reveal that all are, in fact, derived from Native American beadwork. In these and other works, there's a sense of earnestness in the artist's commitment to Native American visual culture, but in the final analysis she may perpetuate the same biases she seems to oppose. Through April 21. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

**Ian Hamilton Finlay**—This artist's folly-filled garden in the Scottish countryside—a series of outdoor sculptures combining classical images and revolutionary ideas—is a legendary, if physically inaccessible, creation. Less well known here are Finlay's roots in concrete poetry, a crucial aspect of his work that is evident in this beautiful show of recent pieces, which consist simply of words and phrases painted on the gallery's walls, in which each change of typeface or color is exquisite and meaningful. Also included are some works from the sixties and seventies that are more purely concrete poetry. Through April 21. (Burgin, 130 Prince St.)

**César Galicia**—If John DeAndrea were a painter, his works would probably look like

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these technique-burdened Photo-Realist paintings and drawings, many of joyless women and motorcycles against etched walls. Through April 21. (Staempfli, 415 West Broadway.)

**Martin Kippenberger**—There's pathos to these strange mixed-media sculptures by a bad-boy German who all too often—although not here—relies upon defensive cynicism to mask his poetic melancholy. A foam-rubber bed encased in Plexiglas, entitled "Snow White's Coffin," a self-portrait of a Beuysian man standing in the corner, and a colorful shingled gondola with crates labelled "Pasta" and "Sozial" all speak of social and aesthetic dejection. Through April 7. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**Svetlana Kopystiansky** and **Igor Kopystiansky**—Recent work by a young married couple from Russia. Svetlana K. would like to raise the standing of the visual arts in the Soviet Union to a level traditionally held by literature. To this end, she uses books and other word-language implements as decorative objects, in rather glib and perhaps French-influenced installations. Igor K. makes somewhat clumsy-looking structural set pieces (tables and chairs, pergolas) out of copies of Old Master paintings. Through April 11. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

**Donald Lipski**—A sedate show of the artist's tiny found and altered objects pinned to the wall like butterfly specimens. Also, two large works that play with the issue of "big" sculpture, including one that consists of a large piece of glass shoved into a battered string-bass cover. Through April 7. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

**Sylvia Martins**—Recent paintings by a Brazilian-born artist given to a rather flinty palette-knife technique and dusty earth tones inflected by, for instance, specks of red. These works are competent enough, but they suggest a strained approach—little pleasure or imagination. When Martins lets loose a bit and resorts to materials that denote artifice—glitter, etc.—the results are better. Through April 7. (Trabia, 54 Greene St.)

**Stephen Prina**—The artist has taken a conceptual wordwork by Lawrence Weiner—"A Translation from One Language to Another"—and simply and amusingly carried out Weiner's idea: he has had that title translated into each of the sixty-one languages taught by the Berlitz School, and then typeset on Berlitz stationery. Prina's piece is a sly, smart, and somewhat tragicomic collision of conceptual art and logic in the age of mechanical reproduction. Through April 21. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

**Joseph Santore**—Included among these voyeuristic painted portraits is an especially disturbing one of two naked women in sexual repose surrounded by detached onlookers, including a sea of heads embedded in the floor, in a canary-yellow twilight zone. The artist is aggressively adept with a brush, but his use of color is so claustrophobic that the viewer is inspired to flee. Through April 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

**Tony Tasset / Jim Shaw**—A disappointing show of cool sculptures, objects, photographs, a text piece, and a drawing. / Peculiar and endearing same-sized works in many different mediums and styles, arranged in a frieze. There's an assemblage of eyeballs, tattoo-like drawings, and a painting of a sad-faced egg overlaid with a purple-and-yellow fishnet pattern. Through April 7. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

**Bernar Venet**—Big recent sculptures of steel, principally in the form of the artist's characteristic spirals—sometimes coiled in three-dimensional space, sometimes marking time on the walls. There is very little finesse and no element of surprise in Venet's work, agreeable though it can be. Through April 14. (Baghoomian, 555 Broadway.)

**Stephen Westfall**—A sweet, subtly colored, flesh-and-pink painting of spatial planes and the narrow spaces between them; and muddied geometric paintings with intense colors and vibrating optical effects. Through April 7. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

**"Illegal America"**—In light of recently legislated restrictions on N.E.A. funding and the marketplace's sometimes voracious appetite, this re-creation of an exhibition of provocative art created outside the law seems more important than when it was first mounted, at Franklin Furnace, in 1982. In documents and photographs the show brings together such diverse and pungent works as the Guerrilla Art Action Group's People's Flag Show at Judson Church in 1970, Gordon Matta-Clark's transformation of an abandoned pier building into a deconstructionist cathedral, Krzysztof Wodiczko's projection of a swastika onto the façade of the South African Embassy in London, and Rebecca Howland's poster for Colab's "Real Estate Show," which confronted East Village gentrification head on. Very few of the displays are art; most are, rather, documents of art—necessary reminders of the ephemerality of creative impulses. Through April 21. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

**Group Shows**—At the **Audiello,** 142 Greene St.: A punchy show of works in different mediums by five artists with a close-to-the-edge view of erotica: Louise Bourgeois, Bruce Nauman, Francesco Clemente, Ed Ruscha, and the late Robert Mapplethorpe. Through April 7. . . . **Stein-Gladstone,** 99 Wooster St.: Recent sculptures by Jannis Kounellis, John Chamberlain, Bruce Nauman, Richard Long, Donald Judd, Luciano Fabro, and others. The Judd floor piece, a "box" with sumptuous, amber-colored Cor-Ten sides and a positively papal-purple Plexiglas floor, is very beautiful, and Fabro's metal wall hanging is elegant and—for this artist—unusually tough. Through April 7.

**Short List**—**Eric Bainbridge,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through April 14); **Arnold Bittleman,** Milliken, 98 Prince St. (through April 4); **Bård Breivik,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through April 28); **Neil Campbell,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through April 7); **Gene Davis,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through April 21); **Steve Gianakos,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through April 7); **Hans Haacke,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through April 21); **Robert Mangold,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through April 24); **Ann Messner,** Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through April 5); **Joseph Nechvatal,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through April 25); **John Okulick,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through April 25); **Wolfgang Robbe,** Gibson, 568 Broadway (through April 21); **Carolee Schneemann,** Harvey, 537 Broadway (through April 14); **Ray Smith,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through April 21); **Kay Walkingstick,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. (through April 21); **Meg Webster,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through April 28); **William Wegman,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through May 5); **Terry Winters,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through April 21); **Betty Woodman,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through April 28).

## OTHER GALLERIES

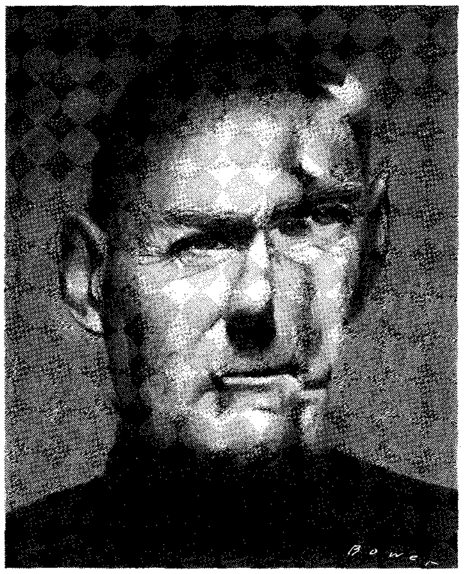
**Massimo Iosa-Ghini** and **Philippe Starck**—A concise and delightful display of recent furniture and objects by two contemporary giants of design. Iosa-Ghini, who has not yet attained the cult status here of his counterpart, seems to have learned both from Carlo Mollino and from surfer culture. His "Confluenze" desk is made of mahogany so elegantly curved and highly polished that it looks as if it were peeled into place. His sofas are as inviting as big pairs of lips, which they resemble. Through April 5. (Modernage, 795 Broadway. Opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

**Charles Saxon** (1920-88)—Original watercolors for *New Yorker* covers, plus cartoons and sketchbooks. Through June 29. (Butler Library, Columbia University, 6th floor. Broadway at 114th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

**Short List**—**Gerhard Richter,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through April 21); **James Turnbull,** Sragow, 67-73 Spring St. (open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6, through April 14).

# PHOTOGRAPHY

THERE are only a few days left to see "The Indomitable Spirit," at the midtown branch of the International Center of Photography. Go, if you haven't gone already. On the walls is a truly heterogeneous cross-section of contemporary photography, united not by style, subject, or theme but rather by something perhaps more essential—spiritedness. Not all of the pictures directly address the show's raison d'être—hope and humanity in response to AIDS—but most of those that do so depict the subject in a way that is deep. Among the memorable works are William Klein's photograph of ACT UP demonstrators at the 1988 Democratic Convention, in Atlanta; Brian Weil's portrait of a newborn with AIDS; David Wojnarowicz's text-and-image combine; and a print by Sal Lopes that zooms in on a detail of the AIDS quilt. What is notable about this exhibition is how it manages to incorporate photographs that are not specifically about AIDS without trivializing what the show is about.



Irving Penn

**Tina Barney**—This artist is on to something profound about the dynamics, habits, and possessions that weave people together and also keep them apart. When her work embraces complexity, as in a pink bedroom scene complete with the princesses of the house and their black maid, Barney is a photographer whose sense of sensuality and plot stands out. Through April 10. (Museum of Modern Art.)

**Clegg & Guttmann**—Strange, corporate-looking Cibachrome homages to books, shelves, libraries, and the Dewey decimal system. This is a shrewd team, but they are bloodless, and display what is perhaps a punitive streak. Their post-ethnographic work does not compare with that of the inspirational Bechers. Through April 7. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

**Czech Modernism: 1900-1945**—A show of a hundred and eighty-five black-and-white photographs, in conjunction with the exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper at the Brooklyn Museum. Through May 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**"The Indomitable Spirit"**—Works by ninety-four artists. Through April 7. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**Short List**—**Bernd and Hilla Becher,** Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, through June 22); **Roy DeCarava,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 7); **Stephen Frailey,** Lieberman & Saul, 155 Spring St. (opens at noon on Saturdays, through April 14); **Larry Johnson,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through April 28); **Irving Penn,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through April 28); **Eve Sonneman,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through April 28).

# MUSIC

WHEN Carnegie Recital Hall was renovated and rechristened, in 1987 (it is now the Weill Recital Hall and is found on the third floor, to the east of the big hall), the first performance in it featured William Parker, a baritone with a lovely, lyrical voice. On that afternoon, his tones sounded big, hard, and boomy; it was immediately apparent that the acoustics of the little auditorium had been rendered glaring and blunt. Absorptive materials (drapes and padding) were eventually introduced, and the glare faded somewhat, but it remains a very live, reverberant room. Such a room has its advantages, especially for light-voiced singers, who might otherwise have to force their voice. (Some "early-music" singers have been heard to advantage at Weill.) So it has struck us as a little odd that the singers presented by the hall itself have tended to include Metropolitan Opera artists who are accustomed to filling a much larger space—Vinson Cole, Jerry Hadley, Erie Mills, and now that towering basso Paul Plishka. Mr. Plishka is to sing Mussorgsky, Shostakovich, Smetana, Bowles, Ives, and Sonevytsky with his accompanist, Thomas Hrynkiw, on April 6. Perhaps he has a trick up his sleeve that most of today's opera singers do not: how to scale down one's voice to a velvet thread while keeping its beauty and character intact. Dmitri Hvorostovsky, on whose prospects we speculated a few weeks back, showed his Alice Tully Hall audience that he could do this. We think also of Chaliapin and Pinza, both of whom preceded Mr. Plishka in several of his Met roles, and doubt that they would have sounded oppressively loud in Weill.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—**DON GIOVANNI**, a new production, with Carol Vaness, Karita Mattila, Dawn Upshaw, Jerry Hadley, and Samuel Ramey; conducted by James Levine. (April 2 and April 5 at 8.) . . . With Carol Vaness, Ashley Putnam, Gösta Winbergh, Ferruccio Furlanetto, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (April 11 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME**, with Kallen Esperian, Nancy Gustafson, Francisco Araiza, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. (April 3 at 8.) . . . With Leona Mitchell, Nancy Gustafson, Francisco Araiza, and Pablo Elvira; Ralf Weikert. (April 6 and April 9, when Brian Schexnayder will sing the role of Marcello, at 8.) . . . **DIE FLEDERMAUS**, with Barbara Daniels, Barbara Kilduff, Helga Dernesch, and Thomas Allen; Hermann Michael. (April 4, April 7, and April 10 at 8.) . . . **DIE WALKÜRE**, with Hildegard Behrens, Jessye Norman, Ruthilde Engert-Ely, Gary Lakes, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 7 at 12:30.)

**AMATO OPERA COMPANY**—A new production of "Un Ballo in Maschera." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 7 at 7:30, and April 8 at 2:30.) . . . ¶ A concert performance of "The Barber of Seville." (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. April 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting. April 3 at 8: Music by Frank Martin, Ravel, and Beethoven. With Rudolf Buchbinder, piano. . . . ¶ April 5 at 8, April 6 at 2, and April 7 and April 10 at 8: Works by Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich. With Joshua Bell, violin.

**ATLANTA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Yoel Levi conducting works by Barber, Brahms, and Stravinsky. With Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Carnegie Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA**—Christopher Keene conducting. With Erkki Lahesmaa, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**EASTMAN PHILHARMONIA**—Gilbert Kaplan conducting Mahler's Second Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. April 5 at 8.)

**MOSCOW PHILHARMONIC OF THE U.S.S.R.**—Dmitri Kitaenko conducting. At Carnegie Hall, April 6 at 8: Works by Mussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, and Tchaikovsky. With Vladimir Viardo, piano. . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall, April 8 at 3: Works by Bartók, Shostakovich, and Rachmaninoff. With Yuri Bashmet, violin.

**NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY**—Szymon Goldberg will conduct and play the violin in an all-Bach program. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 7 at 8.)

**ORPHEUS**—A conductorless group playing music by Rossini, Vivaldi, Saint-Saëns, and Strauss. With Anner Bylsma, cello. (Carnegie Hall. April 7 at 8.)

**BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—David Zinman conducting a program of music by Berlioz, Dutilleux, and Prokofiev. With Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. April 8 at 3.)

**MANHATTAN PHILHARMONIC**—Jerry Ann Alt, Hugh Sanders, and Larry Wyatt conducting works by Mozart and Vivaldi. (Carnegie Hall. April 10 at 8.)

**HILLIARD ENSEMBLE**—Performing the New York première of Arvo Pärt's "Passio." (Alice Tully Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHOIR**—James Litton directing Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt." With the Fairfield Period Instrument Academy. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. April 4 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

**BACH'S B-MINOR MASS**—Dino Anagnost directing the Little Orchestra Society and the Metropolitan Singers/Greek Choral Society. With Rachel Rosales, soprano; Gloria Parker, mezzo-soprano; Martin Thompson, tenor; and Philip Cokorinos, bass. (Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, 319 E. 74th St. April 7 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 704-2100.)

**BOYS CHOIR OF HARLEM**—Walter J. Turnbull directing. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. April 7 at 8, and April 8 at 3 and 8.)

## RECITALS

**NEW WORLD STRING QUARTET**—Playing music by Brahms, Mozart, and Debussy. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 3 at 8.)

**S.E.M. ENSEMBLE**—Playing, among other works, premières by Ron Kuivila and Christian Marclay. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. April 3 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

**TAKÁCS STRING QUARTET**—Playing all six of Bartók's quartets over two evenings. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 3-4 at 8.)

**GALINA HEIFETZ**—Violin. With Maria Platt, piano. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. April 4 at 7:30.)

**LEAGUE/ISCM**—Presenting Carolyn Sebron, mezzo-soprano, and Eliza Garth, piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE**—Theodore Antoniou conducting premières by Frank La Rocca, Max Schubel, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 4 at 8.)

**GWENDOLYN TOTH**—Clavichord. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. April 4 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**MUSIC FROM MARLBORO**—Rudolf Serkin directing chamber music by Beethoven, Verdi, and Mozart. With Hyunmi Kim and Christian Tetzlaff, violin; Christof Huebner and Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Peter Wiley, cello. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. April 5 at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. April 11 at 8.)

**PAUL PLISHKA**—Bass. With Thomas Hrynkiw, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. April 6 at 8.)

**EUGENIA ZUKERMAN AND ANTHONY NEWMAN**—The former playing flute, and the latter playing

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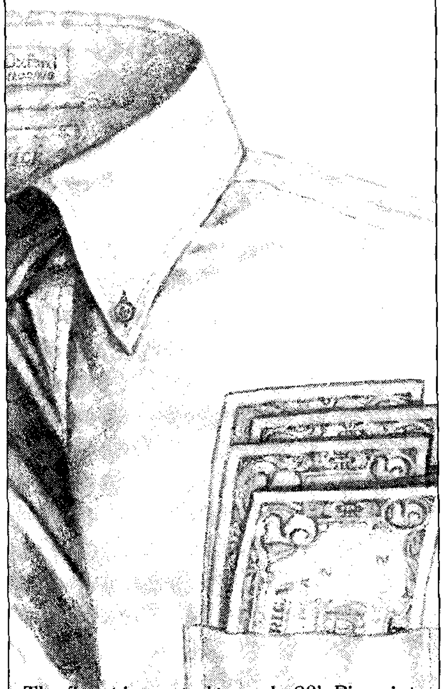

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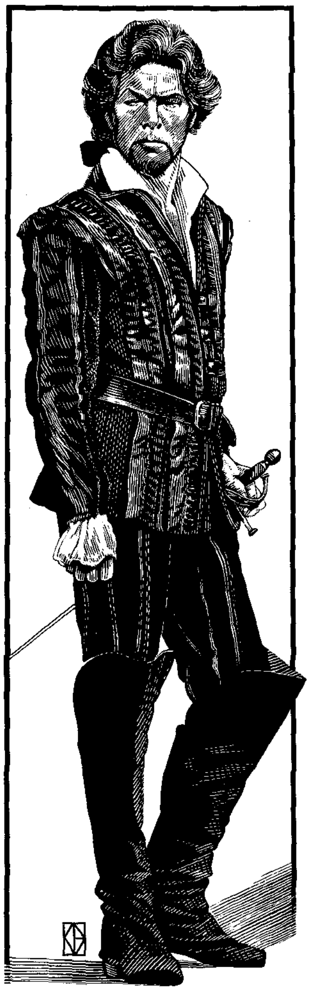
harpsichord, organ, and fortepiano. *April 6 at 8:* At the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. . . . ¶ April 7 at 8: At Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. . . . **NOTE:** On April 8 at 5, Mr. Newman will be giving a recital at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church. With a choir. (316 E. 88th St. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)



*Samuel Ramey in the Met's "Don Giovanni"*

**NEW YORK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE**—Presenting a program of music by students of Nadia Boulanger, who include Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, and Ned Rorem. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. April 6 at 8.)

**JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET**—In the fourth of six concerts dedicated to Beethoven's string quartets. (Alice Tully Hall. April 7 at 3.)

**CONTINUUM**—Presenting a retrospective of the work of Henry Cowell. (Alice Tully Hall. April 7 at 8.)

**YALE CHAMBER SERIES**—With Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Jerold Siena, tenor; Britt Wheeler, harpsichord; and the Yale Camerata. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 7 at 8.)

**CYNTHIA RAIM**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. April 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

**PAMELA RESCH**—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. April 8 at 2.)

**TOKYO STRING QUARTET**—Playing an all-Czech program. With Menahem Pressler, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 8 at 3.)

**SI-YO MUSIC SOCIETY**—Playing works by Schubert, Bright Sheng, and Strauss. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. April 8 at 3.)

**MUSIC AMICI**—Playing chamber music by Mozart, Ben Johnston, Oscar Levant, and Ludwig Spohr. (Weill Recital Hall. April 8 at 8:30.)

### JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

**GARTH HUDSON**—Even more than the other members of the great and august rock group the Band, Garth Hudson, with his high forehead and sodbuster's beard, looked as though he'd just stepped out of a daguerreotype, and the American Gothic echoes deepened when he insinuated his mad-carnival-organist and lonesome-prairie-accordionist strains into the Band's songs. Now the same production team that brought us Marianne Faithfull's remarkable shows at St. Ann's last year is giving us our first chance in fifteen years to see this gifted musician in the spotlight. The show promises to be something else: Cajun, Romanian, Irish, country, R. & B., hymns, spirituals, surprise guests (one of them a mysterious seventy-five-year-old saxophonist from Texas), the storyteller Jean Shepard, and Hudson, who will be playing a number of instruments, including the sanctuary's Skinner pipe organ. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. April 6-7 at 8.)

**THE WINANS**—Their music is filed under "Gospel," but the rhythms are strictly pop, with dashes of hip-hop, calypso, and funk. (Snap that bass line and praise the Lord!) It's apparently a successful recipe, to judge by the four Grammys and three Doves (gospel awards) the group has won. Along with brothers Marvin, Carvin, Michael, and Ronald—four of ten singing siblings from Detroit—Marvin's wife, Vickie Winans, and the Georgia Mass Choir are on the bill. Can we get a witness? (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 7 at 7 and 11.)

**ERIC CLAPTON**—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. April 2 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. April 3 at 8. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. April 6 at 8.

**DAVID BORDEN**—With his group, Mother Mallard, and others, including Nurit Tilles and Edmund Niemann. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 3 at 7.)

**NEW YORK ROCK AND SOUL REVUE**—Patti Austen, Donald Fagen, Michael McDonald, and Phoebe Snow. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 4 at 8.)

**"HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ"**—Paquito d'Rivera and the Havana-New York Ensemble and the Herb Ellis trio. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. April 5 at 8.)

**JAZZ CONCERT**—Connie Crothers, Richard Tabnik, Carol Tristano, and Calvin Hill. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. April 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**EGBERTO GISMONTI QUARTET**—Town Hall. April 6 at 8.

**THE FLIRTATIONS**—Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. April 6-7 at 8. For reservations, call 777-0033.

**BRANFORD MARSALIS QUARTET**—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 7 at 8 and 10.

**LARRY RIDLEY AND THE JAZZ LEGACY ENSEMBLE**—Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. April 7 at 8.

**"NEW SOUNDS" CONCERT**—Peter Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra, Lenny Pickett, and Ladygourd Sangoma. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. April 8 at 3.)

**JOE HANNAN & THE USUAL SUSPECTS**—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 9-10 at 8.

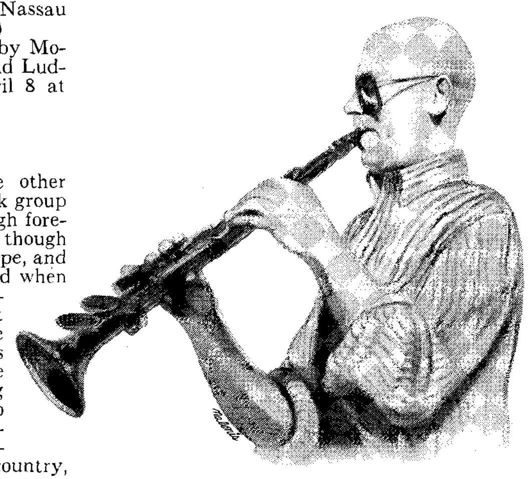
**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—April 7 at 7:30: Conjunto Melodía Tropical. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2: Shashmaqam. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.)

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—Joe Williams, Wynton Marsalis, Dianne Reeves, David Sanborn, and others in a salute to the jazz promoter George Wein. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 11 at 8.)

## SPORTS

### HOME TEAMS

**METS**—Vs. the Yankees, in a benefit exhibition game, April 7 at 1:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Pirates, April 9 (opening day) and April 11 at 1:35, and April 12 at 3:05.



*Peter Gordon at Merkin Hall's "New Sounds" concert*

**YANKEES**—Vs. the Mets, in a benefit exhibition game, April 8 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cleveland Indians, April 12 at 1.

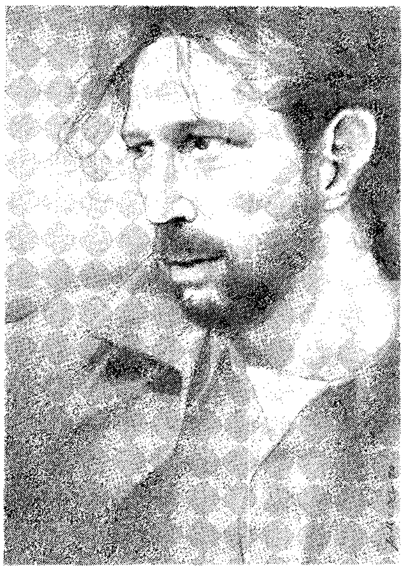
**KNICKS**—Vs. the Cleveland Cavaliers, April 3 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, April 6 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, April 10 at 8.

**NETS**—Vs. the Golden State Warriors, April 6 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, April 8 at 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 10 at 7:30.

(The Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Mets play at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and the Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

### RACING

**HORSES**—At Aqueduct: Daily, except April 3 and April 8, at 1. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.



*Eric Clapton*

### CHAMPIONSHIPS—HOCKEY & GOLF

**STANLEY CUP PLAYOFFS**—The Patrick Division playoffs start April 5, and the Rangers and the Devils are definitely in.

**MASTERS TOURNAMENT**—Augusta, Georgia, April 5-8. Tune in to CBS for seats on the green: April 7 at 3:30, and April 8 at 4.

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

**AUDIO ART**—Twenty recorded works by American artists who use sound as their medium will be aired at the Whitney Museum of American Art through April 29. Represented are John Cage, Alison Knowles, Jackson Mac Low, Pauline Oliveros, Ronald Steckel, and others. (945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**POLITICS OF POSTAGE**—A public meeting, at the New-York Historical Society, about the successes and failures of the postal service. Roy Jung, the area manager for Zip Codes 10023, 10024, and 10025, will be there to defend his organization. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. April 5 at 7:30.)

**DAFFODIL AND MAGNOLIA WEEKEND**—When he wandered lonely as a cloud, Wordsworth saw "a crowd, / A host, of golden daffodils." Local poets and other wandering romantics will find such a host at the New York Botanical Garden, in Bronx Park. (April 7-8, from 10 to 7.)

**READINGS AND A TALK**—April 8 at 8: Alice Munro and Josephine Humphreys will read from their own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: Dana Gioia will give a talk called "The Poet in an Age of Prose." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.) . . . ¶ April 11 at 6:30: James Naughton, Claire Bloom, and Swoosie Kurtz will read stories by Michael Cunningham, Tatyana Tolstaya, and Alice Munro. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |  |  |  |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

### EAST SIDE

**Angelika Film Center,** 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Black Rain" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "New Year's Day" (directed by Henry Jaglom). From April 6: 'The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 3: "Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer" (John McNaughton).
Theatre 4: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 5: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

**Public Theatre,** 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through April 5: (Separate admissions) "Summer Vacation: *1999*" (Shusuke Kaneko; in Japanese); and "The Insect Woman" (1963, Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).
From April 6: The Documentary Festival of New York, featuring film, video, and made-for-television documentaries.

**Movieland 8th Street Triplex,** 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane. From April 6: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 6: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

**Bijou Cinema,** 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through April 5: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
From April 6: To be announced.

**Loews 19th Street East 6,** B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. From April 6: "In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, and Peter Falk.
Theatre 3: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 6: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.
Theatre 5: Through April 10: "Glory" (†). From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 6: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 3: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through April 5: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.
From April 6: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.

**Manhattan Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†). From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane. From April 6: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

**59th Street East Cinema,** 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

**Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.
Theatre 2: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn. From April 6: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

**Gemini I and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 6: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (†).

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**Loews New York Twin,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through April 5: "Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.
From April 6: "In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, and Peter Falk.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 10: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

**Park & 86th Street Cinemas,** 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "The Hunt for Red October." From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).

**86th Street East Twin,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. From April 6: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Sweetie" (directed by Jane Campion).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Macho Dancer" (Lino Brocka); and "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

**Waverly I and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane. From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

**Art Greenwich Twin,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Chelsea Cinemas,** 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 2: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Rosalie Goes Shopping" (Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht, Brad Davis, and Judge Reinhold. From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 4: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 5: Through April 5: "Coupe de Ville" (Joe Roth), with Daniel Stern, Arye Gross, Patrick Dempsey, and Alan Arkin. From April 6: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (Peter Greenaway), with Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren, and Alan Howard.
Theatre 6: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn.
Theatre 9: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**23rd St. West Triplex,** 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin. From April 6: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin. From April 6: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 10: "The Little Mermaid" (†).
From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.

**Worldwide Cinemas,** 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
Theatre 3: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.
Theatre 4: "Born on the Fourth of July" (†).
Theatre 5: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook).
Theatre 6: Through April 5: "Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane. From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mountains of the Moon" (†).

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"For All Mankind" (†).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

**Carnegie Screening Room,** 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Lonely Woman Seeks Life Companion" (Viacheslav Krishtofovich; in Russian).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love at Large" (Alan Rudolph), with Tom Berenger, Elizabeth Perkins, and Anne Archer.

**62nd & Broadway,** 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
Through April 5: "Joe Versus the Volcano" (†).
From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Nuns on the Run" (Jonathan Lynn), with Eric Idle and Robbie Coltrane.

**Loews 84th Street Sixplex,** B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 2: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
Theatre 3: "Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "The Handmaid's Tale" (Volker Schlöndorff), with Natasha Richardson, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall, and Aidan Quinn. From April 6: "In the Spirit" (Sandra Seacat), with Jeannie Berlin, Olympia Dukakis, and Peter Falk.
Theatre 5: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 6: Through April 5: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert. From April 6: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith.

**Metro Cinema 1 and 2,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Lord of the Flies" (Harry Hook). From April 6: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.
Theatre 2: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane.

**Olympia I and II,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.
Theatre 2: "House Party" (Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "House Party" (directed by Reginald Hudlin), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Lambada" (Joel Silberg), with J. Eddie Peck and Melora Hardin. From April 6: "I Love You to Death" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Tracey Ullman, and River Phoenix.
Theatre 3: "The Fourth War" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 4: "Glory" (†).
Theatre 5: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (Steve Barron).
Theatre 6: "A Shock to the System" (Jan Egleson), with Michael Caine, Swoosie Kurtz, and Peter Riegert.

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Pretty Woman" (Garry Marshall), with Richard Gere and Julia Roberts.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Blue Steel" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Ron Silver. April 6-10: "The First Power" (Robert Resnikoff), with Lou Diamond Phillips and Tracy Griffith. From April 11: "Crazy People" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "Blue Steel." From April 11: "The First Power."
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "Internal Affairs" (†). From April 6: "Ernest Goes to Jail" (John Cherry), with Jim Varney.

**Loews Astor Plaza,** 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.

**National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through April 5: "Bad Influence" (Curtis Hanson), with Rob Lowe, James Spader, and Lisa Zane. From April 6: "Cry-Baby" (†).
Theatre 2: "Opportunity Knocks" (Donald Petrie), with Dana Carvey.

**Warner,** 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"The Forbidden Dance" (Greydon Clark), with Laura Herring and Jeff James.

**West Side Cinema 1 and 2,** 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Hard to Kill" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Think Big." From April 6: "Impulse" (Sondra Locke), with Theresa Russell and Jeff Fahey.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Biograph Cinema,** 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through April 4: "The Seven Samurai" (1954, directed by Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
April 5-7: "Ran" (†).
April 8-10: "Travels with My Aunt" (1972, George Cukor), with Maggie Smith and Alec McCowen; and "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (†).
April 11: "The Missionary" (1982, Richard Loncraine), with Michael Palin, Maggie Smith, Trevor Howard, and Denholm Elliott; and "A Private Function" (1985, Malcolm Mowbray), with Palin, Smith, and Elliott.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 3: "Mogambo" (1953, John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, and Deborah Kerr.
April 4-5: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971, Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966, Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
April 6-7: "From Hollywood to Deadwood" (1989, Rex Pickett); and "Trouble in Mind" (1986, Alan Rudolph), with Kris Kristofferson and Geneviève Bujold.
April 8: "Pardon Mon Affaire" (1977, Yves Robert; in French), with Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953, Jacques Tati), with Tati.
April 9-10: "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Risky Business" (†).
From April 11: "Paris, Texas" (1984, Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Hud" (1963, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde.

**Thalia SoHo,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through April 3: "Nashville" (1975, Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.
April 4-5: "The Shining" (1980, Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers; and "The Exorcist" (1973, William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair.
April 6-7: "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (†); and "The Fallen Idol" (1948, Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.
April 8: "Bellissima" (1951, Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and Walter Chiari; and "The Innocent" (1976, Visconti), with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill.
April 9-10: "The Ten Commandments" (1956, Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston and Yul Brynner.
From April 11: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Blow Out" (†).

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 2: "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Ugetsu" (1953, Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese), with Masayuki Mori, Kinuyo Tanaka, and Machiko Kyo.
April 3: "A Guy Named Joe" (1943, Victor Fleming), with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne, Ward Bond, Van Johnson, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Tortilla Flat" (1942, Victor Fleming), with Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan.
April 4: "His Girl Friday" (1940, Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy, Gene Lockhart, and Billy Gilbert; and "No Time for Comedy" (1940, William Keighley), with Russell, James Stewart, and Charles Ruggles.
April 5: "League of Frightened Men" (1937, Alfred E. Green), with Walter Connolly, Lionel Stander, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "Meet Nero Wolfe" (1936, Herbert Biberman), with Edward Arnold.
April 6-7: "Veronika Voss" (1982, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Querelle" (1983, Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau.
April 8: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (†).
April 9: "Testament of Orpheus" (1962, Jean Cocteau; in French); "The Blood of a Poet" (1930, Cocteau; in French); and "Orpheus" (1949, Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, François Périer, and Édouard Dermithe.
April 10: "Portrait of Jennie" (†); and "Duel in the Sun" (1946, King Vidor), with Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, and Lillian Gish.
April 11: "Les Misérables" (1935, Richard Boleslavsky), with Charles Laughton and Fredric March; and "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932, Boleslavsky), with Lionel, Ethel, and John Barrymore.

*"Cry-Baby" director John Waters*

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
**Theatre 1:** April 2 at 2:30: "Miracle in Milan" (1950, directed by Vittorio De Sica; in Italian). . . . ¶ April 2 at 6 and April 3 at 2:30: "The Killing" (1956, Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "Miracle in Milan." . . . ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "The Whales of August" (1987, Lindsay Anderson), with Bette Davis, Lillian Gish, and Ann Sothern. . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Old Acquaintance" (1943, Vincent Sherman), with Davis, Gig Young, and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ April 6 at 2:30: "The Killers" (1946, Robert Siodmak), with Ava Gardner, Burt Lancaster, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Diabolique" (1955, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Charles Vanel, Simone Signoret, and Vera Clouzot. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2: "The Lady Eve" (1941, Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ April 7 at 5: "Stella Dallas" (1937, King Vidor), with Stanwyck, John Boles, and Anne Shirley. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2: "A Matter of Life and Death" ("Stairway to Heaven"; 1946, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Roger Livesey. . . . ¶ April 8 at 5: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943, Powell and Pressburger), with Livesey and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "Diabolique." . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "The Killers." . . . ¶ April 10 at 2:30: "The Lady Eve." . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "The Whales of August."
**Theatre 2:** April 2 at 6:30: A program of short

## MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Super-8 and 16-mm. films by Brady Lewis. . . . ¶ April 3 at 3: "Les Années Declic" (1983, Raymond Depardon), with Depardon. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "Nostalgia" (1971, Hollis Frampton); "One Second in Montreal" (1969, Michael Snow); and "La Jetée" (1963, Chris Marker; in French), with Hélène Chatelain, Davos Hanich, and Jacques Ledoux. . . . ¶ April 5 at 3 and 6: "America Today" (1932), "First Steps" (1947), "Fate of a Child" (1950), "Progress Through Freedom" (1962), and "Invitation to India (Jacqueline Kennedy's Journey)" (1962), all by Leo Seltzer. . . . ¶ April 9 at 3: "Lycantrophy" (1981), "Little Black Riding Hood" (1982), "Flying Hair" (1984), "Gentle Spirit" (1985), "Jittery Life in Space" (1986), "Walls" (1987), and "Freedom of the Leg" (1988), all Polish animated films by Piotr Dumala, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: "The Return," "The Barrier," "The Circle," "Chips," "Reflexes," and "Parada," all Polish animated films made by Jerzy Kucia between 1975 and 1989. Mr. Kucia will be present. . . . ¶ April 10 at 3: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "Alice in the Cities" (1974, Wim Wenders; in German).

**MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING,** 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Laurence Olivier: The Television Legacy." April 3-7: "Love Among the Ruins" (1975, George Cukor; ABC), with Olivier, Katharine Hepburn, Colin Blakely, Richard Pearson, and Leigh Lawson. . . . From April 10: "The Dick Cavett Show" (1973, ABC), a ninety-minute interview with Olivier. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." April 3-7: "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, Episode 2" (1982), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . April 3-7: "Using the Verse" (1982, John Carlow), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15. . . . From April 10: "Otto Dix" (1989, Reiner E. Moritz), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . From April 10: "Silence Is the End of Our Song" (1983, Thomas Grimm), performed by the Royal Danish Ballet. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE,** 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, films on which William Cameron Menzies was either the production designer or the director. April 4 at 2:30: "Invaders from Mars" (1953, Menzies), with Helena Carter, Arthur Franz, and Jimmy Hunt. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "Tempest" (1928, Sam Taylor; silent), with John Barrymore. . . . ¶ April 6 at 2:30: "The Son of the Sheik" (1926, George Fitzmaurice; silent), with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2: "Kings Row" (1941, Sam Wood), with Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Ronald Reagan. . . . ¶ April 7 at 5: "Alibi" (1929, Roland West), with Chester Morris. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2: "Our Town" (1940, Wood), with William Holden and Marthe Scott. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "Alibi."

**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. April 4 at 7: "Strike" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; silent). . . . ¶ April 4 at 9: "Ordet" (1955, Carl Theodor Dreyer; in Danish). . . . ¶ April 5 at 7, April 6-7 at 9, and April 8 at 7: "The Distant Journey" (1948, Alfred Radok; in Czech). . . . ¶ April 5 at 7: "Observer and Observed," a program of seven short Japanese films by Takahiko Iimura. . . . ¶ April 5 at 9, April 6-7 at 7:30, and April 8 at 9: "Come Back to Zion" (1920, a silent Czech film). . . . ¶ April 6 at 7: "Self and Identity," a program of seven short Japanese films by Iimura. . . . ¶ April 7 at 5:30: "The Nightmare" (1914, Jan Arnold Palouš; a silent Czech film) and "The Girl from Podskalí" (1922, Václav Binovec; a silent Czech film). . . . ¶ April 7 at 7:30: "*Landscape and Portrait*," a program of six short Japanese films by Iimura. . . . ¶ April 8 at 5:30: Nine short Czech films, 1898-1934, made on location in Prague. . . . ¶ April 8 at 7: Short films by Andrea Kirsch. . . . ¶ April 11 at 7: "Potemkin" (1925, Eisenstein; a silent Russian film). . . . ¶ April 11 at 9: "Gertrud" (1964, Dreyer; in Danish).

**FLORENCE GOULD HALL,** 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 4 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Red and the Black" (1954, Claude Autant-Lara; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Jean Martinelli, and Antonella Lualdi. . . . ¶ April 11 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Weapons of the Spirit" (1987, Pierre Sauvage; in French and English), a documentary.

**JAPAN SOCIETY,** 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 6 at 6:30: "Saheiji Finds a Way" (1957, Yuzo Kawashima; in Japanese).

**ASIA SOCIETY,** Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films directed by Tsui Hark, in Cantonese, with English and Mandarin subtitles. April 6 at 6:30: "The Butterfly Murders." . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "We're Going to Eat You." . . . ¶ April 8 at 5: "Shanghai Blues." . . . ¶ April 8 at 7: "Peking Opera Blues."

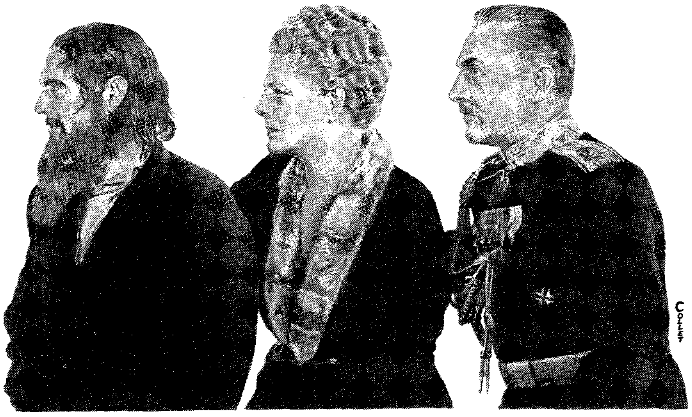
# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

**BLACK RAIN**—The most surprising thing about this film, which tells the story of a family of survivors of the atomic-bomb attack on Hiroshima, is that it isn't depressing. It's too intelligent; every scene is drenched in irony. The director, Shohei Imamura, treats the bombing itself with telling poetic concision, as a series of awful tableaux flashing before us with the speed of memory. Then, abruptly, he cuts to a tranquil-looking country scene and a very different kind of story. It's five years later, and the Shizuma family, last seen making their way through the wreckage of the city, now live in a remote village and are preoccupied with a traditional problem of Japanese movie families: arranging a marriage. This leisurely rural existence is restful in only the most superficial ways: two members of the family suffer from radiation sickness and have been ordered not to work hard. The Shizumas live in a perpetual state of suspension, a constant twilight; their survival is more like a wary, static persistence. We're unsure how to respond; we've never seen a family drama quite like this. Imamura has transformed this Hiroshima story into a Sartrean soap opera. With Yoshiko Tanaka, Kazuo Kitamura, and Etsuko Ichihara. The screenplay, by Imamura and Toshiro Ishido, is based on a novel by Masuji Ibuse. Superb black- and-white cinematography by Takashi Kawamata; a harrowingly beautiful score by Toru Takemitsu. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/90.) (Angelika Film Center.)

**BLOW OUT** (1981)—It's hallucinatory, and it has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper this movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political thriller. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. With John Lithgow and Deborah Everton as an unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting April 11.)



*At Theatre 80 St. Marks, the Barrymores in "Rasputin and the Empress"*

**BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY**—An antiwar epic, it's like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*. This one covers 1956 to 1976, and the counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified public memories. The director, Oliver Stone, plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony. The pure of heart, Catholic and patriotic hero Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) thinks war is how he'll prove himself a man. He joins the Marine Corps and is sent to Vietnam; in 1968, his spine is severed, and he's left in a wheelchair, impotent, paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Overblown right from the start, this story is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets. The script, by Stone and Kovic, is based on Kovic's autobiography. With Willem Dafoe, Tom Berenger, Raymond J. Barry as the gentle father, Caroline Kava as the castrating Mom, Kyra Sedgwick as Donna, and Abbie Hoffman.—P.K. (1/22/90) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Bijou Cinema, and Manhattan Twin; through April 5.)

**CAMILLE CLAUDEL**—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and she makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who be-

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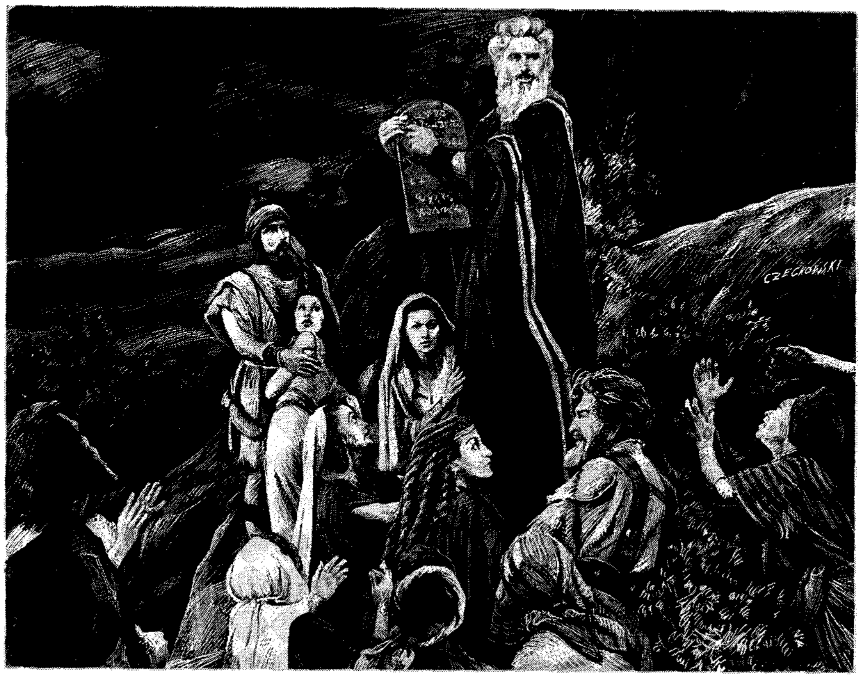
*"Mr. Cecil B. De Mille: There has always been a touch of genius as well as absurdity in this warm-hearted sentimental salvationist," Graham Greene wrote in 1936. "No director since Griffith has handled crowds so convincingly." Twenty years later, De Mille was up to his oldest tricks in "The Ten Commandments," a two-hundred-and-twenty-minute Biblical extravaganza that turned out to be his biggest hit. De Mille had already depicted the Exodus and its aftermath in a portion of his 1923 silent version of "The Ten Commandments"; in his 1956 super-production (playing April 9 and 10 at the Thalia SoHo), the master of hokum and ballyhoo proved that more is more. He told the untold story of Moses, from his trip as an infant through the bulrushes to his death on the mountain overlooking Zion, with the usual De Mille blend of sex, violence, and pageantry. And he framed the saga as a fable of freedom (under God) conquering dictatorship.*

*Rarely has a movie this overblown been so consistently and infectiously entertaining: De Mille turns grandiloquence into a style. "Florid" is the word for the rhetoric. When Charlton Heston's commanding Moses isn't waxing Biblical with his stirring let-my-people-go talk, Anne Baxter, as the princess he forsakes for the shepherd woman Yvonne De Carlo, is waxing erotic with lines like "Are her lips dry and chafed like the desert sands or soft and moist like a pomegranate?" Yul Brynner brings his dynamic glower to the role of Ramses II—the part suits him as neatly as the King of Siam. The set pieces, such as that of the Red Sea parting, retain their pictorial beauty despite their dated special effects. The best moments emerge from De Mille's mastery of physical scale—for example, when hordes of Hebrew slaves, under the command of Moses in his Egyptian-prince phase, drop a towering obelisk into place. Moses knew how to make his people go; De Mille knew how to make a movie go.*

came a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

**Cry-Baby**—With Johnny Depp, Amy Locane, and Susan Tyrrell; directed by John Waters. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin; starting April 6.)

**Driving Miss Daisy**—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, Quad Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Cinema 3, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)



*"The Ten Commandments"*

**Drugstore Cowboy**—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

**Enemies, A Love Story**—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Gotham Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

**For All Mankind**—This documentary about American astronauts' flights to the moon is a great movie experience. From thousands of hours of footage in the NASA archives, the director, Al Reinert, has made an eighty-minute film that collapses the nine Apollo lunar missions into a single epic journey. The movie's primary concern is to draw us into the shifting emotional states of the space travellers, and it makes their feelings vivid and immediate: their curiosity, their fear, their professional detachment, their awe. Reinert combines majestic visions with odd human details, and the film, for all its splendor, has a friendly, down-home quality. He uses the astronauts' humor (which is often corny) to keep us aware of the gap between where these men are and where they've come from. We experience the voyage as the astronauts must have, in a state of constant surprise: every sensation is intensified, because we never know quite what to expect. Reinert and his editor, Susan Korda, also make expert use of the varied textures of the visual material at their disposal. Sometimes the images are spectacularly, heartbreakingly sharp (the filmmakers transferred the original 16-mm. footage to 35-mm.), sometimes they're trembly and a little vague, and sometimes they're fuzzy blowups from videotapes; each has its own kind of beauty. This is a graceful and good-humored work: the home movie of men who can say, with only a trace of irony, "The stars are my home." Music by Brian Eno.—T.R. (3/26/90) (57th St. Playhouse.)

**Glory**—This Civil War epic, based on fiery, spirit-stirring material that has never before been tapped for the movies, is emotionally moving even when the scenes falter. The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was the first black fighting unit to be formed in the North, and the white colonel in command of the effort to prove that black men had the discipline and valor to stand up against the enemy was Robert Gould Shaw, the twenty-five-year-old son of abolitionists. As the small, sad-faced Shaw, Matthew Broderick shows us the misery of a softhearted commanding officer who is determined to prepare his men for what's ahead. Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Andre Braugher are the usual representative group of enlistees who bicker and quarrel before they shape up and become fine soldiers, but the actors perform the roles as if they've never been played before. Although the script is a conventional melodrama, the director, Edward Zwick, has made something more thoughtful than that. He doesn't have the instinct for images that would burst the written framework, but he's made a good film on a great subject. The screenplay, based partly on Shaw's letters, is by Kevin Jarre. With Jihmi Kennedy.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Gemini, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 19th Street East 6; through April 10.)

**Henry V**—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

**Internal Affairs**—Bad fun. This sophisticated variant of other L.A. cops-and-coke-and-art-world thrillers has a creepy, rhythmic quality that sucks you in and keeps you amused. The subtext is ingeniously nasty: it's a dirty, sexy twist on the Iago-Othello relationship. This Iago is a prosperous veteran cop, played by Richard Gere, who's being investigated by two officers from the Police Department's internal-affairs division: a righteous, ramrod-straight Latino (Andy Garcia) with a beautiful blond wife, and his sane, honest partner (Laurie Metcalf). Gere torments the stiff-backed Othello (Garcia), boasting of his adulterous conquest of the blond wife (Nancy Travis), and manipulates him into a jealous rage. Gere slithers through the picture very dexterously, but Garcia gives a one-note, glaring-eyed performance: except for his key, violent explosions (which are terrific), he's so rigid he's barely human. As Garcia's partner, a lesbian who doesn't try to ingratiate herself with anybody, Metcalf gives a strong, contained performance. Directed by Mike Figgis, whose previous feature was the 1988 "Stormy Monday." The smart script is by Henry Bean.—P.K. (2/5/90) (Embassy; through April 5.)

**Joe Versus the Volcano**—Tom Hanks plays Joe, a depressed-looking average guy who works in the advertising department of a Staten Island medical-supply business. A doctor tells him he has only a few months to live; a wealthy businessman offers him a paid trip to a South Seas island so that he can end his life gloriously by leaping into an active volcano; after stops in Manhattan and Los Angeles, he sets sail on a yacht piloted by the businessman's daughter Patricia (Meg Ryan, who also plays two other roles); a shipwreck, tropical high jinks, and a romantic happy ending ensue. This sort of crackpot comic fantasy works only if it's done with a light touch. Unfortunately, John Patrick Shanley, directing for the first time (from his own original screenplay), overemphasizes everything. He has a talent for weird, off-kilter dialogue (he also wrote "Moonstruck"), but his inspirations are too fragile for the hard sell he gives them here.—T.R. (3/26/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, and Baronet. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through April 5. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through April 10.)

**The Little Mermaid**—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Guild; through April 10.)

**Mountains of the Moon**—An awfully strange movie about an 1857 expedition to discover the source of the Nile, and the subsequent feud between the explorers, Richard Burton (Patrick Bergin) and John Hanning Speke (Iain Glen). The director, Bob Rafelson, seems to be trying for a mixture of irony and spectacle, but he doesn't carry it off. Although he deliberately underplays the romance of nineteenth-century exploration, his historical irony isn't rigorous enough: it doesn't extend to Burton. Burton, a dashing intellectual adventurer, was in some ways ahead of his time; Rafelson distorts history to make Burton seem entirely a man of *our* time—the enlightened opposite of all the Victorian values and mores we now reject. The director and his cinematographer, Roger Deakins, give the film a wonderful look in the African scenes; during the explorers' arduous trek we often feel, despite everything that's going wrong, that we're on the verge of seeing something amazing. But, whatever it might be, it remains just over the horizon. Also with Richard E. Grant, Bernard Hill, Fiona Shaw, and Paul Onsongo. The screenplay is by Rafelson and William Harrison (the author of a 1982 novel called "Burton and Speke").—T.R. (3/12/90) (Ziegfeld.)

**My Left Foot**—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**Portrait of Jennie** (1949)—A glorious con of a preface, designed to soften the audience for the fantasy to come, states, "Since the beginning, Man has looked into the awesome reaches of infinity. . . . Out of the shadows of knowledge, and out of a painting that hung on a museum wall comes our story, the truth of which lies not on our screen but in your heart." What follows is a story about a painter (Joseph Cotten) who spends his life in love with the spirit of a dead girl (Jennifer Jones). David O. Selznick's deluxe exercise in mystical romanticism was taken from a Robert Nathan novel. William Dieterle directed, but Selznick poured on the gloppy grandeur—a Dmitri Tiomkin score based on themes from Debussy, an impressively large-scale skating scene, a hyperdramatic hurricane sequence—and though the story may not make much sense, the pyrotechnics, joined to the dumbfounding silliness, keep one watching. Cinematography by Joseph August; with Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Cecil Kellaway, David Wayne, Florence Bates, Henry Hull, and Felix Bressart.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 10.)

**The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie** (1969)—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's witty caricature of a romantic crackpot teacher in an Edinburgh school in the thirties. She wants to inspire the girls rather than teach them—she's the kind of teacher little girls get crushes on. The movie has been too conventionally directed by Ronald Neame, but Maggie Smith, with her gift for mimicry and her talent for mannered comedy, makes Jean Brodie very funny—snobbish, full of affectations, and with a jumble shop of a mind. Miss Brodie is so entertaining that you can't accept it when the plot becomes melodramatic and you're asked to take her seriously as a dangerous influence. Celia Johnson has a genuine triumph as her implacable adversary, Miss Mackay, and Robert Stephens does a lot with the role of her lover, the art instructor. The script is by Jay Presson Allen, who also wrote the stage version. With Pamela Franklin (her big confrontation scene is a clinker, but the fault isn't hers—it goes back to the novel) and Gordon Jackson. Made in London and Edinburgh.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 8-10.)

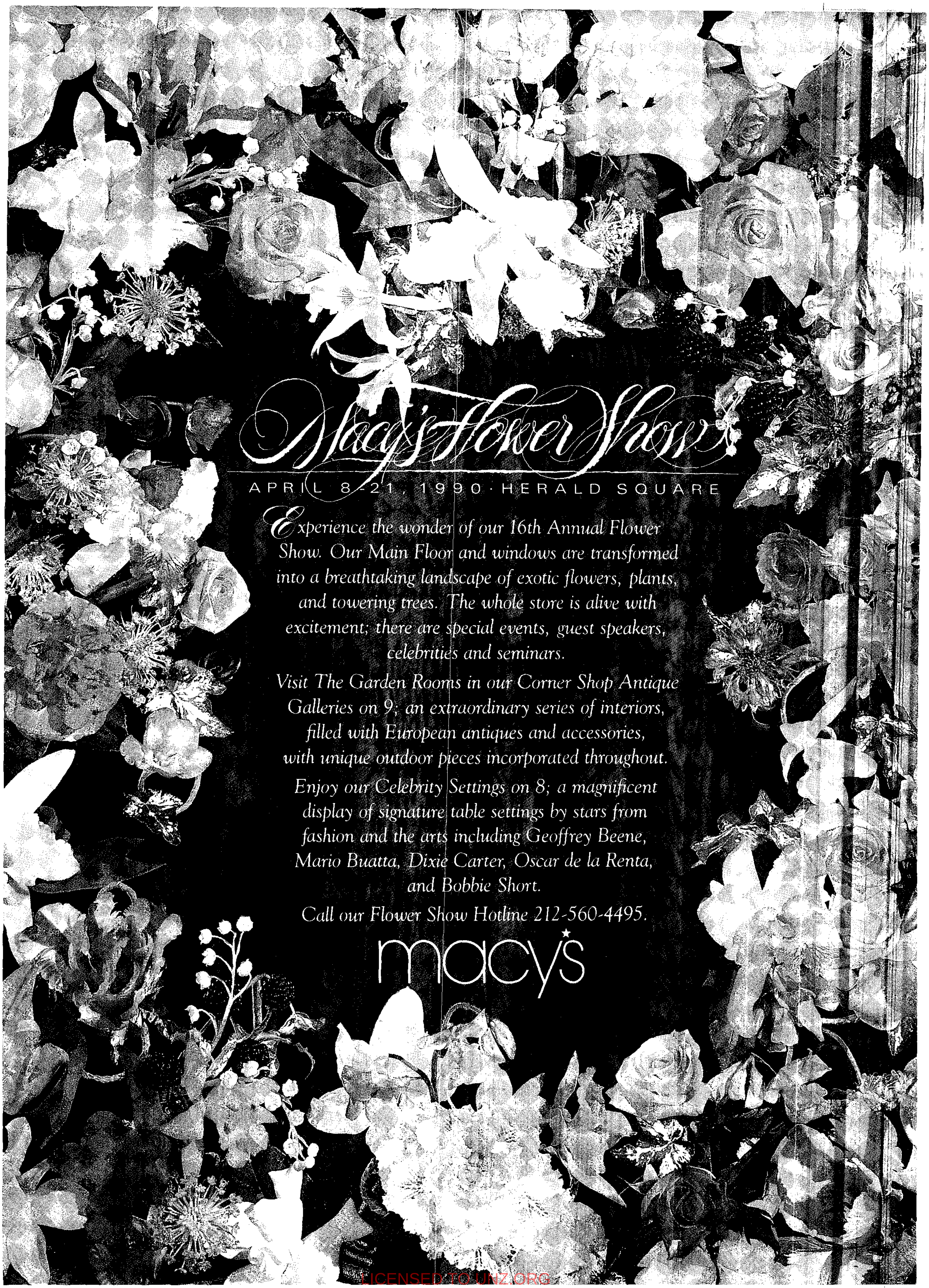
**Ran** (1985)—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. It's a totally conceptualized work—perhaps the biggest piece of conceptual art ever made. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off. By the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada as Lady Kaede, the vengeful demon who brings down the House of Ichimonji; Tatsuya Nakadi as the warlord head of the clan; the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter as the Fool; and Hasashi Ikawa as Kurogane, who defies Lady Kaede. The fine, harsh, percussive score is by Toru Takemitsu. In Japanese.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; April 5-7.)

**Risky Business** (1983)—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core-porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. De Mornay's Lana is the only person left with any trace of individuality; she's mysterious, supple—a golden blonde with an inward-directed smile, like Veronica Lake, but taller and with a greater range of expressiveness. The jangling electronic mood music is by Tangerine Dream.—P.K. (Cinema Village; April 9-10.)

**Roger & Me**—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Quad Cinema.)

**Sabrina** (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—a role Humphrey Bogart got trapped in. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of having written the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8.)

**The Strange Love of Martha Ivers** (1946)—Enjoyable, glossy melodrama that reaches a boil. At the outset, the moody, adolescent Martha prevents her rich, sadistic aunt from killing her pet cat with a cane by using it to kill Auntie. Regrettably for Martha, a couple of her playmates, both boys, are around the house when the old lady is done in. Boy One (whom Martha loves) leaves town and becomes Van Heflin, a gambler. Boy Two, a sheepish sort in glasses, stays on, marries Martha (Barbara Stanwyck), and becomes Kirk Douglas, the district attorney. Robert Rossen, who wrote the script from a story by John Patrick, knew how to grab the audience, and the director, Lewis Milestone, knew how to hold it. With Lizabeth Scott, Judith Anderson, Darryl Hickman, and Roman Bohnen.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; April 6-7.)



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THE NEW YORKER

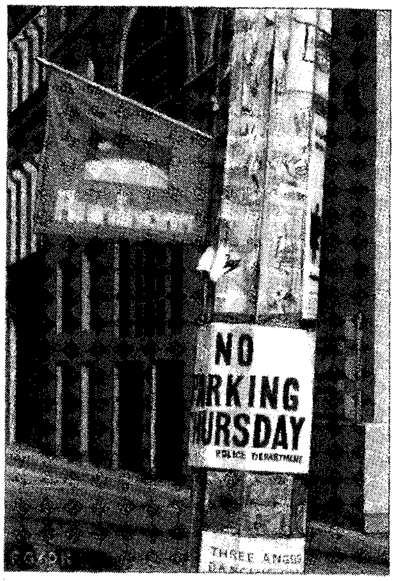
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## Notes and Comment

REMARKABLE leaders are becoming almost commonplace nowadays. We are all so used to Gorbachev that we take in his supple radicalism as casually as the toast and coffee we consume while reading the morning newspaper. When Lech Walesa brings to his role as member of the establishment the same combination of principle and earthy pragmatism he brought to his role as a rebel, we take it in stride. As if to make sure that familiarity didn't completely dull our sense of the specialness of such people, Václav Havel and Nelson Mandela have now stepped forward, almost simultaneously. Havel and Mandela are manifestly whole men, who do not need power to complete them. Both are involved in a private destiny, to which public success or failure is secondary. And both, of course, are men of principle. But the quality in both that really wakes us up is individuality. Each is recognizably a real person, with a real person's complexity and limitations, and the edge that comes of making choices from within.

Individuality might seem, in the abstract, to be a requisite of leadership, but the fact is that in recent times it has been a rarity among public figures. Totalitarian leaders either have been so thoroughly processed by the systems from which they arose that no edge of personhood could be discerned or, as in the cases of Ceausescu and Stalin and Hitler, have been slaves to rage-fed compulsions, and represent the antithesis of individuality. Our own system has precluded monsters, but lately our leaders, too, have been processed—in this case, by the mass-marketing values that now permeate American political life. The individuality of a Havel or a Mandela can survive oppression by brutal regimes, but it's doubtful whether it could remain recognizable through a successful American Presidential campaign. Our economic system has triumphed, but the very market values that are vindicated by this triumph have undermined and corrupted our political culture.

In such a culture, what matters most is selling. There's no virtue whatsoever in failing to sell—or, to translate the idea into political language, in failing to win. And out of the obsession with winning comes a degrading cynicism—the submission of Presidential candidates to the judgment of image-makers, for instance, and the routine tailoring of political positions to what the polls say people want to hear. This dilution of individual choice by the prerogatives of selling has affected most Western democracies. Newspaper articles recently explained to us that Helmut Kohl's prevarications about his intentions regarding Germany's borders were merely a ploy to hold on to the votes of Germans who fantasize about pushing back the borders to where they were during the Third Reich; in other words, what Kohl said was really O.K., because he was lying.



There is nothing wrong with market values in themselves. It's only when no values are set above them, when market values are allowed to dominate areas of life in which they don't belong, that they become corrosive. And now men who have risen from the ruins of brutally dehumanizing societies are demonstrating to us how sound a life lived by other values can be. Mandela communicates this message most eloquently through his mental and emotional health, and through his ability, after twenty-seven years in prison, to effectively assume leadership of millions of people in a very tricky and swiftly changing situation. Havel, the writer, communicates it with words. Addressing the United States Congress last February, he said, "The salvation of this human world lies nowhere else than in the human heart, in the human power to reflect, in human meekness, and in human responsibility. . . . We are still incapable of understanding that the only genuine backbone of all our actions—if they are to be moral—is responsibility. Responsibility to something higher than my family, my country, my firm, my success." He added that that was why he had "ultimately decided—after resisting for a long time—to accept the burden of political responsibility." No one thought he was lying.

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## Grand

IN 1892, Ellis Island was a three-and-a-half-acre sandbar in the middle of New York Harbor, with one wooden immigration building on it. When it was abandoned by its last tenant, the United States Public Health Service, sixty-two years later, it had grown to twenty-seven acres, with thirty-three buildings crowded onto them. In those years more than seventeen million people visited the island—almost all of them only once, in a state of high anxiety. Probably a hundred million Americans are here now because somebody in the family of each one of them arrived at Ellis Island and asked to be let in.

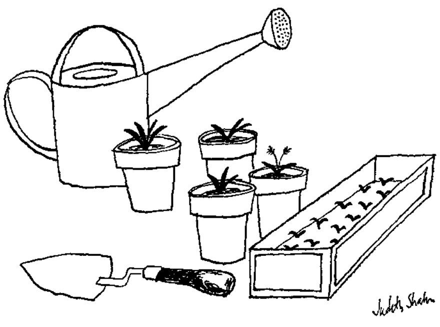
For the last eight years, an intensive, hundred-and-forty-million-dollar restoration of the island's buildings has been under way. Sometime this fall, the National Park Service will reopen Ellis Island to the public, as a kind of museum of the immigrants' experience. It will be a big occasion: the President may come; Lee Iacocca is going to make a speech. Meanwhile, though, the architect John Belle, who supervised the restoration, wanted to sneak away from his office, in the Village, and take a last look at Ellis Island before the crowds and the exhibits and the cafeterias and the display boards started to arrive, and he invited us to come along.

John Belle is a restorer who likes to work big. He is a Welshman, with expansive but economical gestures, and his practice (he is the Belle in the omnipresent architectural firm of Beyer, Blinder, Belle, which has built or restored apartments all over the city) involves making exquisite adjustments on a large scale. He is one of the guys who planned the removal of the big Kodak sign at Grand Central a couple of weeks ago, for example, and he designed the South Street Seaport Museum.

On a recent Wednesday afternoon we joined John Belle down at the Battery and boarded a powerboat. When it docked on the south side of Ellis, he bounded out and headed up a path, saying, "The island took its name from a man named Samuel Ellis, who owned it in the late seventeen-hundreds. One of the first things I discovered when I began to look into this project was that old Sam was a Welshman, and to me that was very encouraging. Ellis Island truly grew with the city. Its expansion was all carried out by landfill, and the fill they used was the dirt from the subway tunnels and from the Grand Central excavation. The ground we're standing on now was probably once deep beneath Forty-second Street. When the firm made its presentation, back in 1982—the Ellis project was by far the biggest thing our office had ever been considered for—I said that the sole special qualification of our team was that the leader had the common sense to wait to emigrate until Ellis Island had closed. It was true, too. I arrived on a boat and came up right through New York Harbor, but that was in 1959—too late for Ellis."

Now John Belle had reached a hundred-and-fourteen-foot-long glass-and-steel canopy leading to the immense brick-and-limestone Beaux-Arts building that is the centerpiece of Ellis Island. The building has turrets at its corners, with a copper needle poking up from each; you can see the four turrets and their needles from all over downtown Manhattan. "The original wooden structure burned down in 1897," John said, standing under the canopy. "And the federal government made a decision then that still seems to me amazingly unsordid. It decided that the arrival of the immigrants was so fundamental to the country's growth that they ought to be greeted by something more than a shed. They held a competition, which every architect of the day entered—there's a McKim, Mead & White design for Ellis—and the competition was won by a small firm called Boring & Tilton. But what a wonderful building it made! Look at it! It has a noble plan—these four great towers counterpointing the great center pavilion. It's one of the few grand-scale brick buildings in New York."

With John we walked through the door and into an immense room, which seemed more long than high, and was broken only by a single huge cantilevered staircase off to the right.



"One thing has to be said for the American government," John said. "It *paints its buildings.* There *were nine*teen layers of paint on every piece of exposed surface at Ellis when we arrived, and we had to strip back to find the precise institutional shade that was used around 1918. We decided to restore in general back to that point, when the whole thing had a certain integrity. And look what the government was using then: Michael Graves green!"

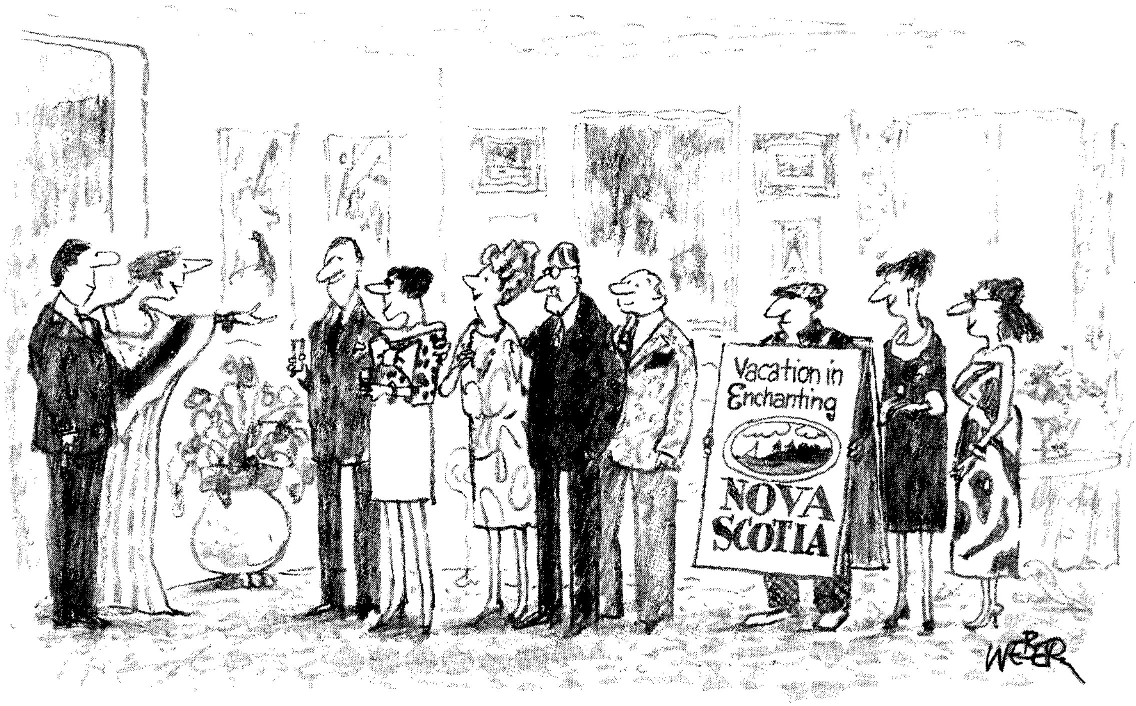
Pointing to a space near the door, he went on, "They had to leave their baggage here, and then they were hurried up the stairs. There's a whole genre of Ellis tales called 'staircase stories.' It was a place of utter fear. At the top, there were the famous medicals. If you tripped, they might chalk an 'E' on your coat, for 'eye disease'; if you seemed out of breath, they might scrawl an 'H,' for 'heart disease.' "

At the top of the staircase is what may be the grandest single space in New York. High above your head is an immense tiled vault, which catches the afternoon light and gleams like mother-of-pearl. From it hang three brass chandeliers. Just below the vault is a row of little windows, and below the windows are countless little sconces—garden-party lights, or French-restaurant lights—ringing the room at the cornice level.

"Imagine, after three weeks of life in the hold of a steamer, walking into this space," John said. "The ceiling is a masterpiece by a family who were themselves immigrants. They were the Guastavinos, and this is the greatest Guastavino ceiling in the world. The Guastavinos were Catalans, and they brought to New York a peculiar technique of vaulting, which involved weaving three layers of tiles together. You didn't need big, central scaffolding—the ceiling crept out from either side wall, like a vine. The other Guastavino masterpiece is the ceiling of the Oyster Bar in Grand Central. Of course, when we arrived the hall was compartmentalized into a rabbit warren of small rooms and offices. We had to remove a lot of partitions to restore this space. And the Guastavino ceiling was filthy. We were terrified about what damage it might have suffered over all those years, so we spent almost a year inspecting each tile in the ceiling, hitting each one with a little rubber hammer." John mimed a mallet's delicate touch. "*Ping*. If the tile was good, it would sound like that. If it had gone bad, or come loose, it would have a dull, hollow, corrupted sound, like that of rotting plaster. There are twenty-nine thousand tiles in the ceiling. We replaced seventeen."

John waved a hand toward the little windows below the vault. "There were rooms above here, used as dorms," he said. "They weren't holding cells—those were all on the other side of the island, where people were held who had some kind of problem. These were just overnight dorms for immigrants who had arrived too late in the day to be processed or had arrived at a time when the island was especially busy. But, of course, the immigrants couldn't understand that, and at night, it's said, you could hear the women calling out across the vault and the men calling back."

John led us through the rest of the building: the hearing room, painted an oddly rich cream, where a rejected immigrant got a last chance to plead his case (the fact is that only about two per cent of the arriving passengers were ever turned back), and some newly created rooms, constructed from odd indoor-outdoor corners and glassed over, to be used as libraries and study centers. At the end of the afternoon, John wanted to go back to the grand vaulted room one last time. "Ellis is such a powerful place because the emotions it evokes are so ambiguous," he said. "On the one hand, it's a cathedral of possibilities—all the millions of immigrants who really did find a better life after they passed through here. At the same time, it was one of the first public structures built to enable a bureaucracy to handle and direct vast masses of people. You can't walk into it now without somewhere in the back of your mind feeling haunted by that. It's a kind of monument to the possibilities of vast displacements of people, for good or ill. You don't think about vainglory or vanity here, as you do so often in self-consciously grand buildings. If we have accomplished one thing in these ten years of work it's that we've made it possible for a person to come back into this great room and hear the echo of his great-grandmother calling out to his great-grandfather across the Guastavino ceiling, telling him to go to sleep, that she knows that, starting now, everything that happens to them will happen for the best."



*"I'd like you to meet Phil and Marnie Schmidt, Sally and Dave Tuttle, Don Berenger, Kathy Leach, Ellie Cramer—and Mike Kobrick, an advertising supplement."*

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## *Beatlefest*

LAST weekend, we were watching the Beatles perform, with all hell breaking loose as they rocked through "I Saw Her Standing There" and "She Loves You." It was 1964 again, and there we were with John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in their Beatleboots and Chesterfield collars, their Beatlehair as precise as the cut of their Beatlesuits. Actually, we were in the ballroom of a Hilton Hotel out at the Meadowlands, where all those big sports facilities would be filled to the brim if the Beatles really were to come back, and we were watching bits of old film with a quiet and respectful audience—probably bursting at the seams inside, we thought, because that's how we were feeling. We were at the Beatlefest, which happens three times a year, usually at the Meadowlands and at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare, in Chicago, and the Westin Bonaventure Hotel, in Los Angeles. Over six thousand people gathered during the weekend to hear sound-alike Beatles bands, to see old movies and film clips, to browse through memorabilia. Gerry Marsden, of Gerry and the Pacemakers, was there from Liverpool, singing his sixties hits "Ferry Cross the Mersey" and "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying." People who had brought their guitars led spontaneous sing-alongs in the hotel lobby. And the piano-bar repertoire seemed complete—everything from "Love Me Do" to "Oh, Yoko."

Wondering if we could spot an early clue to the new direction (that's a line from "A Hard Day's Night"), we looked around at what the Beatlepeople at Beatlefest '90 were wearing. We didn't see a single suit. We didn't see much of the heavy-metal leather-and-studs look, either, or anybody from the MTV crowd. It was T-shirts and jeans, but the outfits weren't plain or ordinary in the least. We saw rhinestone Beatles pins; "Yellow Submarine" earrings; denim jackets covered with button collections. We saw Beatlefest '90 T-shirts on people of every age, including infants. We saw a woman with a small pair of gold-rimmed glasses pinned to John's self-portrait on her T-shirt; the back of the shirt read "You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one." We saw three young girls in New Kids on the Block jackets, leaving early. And then we saw a bald guy in a New Kids on the Block jacket, just arriving.

Vintage wearables from the Beatlefest flea market: an authentic Beatles wig, a Beatles golf hat with the original label ($125), canvas Beatles ankle boots ($300), a Beatles white vinyl clutch bag ($350), Beatles nylon stockings ($25), and a Beatles jacket ($250).

We talked to a friendly young man named Tom Pitt, from Palisades Park, who seemed to know lots of people in the crowd. He had a Beatles haircut and was wearing a stunning replica of one of the early Beatlesuits—the collarless gray number with black trim, which the Beatles wore in their first official poster. "I bought this at the Beatles Shop in Liverpool," Tom Pitt said. "I've been to Liverpool six times on Beatles sightseeing trips. Last year I went to the Cavern Club, where the Beatles got their start, and to Mendips, where John grew up. One year I went to Blackpool, where John's father took him as a child, and Stonehenge, where part of 'Help' was filmed. A couple of times I went to Strawberry Fields—inside, past the gate. It's a home for orphans. I have another suit like this, but in a different color and smaller, and I wear it when I go to Strawberry Fields in New York. I go there for October 9th and December 8th—John's birthday and the anniversary of his death. I collect some of the Beatles memorabilia, like birthday cake decorations, penholders, and blow-up dolls. Also a shampoo holder that looks like Paul and has a removable head. A couple of friends here are trying to start a Tom Pitt Fan Club."

Later, we had a word with Eddie Colaci. He had on a terrific shirt—blue with hand-embroidered Beatles names and song titles all over it. "This is the first time I've worn it," he said, and he added, "This is my nineteenth Beatlefest. There have been twenty in the New York area." He pointed to the words "In My Life" on the shirt pocket. "That's my favorite song," he said. "It was my wedding song. I collect music—a lot of bootleg stuff, outtakes. That's my forte. I've got a hundred and thirty-five Beatle albums, from all over—Germany, France, the Dominican Republic. I have nine 'Sgt. Pepper's. I work for the phone company. I've been doing 3-D art work for twelve years, and I won first prize in the Beatles art contest twice. I'm hoping this year will be my third. This is a great gathering. Here I can sit with a sixty-year-old woman on one side and a fifteen-year-old on the other, and they're all so enthusiastic!"

Gordon Millings, of Douglas Millings & Company (now G. S. Millings & Company), the tailors who made the famous Beatlesuits, is another Beatlefest regular. He was wearing a royal-blue sweatshirt that said "Beatlefest '89," and he took part in a panel discussion, during which he said. "Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager, had a definite vision. He wanted to smarten the Beatles up quickly, in fresh white shirts and nicely cut suits. The design for the first suits was a combination from my father and Brian and Paul. Pierre Cardin had done something similar. We made their suits, beginning with the ones with no collars or lapels. Then we made the suits with the black velvet Chesterfield collars on black, gray, or blue. And we made the beige military-style suits with the epaulets and black trousers they wore for their last concert, at Candlestick Park. We made all the suits for 'A Hard Day's Night' and 'Help.' We made all their suits and street clothes up to 'Sgt. Pepper,' when they turned to theatrical costumers."

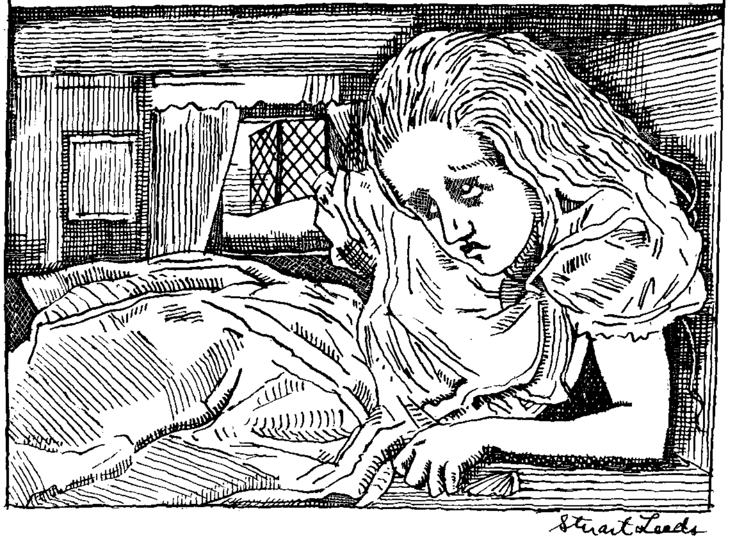
In the audience, a serious, appreciative woman in a red Beatles T-shirt stood up and said, "The perfection of those suits and their true look is just great."

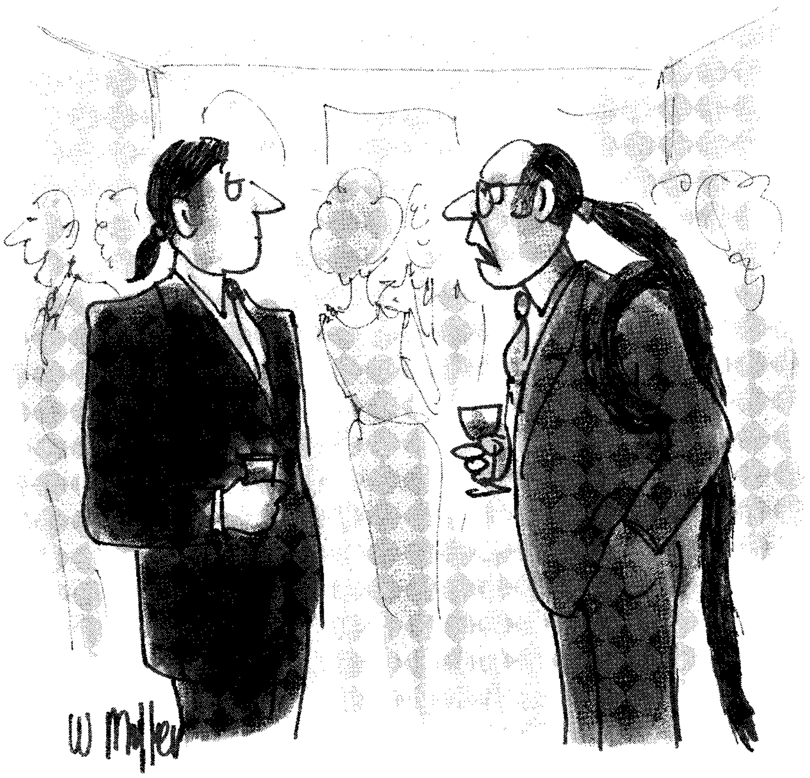
Gordon Millings said, "Thank you."

### *Heroes*

At about eleven-thirty the other Tuesday morning, the lobby of List Hall, inside the Metropolitan Opera, was filled by several huge, barrel-chested, and scared-looking men, singing to themselves. Inside the hall, the Lauritz Melchior Heldentenor Foundation was holding the first round of the Melchior Centennial Heroic Tenors Competition—the Olympic Games of big, loud guys. A heroic tenor isn't the kind of tenor who looks soulful and sings Schubert; he's the kind of tenor who can stare a three-hundred-pound blond soprano in the eye and make her play ball. Lauritz Melchior, a Dane, was one of the greatest such tenors who have ever lived. He sang at the Met throughout the thirties and forties, becoming a great star only after he had turned forty. That's one of the things

ALICE IN THE DRESSING ALCOVE OF HER STUDIO JUST OFF GRAMERCY PARK





*"I've had a ponytail since 1968!"*

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that heroic tenors do: first they live and then they start singing. Knowing that it took time and a lot of patience to produce a true heroic tenor, Melchior left a quarter of his estate for fellowships to be awarded to the most promising new heroic tenors in the world.

"It's a very specific voice," the great soprano Eleanor Steber, who had sung with Melchior at the Met and was now one of the judges, explained to a novice heroic-tenor bird dog inside the hall. "It comes late, and is developed by a baritone in maturity. What he has to do is to open up his top baritone and add on three tenor notes—an A, a B, and a high C. These boys we'll hear today are all in their early thirties, and at some point fairly recently they realized that they could go from being so-so baritones to being truly heroic tenors—heldentenors, as they're called in Germany."

"But it's not just a voice," her fellow-judge Angelene Collins, a soprano who had also sung with Melchior, said. "It's an attitude, a way of being, an authority that we're looking for. It's not a singer we want. It's a hero."

A prospective hero walked onto the stage, handed the accompanist his music, and announced that he was going to sing something from "Lohengrin." (Wagner is to heroic tenors what Burt Bacharach is to cocktail pianists.) He began to sing, with a room-consuming boom that recalled the IRT express pulling into Grand Central. Seats rocked, plaster fell from the ceiling.

"He's kind of a skinny kid," Miss Steber whispered to Miss Collins. "Big voice, but lacks that real good *size*." They both scribbled notes.

When the singer was finished, his expression passed, in a nanosecond, from noble to pleading. There was a long silence. Finally, another of the judges said, icily, "Zo. Ve vill perhaps to hear something more lyrical, isn't it." Then the tenor sang something by Verdi. When he was done, the judges wanted to know how old he was, and after calculating briefly he said thirty-two. The heroic-tenor circuit, like the senior golf tour, is one of the few arenas in our culture where age helps.

"Well, he can sing a little," Miss Steber said to Miss Collins as he left. "But would you believe him as Lohengrin, built like that? That kind of build says one thing to me, and only one thing: lieder."

Another candidate came down the aisle. Miss Steber said, "Now, there's a look for you, but I don't know if it's exactly *heroic*." The new singer looked exactly like a World Wrestling Federation villain: shoulder-length curly hair, big Mountain Man beard, Bluto shoulders. When he sang, he worked his eyebrows and his knees in unison.

After he sang, Miss Steber said, "Well, I don't know. It's hard to project him as a hero without the beard and hair, but if he keeps the beard and hair what have you really got? He has authority. But it wasn't completely natural and honest. I wouldn't see him as a heldentenor, exactly. More a kind of basso who sings unusually high."

Here are some general notes on heldentenor deportment. A key problem for prospective heldentenors is Creeping Necktie. Given the embonpoint of the average heldentenor, and the activity involved in singing like a hero, the heldentenor's shirt has a tendency to slip out of the heldentenor's pants, causing his tie to creep up until the heldentenor looks disconcertingly like Oliver Hardy. Experienced heroic tenors wear turtlenecks. All heroic tenors know three hero-type poses. First position: hands clasped together on belly (indicates Restrained Nobility). Second position: hands trembling, Jolson-style, on either side of the head (indicates Unrestrained Passion). Third position: arms stretched out in front of body, knees flexed, hands desperately wringing (indicates ultimate outcome of Restrained Nobility victimized by Unrestrained Passion).

The next tenor up had beautiful curly hair, slightly thinning on top ("Well, there's that maturity we're looking for," Miss Steber said, sotto voce), and he said, "I will sing the last aria from 'Pagliacci.' "

"What did you say?" Miss Steber said.

"I said, I will now sing the last aria from 'Pagliacci,' " the tenor repeated, a little louder.

"*What*?" Miss Steber cried back.

" '*Pagliacci*'!" the tenor called out, at the top of his powerful lungs.

"Oh," Miss Steber said, settling back into her seat, and then she said, almost to herself, "Well, fine. Speak up. Speak up. Make yourself heard. I mean, c'mon, fella. That's kind of the whole idea."

# THE LITE THAT FAILED

## ONE PERSON'S STORY

MY name is Mary Alice, incidentally, and this is where I am with this stuff now. A couple of years ago my folks died, one right after the other, of natural causes and at decent ages. It was a trauma, of course, but an ordinary one, and I clipped the *Times* article on mourning and got through it more or less on schedule. I spent one month less than predicted on denial, which they said was nothing to be ashamed of, and three months extra being pissed off, and two years later I met Raymond, who even my friends thought was a ballpark figure, and life started to look up again.

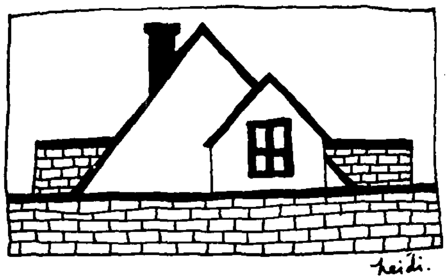
I still felt a little iffy, though, and my way of coping with it was to go on clipping the health articles from the *Times* and driving tacks through them into my bulletin board. It was obviously a kind of preventive voodoo that was meant to keep anyone I knew from coming down with trick knees or polyps or whatever else was in the air. Even so, I was anxious not to take my luck for granted and began trying to earn it, in effect, by being particularly vigilant about fats, which I got so I could pretty much squeeze from a stone. I suppose the fact that they were measurable was part of the attraction. (I came to like that about toxins, too.) They enabled me to get into the whole calculus of mortality.

At the time, Ray had a diet I'd rather not go into here—"he jests at plaque, that never felt angina" could have been about him—and I used all my guile to keep him from jumping to any premature occlusions. I weaned him onto bottled water without his knowing it by first cutting the four-per-cent milk with two-per-cent, then two-per-cent with one-per-cent, one-per-cent with skim, and so on. My cooking got so righteous it was eerie. I was making bruised-apple Betty before most people knew to buy unsprayed produce. I even did a nice vegetarian scrapple. Ray complained that I worried more about his cholesterol-to-high-density-lipoprotein ratio than I did about him. It wasn't true, but he said so whenever he felt sore about giving up ricotta.

I didn't miss much. I bought organic produce, and naturally wild chickens from British Columbia. I was onto the Norman Cousins business from the jump and saw to it that Ray laughed helplessly a little bit every day, whether he felt like it or not. He sure seemed like a convert. I remember him saying over the paper one morning—I thought he was reading it—that a new study had shown that people who scoffed at fibre were less apt to get irritable-bowel syndrome. He was probably trying to tell me something, but I just halved our intake of bulgur. Say what you like, we had the arteries of Bushmen.

So when did it start to go wrong? It was Ray's birthday. I was surprising him by making something he'd requested as a gag, lentil tempura, which meant deep-frying each piece with a tweezers. That probably started it—we kept drinking too long on empty stomachs. Finally we ate and I gave him his presents, a lead-free pencil and the first volume of the Pritikin letters. He didn't seem that thrilled, and since we were both kind of plastered we started quarrelling. He ended up getting abusive, the gist of his complaint being that between the time I spent needling him about his habits and the time he spent modifying them, I'd already taken a year off his life. When I suggested it was just the urethane in the bourbon talking, he slung my keys against the wall and stormed out of the apartment. I just sat there blinking at my unbleached-muslin apron until a lump rose in my throat like a big ball of suet, which I remember thinking was ironic.

It wasn't long before the bottom fell out of my never-terrific self-esteem. I could tell from the half-assed way I was combining my amino acids. Finally, one day at the health-food store I saw a flyer advertising a support group at the community center aimed at people like me who basically felt they were here on consignment. It met weekly, wasn't expensive, and promised to teach me to love myself unconditionally. I phoned to ask, but you couldn't do it with conditions.



I started going to this thing, and at first it seemed all right. The other people there found Dr. Marks, the group leader, charismatic and as good as his word: in no time they were wild about themselves, although it troubled me that Mrs. Marks was running the Recovering Narcissists workshop. One night, the woman I tended to sit next to confided to me that she was worried she'd begun living vicariously through herself, and asked if I thought she might be an auto-co-dependent. I said I wasn't sure I was the best judge, since I was still afraid that if I came on to myself and was rejected, I'd be worse off than I was before.

After the group broke that evening I went to the gym to clear my mind. I normally do about fifteen minutes of free weights and then thirty minutes on the mechanical staircase, which is good for getting what they call a "tenement dweller's high." And, sure enough, by the time I'd reached the ninety-second floor, I felt I'd sorted the thing out.

The problem is that, for all my good-faith exertions (and this may go for the rest of you, too), I'm in the negative-risk category for everything—not just heart attack or aneurysms but life itself. I don't mean you're going to find the Spirit in a grain of bacon, but you're not going to find it by keeping a low blood profile, either. Sometimes you have to make that little leap of fat. And if you can only do it in a manner of speaking, that's O.K., too.

Thank you.

—PRUDENCE CROWTHER

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**AMERICA, AMERICA**

[*Adv. for Marshall Field's in the Chicago Tribune*]

Come as you czar! The Soviet casual collection makes you a leader. Worker fashions for men and women, reformed in the hands of Russian designers: button-fly jeans in a fuller shape, rugged stonewashed denim, chambray shirts and newsworthy sweatshirts with Soviet logos. Even the common man classics, T-shirts and jean jackets. And Soviet jeans come with a variety of interchangeable, screw-on metal patches (screwdriver included). With Soviet style, there's never a reason to be revolting.

# HOURGLASS

In January, 1942, . . . the Hungarian commander in occupied Yugoslavia . . . went on a rampage and shot several thousand Jews and Serbs in the town of Novi Sad.—*"The Destruction of the European Jews,"* by Raul Hilberg.

E.S. sees himself with trembling hands gathering up his papers from the folding table at seat No. 126 by the window of the first-class railway carriage, stuffing them into his briefcase along with the bottled beer and smoked-herring sandwiches wrapped in checkered writing paper, then in newspaper, put there by his sister Berta, and fiddling with the brass lock in an unsuccessful attempt to close it.

Who was standing beside him at that moment?

A young blond conductor, who was aiming his nickel-plated ticket punch like a revolver at the yellow star on E.S.'s chest.

Who, apart from himself and the conductor, watched him trying (and seeing himself trying) to close his briefcase?

A lady in black hat and veil (aged about thirty) clutching a sleeping girl child as though some appalling, bloodthirsty crime were about to be committed in this first-class compartment of an express train, the kind of thing that happens in novels; a young man with black pomaded hair (about twenty-five), a student or spy, who was trying from behind an illustrated magazine to catch a glimpse of white flesh under the black skirt of the lady in black; a thickset gentleman (aged about fifty), probably a black marketeer, with a watch on a gold chain, who at that moment was studying his gold watch patiently and at length, as though to appraise its value; an old lady (about sixty) holding a prayer book encrusted with mother-of-pearl; and a dozing officer (about thirty) with jangling spurs.

To which of the above-mentioned persons did E.S. pay the most attention?

To the widow with the white thighs.

How had she become a widow?

Her husband was killed somewhere on the eastern front while trying to relieve himself.

What was the wording of the official report of her husband's death, as imagined by E.S.?

You are hereby notified that your spouse, Reserve Captain First Class in the glorious First Hungarian Regiment of Hussars, has heroically laid down his life for the Fatherland in performance of his sacred duty.

How did she take this news?

She immediately consulted a fashion magazine and chose a black dress in the latest style (winter 1941-42), with broad shoulders, gathered waist, low neckline, medium (calf) length hem; a black petticoat trimmed with black lace; and, in all likelihood, black panties edged with lace; a hat with hatpin; a black veil; and black elbow-length gloves.

What did the curious observer notice?

That the lady in black had applied a small amount of rouge to her pale face.

What provoked the glint in the eyes of the lady with the white thighs? Was it tears, was it grief?

The glint in her eyes was provoked by the prospect of an adventure, perhaps not ending in marriage with a rich man but leading at least to a series of affairs with young lovers, whom she would initiate into the arts of love free of charge, to their satisfaction and her own.

Whom did E.S. suspect of being the first possible lover of the lady in black, hence his first potential rival?

The young man with the pomaded hair, peering out from behind his illustrated magazine and evincing a keen interest in her (black) silk stockings.

What thoughts passed through E.S.'s head as he was leaving the first-class compartment? (Syncope.)

I'm awf'ly nervous. Scrumptious body of a female. Élan vital. Alcohol, alcohol! Holland cheese and Holland gin. Now this blockhead'll be free to goose the you-know. Widow of the white thighs. She probably caught the meaning of my bow. Wow, that smile. Lace, black lace . . . G'bye, g'bye forever, fair lady!

What did E.S. do before leaving the compartment?

He cast a quick glance out the window.

What did he see?

An endless snow-covered plain, black rectangular fields emerging from the snow, and a bare, knotted tree with shivering black crows in it.

What did he notice upon entering the second-class compartment?

At first, smells.

What kind?

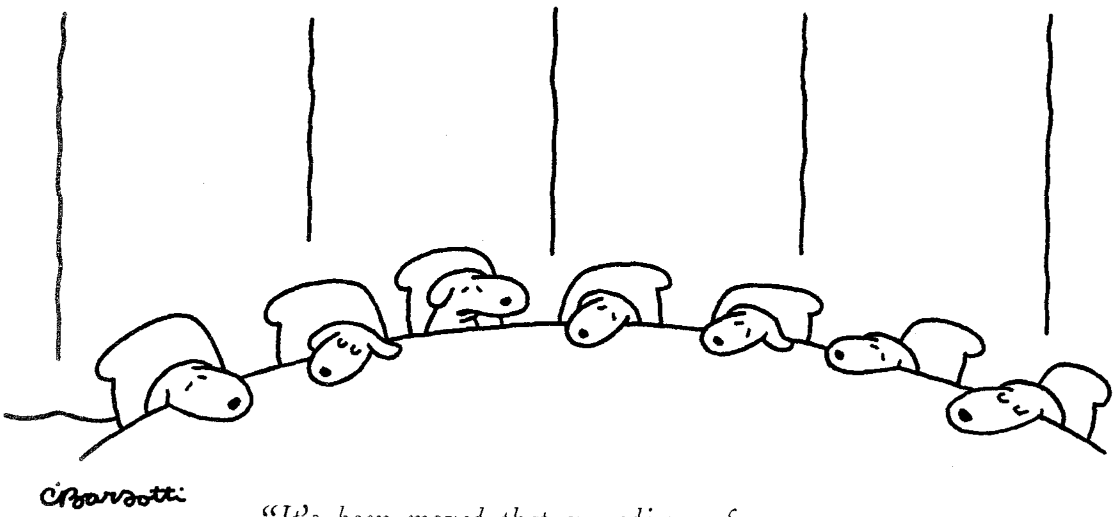
Dirty feet, wet poultry, military overcoats, wet leather, wet cloth, soaked shoes, onions, tobacco, intestinal vapors.

What kind of people did he see?

Soldiers, peasants, clerks, foresters, railroad workers, shopkeepers, black marketeers.

What objects?

Uniforms, wooden trunks, wicker baskets, guns, bayonets (sheathed),



*"It's been moved that we adjourn for an afternoon nap. Is there a second?"*

army boots, puttees, straps, poultry, cards, knives.

What colors?

Dirty gray, olive green, duck-shit green, screaming red, dirty white, rust brown, steel gray.

What showed him that his arrival had not gone unnoticed?

A peasant's curved knife stopping halfway between a chunk of paprika bacon and the peasant's greasy mustache.

Who eyed him with extreme curiosity?

A goose, whose long neck protruded from its basket, and who, inclining its head now to one side, now to the other, gazed at him out of its red eyes.

What did E.S. gape at no sooner than he had sat down?

An enormous plaster foot, dangling from the wooden baggage rack some eight to ten centimetres from his nose. On it were inked: nymphs, female and male sex organs, swastikas and arrow crosses, a heart pierced with an arrow, and, below it, the names of the owner's girlfriends.

List the names.

Marica, Anna, Fanika, Ursula, Dorotea, Roszika, Gretchen, Juliska, Pandora, Ilonka, Lili, Lulu, Hajnalka, Milena, Grazia, Melanie, Piroska, Margita, Katia, Anita, Lana, Helena, Romi, Ingrid, Cora, Bella, Erzsébet, Tatyana.

What did the traveller see as the train pulled into the Novi Sad station?

Guard post No. 2, a repair shop, piles of coal, a locomotive hangar with turntable, a water pump, a storage shed, administration buildings, the yellowish-gray station building, baskets of flowers, the station restaurant.

Was any locomotive taking on water while the train was pulling in?

No, but one must have done so a few minutes before, because water was still dripping from the nozzle, forming a thin layer of ice on the straw that covered the cast-iron casing of the pump.

What did this remind the traveller of?

It made him think—not without sadness—of the cruel, gloomy winter and the unattainable remoteness of the beautiful, blessed summertime.

In what verses did he express this?

Gloomy, Madame, beyond measure
Is the present time of year.

To whom were these lines addressed?

Undoubtedly, to the widow of the white thighs, whose sturdy white legs (encased in silk stockings) were at that moment descending from the decrepit running board of the first-class carriage hardly a step away from him.

Who had come to meet the widow of the white thighs?

Contrary to E.S.'s malicious prediction, the widow was met by an old lady, also in mourning. Squeezing the child between them, the two women fell silently into each other's arms.

Who had come to meet E.S.?

No one had been informed of his arrival.

Did he catch sight of a soldier with a plaster foot among the passengers?

It seemed to him for a moment that a plaster foot was hobbling along among the people hurrying toward the exit.

Did our traveller stop at the station restaurant?

No, because looking out of the train window he had seen cock feathers fluttering ominously on the black hats of policemen, and the dull sheen of their mounted bayonets. He therefore thought it wise to remove himself with all possible haste from the dangerous station area, where he caught sight of, in addition to the police, an armed and helmeted military patrol and several civilians whom he easily recognized as secret agents.

What enabled him to recognize them?

His intuition and experience. Also their assumed air of innocence.

How were these agents dressed?

They were wearing long winter coats of mouse-gray gabardine, broad-brimmed hats, black earmuffs, and sturdy black shoes with double soles.

Did they ask for his papers?

At the station exit he had to stand in line with the other new arrivals and show the agents his papers.

Did they give him any trouble?

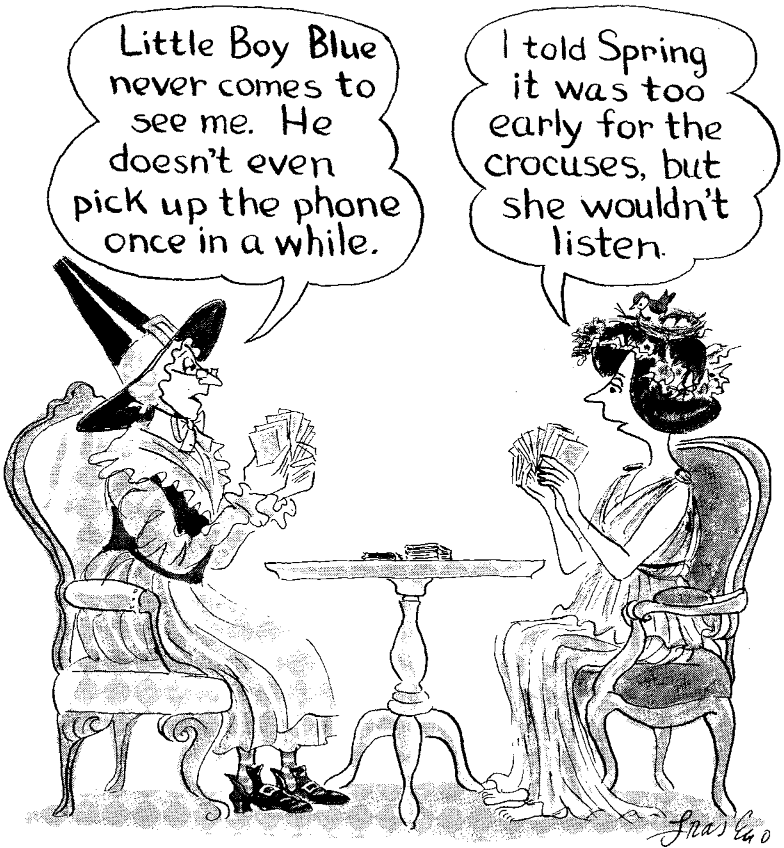
One of the agents looked at him, compared his face with the photograph on his identity card, and then returned it without a word.

Did the agent check his railroad pass?

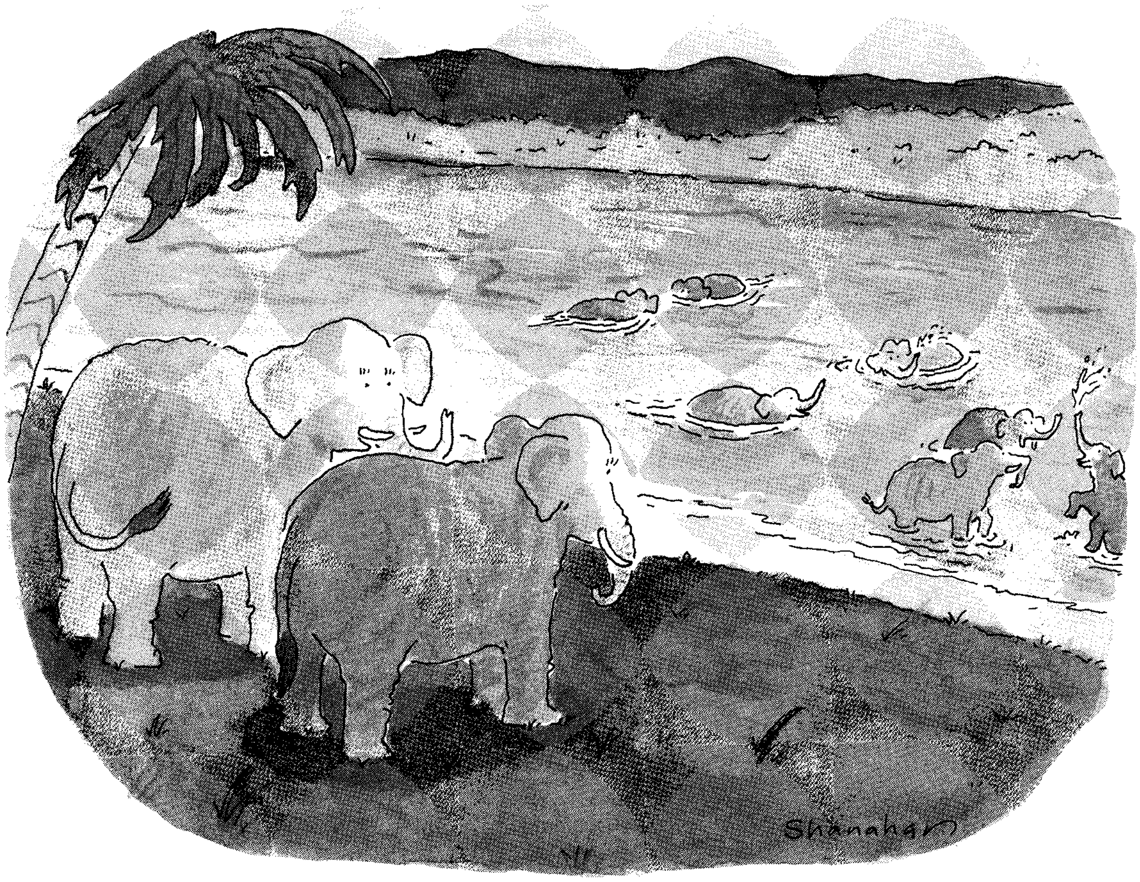
No, though E.S. held it out, wanting to show how exalted a position he had occupied before being pensioned, and confident that the agent would be as much impressed as the trainmen had been.

If the agents had chanced to look into his briefcase, what would they have found?

Three smoked-herring sandwiches wrapped first in check-


Little Boy Blue never comes to see me. He doesn't even pick up the phone once in a while.
I told Spring it was too early for the crocuses, but she wouldn't listen.
Frascino

Mother Goose and Mother Nature Play Canasta ered writing paper, then in greasy newspaper; four hard-boiled eggs, also wrapped in newspaper; an empty bottle of Ormai-brand beer; two Kaiser shirts, one white, one ochre; four celluloid collars; four Breiner pastel-colored ties, one black mohair tie with a Rapayić label; a sheet of checkered paper (29.3 x 20.8 cm.), most of it covered with pencil writing; a greasy copy of the 1941 issue of *Selection* magazine, put out by the Bata publishing company; two pairs of gray socks, darned in several colors; a checked linen handkerchief, unused; an empty bottle with a patent cap; two soft packs of twenty-five Symphonia cigarettes; a faded pink bath towel, rumpled and still damp; a pair of blue linen Tivar pajamas, size 39; a used cake of household soap in a celluloid holder; a brass razor; two Tabula Rasa-brand blades; a grubby shaving brush; a cork smelling of wine; a tin shirt-button.



*"See anyone who tickles your ivories?"*

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Once outside the station, where did the traveller go?

He rushed to the cabstand, for there were only two cabs left. The third, looking like a huge black gondola, its side lamp lighted, had just sailed off, carrying away from him, perhaps forever, hidden beneath its black leather roof, the widow of the white thighs, the Madonna of the Sleeping Cars, the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, the source and object of his brief reveries, to whom he had inwardly addressed two or three lines of verse and to whom, at the moment when she climbed into her cab, he gallantly lifted his hat—a gesture that she failed to, or pretended not to, notice.

Where were the cabs standing?

To the left of the station exit, in a small square bordered on one side by a wall and on the other by an iron bar that supported the porters' hand trucks. In a square paved with neither macadam nor asphalt but with big slabs of stone, on which horses' hooves struck sparks, and horses' urine splashed, foaming like beer, melting the freshly fallen snow, filling the cracks between slabs, and at length draining off into a gutter that led to a rectangular sewer opening.

What feelings were at war within him as his cab drove off?

Satisfaction, relief, anxiety.

Satisfaction?

Because in the cab he was again free to surrender to sweet dreams of another meeting with a female person, possibly the same lady. Also because cabs, like first-class compartments in trains, were his natural ambience, and he felt very much at home in this cab.

Relief?

Because the business with his papers had gone off without a hitch, which proved that his élan vital and intuition had not yet forsaken him.

Anxiety?

Because both his intuition and his experience told him that his next step might be the exact opposite of the last, since human life was governed by the principle of alternation—a crest was followed by a trough, success by failure, ascent by descent—yet man, despite his empirical knowledge, is still not capable of plotting the course of events, of computing the length of the wave, for if he were he would be able to forecast events down to the slightest detail.

What happened along the way?

Lulled by the clatter of the horses' hooves, he dozed off for a moment.

What did he dream?

He was swimming in deep water, in total darkness, but throughout his dream he knew for sure that he was saved, like Noah, and that all those who had been with him only a short time before had been drowned, that he alone had survived the catastrophe. And in his dream this knowledge filled him with a vague pride, for he owed his salvation not only to God's mercy but also to his own merit, his ability to cope with the difficult situations of life.

When did he wake up?

At the moment when the timbers of his dream ship, his ark, shuddered as it struck dry land. But he was not able to look at the new continent, for the cab had turned onto the paving stones of German Street (now Bem Street).

How much did he tip the driver?

The driver asked for three pengö and twenty filler, but E.S. rounded it out to four pengö, because he connected his miraculous rescue (in his dream) with his fortunate arrival (in reality) at his first destination.

What decision did he arrive at outside No. 21 Bem (formerly German) Street?

He suddenly changed his mind and told the driver to wait for him, saying he would be right back.

What made him change his mind in this way?

He probably decided against calling on his landlady (Mrs. Mészáros) because his train had been delayed and he realized that it was too late for a visit.

What had he wanted to do on German (Bem) Street?

His intention had been to pay his debts (two months' rent) and to persuade his landlady to keep his belongings until the day after tomorrow, when he would be moving out for good.

Did he nevertheless alight from the cab-ship?

After turning up his coat collar because of the wind, he let himself fall with all his weight on the squeaky running board, then went to the window of his former lodging. But since blue wrapping paper had been pasted over it on the inside, he was not able to see a thing, not even whether his belongings were still inside.

How long did he stay at the window?

A minute or two. Then he went quickly back to the cab and drove to 8 Station Street.

How did Mr. Gavanski receive him?

For a while Mr. Gavanski watched him in silence through the peephole, as though unable to believe his eyes. Then, breathing asthmatically, he put on his dressing gown.

What did the unexpected guest and his host do then?

After cordially shaking hands and exchanging a few friendly words in the hallway, they hastened, at the guest's suggestion, to listen to the eight-o'clock (Greenwich time) news.

*What did the guest think about* while, warmed by a glass of Traminac, he developed his impressive Dutch defense (1 Nf3 f5 2 g3 Nf6 etc.)?

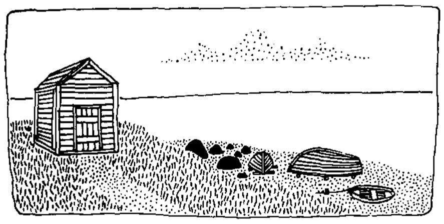
He recalled how (in 1937) he and his brother, on meeting after a separation of almost twenty years, had, by the end of ten minutes, exhausted every topic of conversation, how they had then sat silent for a long while, and finally resorted to the chessboard.

What did the host complain about to the guest and the guest to the host?

The host complained of his daughter who was planning to marry an adventurer, of his more and more painful gastritis, of pains in the back, asthma, increasing nearsightedness, toothache, insomnia (which he combatted with liquor or, when none was available, with aspirin), of baldness, loss of virility, failing memory, claustrophobia, cancerophobia, gluttony, and an infantile craving for sweets. The guest observed that he shared most of the host's ailments (pains in the back, increasing nearsightedness, insomnia, which he found no way of relieving), and added the following: fear of the night, fear of the morrow, fear of persons in uniform, fear of old age and impotence, fear of dogs (cynophobia), fear of God, fear of death, and fear of the Devil.

Did the guest conceal anything from the host?

In consideration of the host's well-known tolerance in matters of religion, he concealed the fact that he had been put out of the first-class compartment; he also neglected to mention his meeting in the train with a lady, probably a war widow, who had been sitting across from him until he was asked to leave the first-class compartment, and a patch of whose firm white flesh he had managed to glimpse above her black silk stockings, to whom he had later addressed two or three lines of verse, and whom, when their paths crossed at the station, he had greeted with an eloquent gesture, impossible to misinterpret: the lifting of his hat.



Did the host conceal anything from his guest?

He concealed the fact that, though bearing the typically Hungarian name of Fekete, the adventurer, a travelling salesman by profession, who was running after his daughter, was actually the son of a certain Rachel.

What acquaintances had the two men in common?

Mr. Dragutin Floriani, court clerk, who in a simultaneous chess display against four opponents (in 1924) had beaten the celebrated Otto Titusz Bláthy, of Budapest; Mr. Richard Engel, merchant and sufferer from claustrophobia, who had thrown himself under the wheels of an express train in 1938, leaving behind a widow and two daughters; Mr. Tihomir Petrović, an official at the Finance Ministry, who in 1920 or thereabouts had returned from Paris with luxuriant black hair, claiming that a hormone treatment had restored not only his hair but his virility as well; Mr. Adri-

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## BY DAYLIGHT

In the tropical glass of a cool, foreign
mirror, I saw myself for the first time:
head forward on my unstraightened spine
from too much reading, cheeks scored

by impatience. I can never control
my eyes—gray, saddened at will,
with an uncurbed glare for looked-for double-dealing,
but still looking half a simpleton's after all.

And then, where the surface wavered,
I saw surprise—a sweating older woman, her coming
printed in faint lines around my mouth—and loved
the old bitch, whole, as if she were my next-door neighbor.

—Elizabeth Macklin

• •

án Fehér, known as Fedya, whose intolerable headaches had led him to hang himself three years before; Dr. Maxim Freud, surgeon, who had been shot on January 24, 1942, and whose brain, blown out of his skull, had lain all day in the wet snow on the corner of Miletić Street and Greek School Street; one Sándor (surname unknown), who was able to drink three litres of red wine at one gulp; Mr. Jovan Gondja, gravedigger, who was murdered in the cemetery along with his child; Helmár Béla, the town knacker, with whom the two friends had taken a drink now and then at Weinhebbel's, by Catholic Gate, and who had recently sawed a woman in two before throwing her into the Danube; A. Ziegler, merchant, who had suffered a paralytic stroke; Mr. Béla Sternberg, railroad inspector, who in December of 1941 had thrown himself under a freight train at the entrance to a tunnel, explaining in his farewell letter that he had been driven to this step by the "general chaos"; Mr. Miksa Kohn, wholesaler, who had been shot along with his family (wife and three children); Mr. Žarko Uzelac, baker, whose mustache and ears had been cut off, but who had survived; Mr. Paja Schwarz, known as Herz Schwarz, whose skull had been split with an axe and who had then been shoved under the ice in the Danube; Mrs. König, teacher, whom Hungarian soldiers had first raped, then bayonetted; Mr. Scheinberger, known as Sanyi, who in a fit of madness had shot himself in the mouth with a hunting rifle; Mr. Djordje Stanković, typographer, who had disappeared mysteriously a year before, after going out to buy beer at Ziegler's grocery store; Mr. Deszö Guttmann, engineer, who had pulled the emergency brake on the Novi Sad–Budapest express three years before, on the pretext that the wind had carried away his silk handkerchief, a treasured memento; Mrs. Fischer, a widow, who from sheer terror had contracted diabetes and acute insomnia; Mr. Anton Buarov, tax collector, who for unknown reasons had ended up in the insane asylum; Mr. Gyula Berecz, notary, who had been married five times, four of them to widows; Mr. Aladár Sichermann, clerk, who had jumped into a well when they came to take him to his wedding; Marko Kapamadžija, who had been killed in his home, along with six members of his family, while working on a homemade bomb; Mr. Žarko Blagotić, physician, who had jumped out of the prison window while awaiting trial; Mr. Josip Kostić, railroad worker, who wrote decasyllabic poems about the impending destruction of the world; Mr. Adolf Singer, physician, whose legs had been amputated in prison without anesthetic; Mr. Márton Böszörményi, who had shot himself in the head with a revolver; Mr. Arpád Kertel, lawyer, who had jumped from a burning barge in a convoy and drowned in the Begej; Mr. Bulat, engineer and prestidigitator, who instead of showing a pass at the entrance to the station had produced his third-grade report card, the only document he had been able to find after his home was ransacked, and who, thanks to his psychological acumen, had managed on the strength of this third-grade report to reach America, and had notified his parents in Novi Sad of his arrival; Mr. Dezsö Bálint, judge, who was growing breasts in consequence of some hormonal disorder; Mr. Fülöp Uhlmann, optician, who, supposing himself to be a mad dog, had recently left his family and gone to live in an abandoned kennel; Mr. Ádám Mándi, who had cut open his abdomen with his sabre in an attempt to commit hara-kiri, but had failed and died of an infection; Mr. Ivan Popov, café owner, whose wife in a fit of madness had served him an unplucked chicken, from which she had removed only the eyes, with a knitting needle, and who had been so terrified that he had tried to eat the chicken, feathers and all, and choked to death; Mr. Dezsö Bleier, who had lost the power of speech after witnessing certain events between 7 and 10 A.M. on January 12, 1942; Mr. Marko Mudrinski, physiotherapist, who had taken to injecting himself with drugs; Miss Hollós, cashier, who had married a Jew for love six months before; Mr. Vladeta Marković, geographer, who was a bigamist, as had been discovered only recently, on the occasion of an identity check—one wife lived in Bečej, the other in Subotica; the widow Horgós, a baker, who had been married two months before (for the third time) to a Hungarian sergeant; Mr. János Kovács, who had bathed every year in the frozen Danube after cutting a hole in the ice not far from the green fence on the bathing beach and who had been killed only recently in an automobile accident; Mr. Karlo Štajner, from Zagreb, who had disappeared without a trace in the Soviet Union; Mr. Živan

*"Did I tell you that Phil and I are planning to collaborate on a marriage?"*

Pavkov, shoemaker, who had received a fabulous fortune from America three days after dying half-blind in poverty; Mr. Andrija Laufer, functionary, who for love had converted to Muhammadanism; Mr. Márton Fuchs, who died of a bee sting; Count M. L. Poltaratsky, with whom the two friends had played chemin de fer several times, and who, as recently reported in the papers, had died peacefully in New York; Mr. Djordje Ivković, printer, for whom they had both worked in 1936, 1937, and 1938, and of whom nothing had been heard in the last two years; Mr. Jovan Šengili, furrier from Bečej, who treated asthma with herbal medicines; Dr. Komáromi, from Budapest, who treated all ailments with acupuncture; Dr. Šafarik, who treated hernia and operated on prostate; Mr. Osip Nezmečić, scissors grinder, who had become a priest; Mr. Popović, grocer, who had triplets (two boys and a girl); Mr. Lujo Letringer, machinist, who had become a pilot and, just before the war, had dropped leaflets on his own house while performing dangerous loop-the-loops; Mr. Emil Tumpić, accountant, who, imagining himself to be a high-ranking German officer, had sewn stripes on his overcoat; Mr. Alexander Vukčević, professor of history, who was suffering from tertiary syphilis; Mr. Arnold Wenzel, employee of the Danube Lloyd Insurance Company, who in 1928 had married a Russian countess, but had later brutalized her in public; Mr. Johann Krohn, headwaiter, who was a mathematical genius capable of raising multidigital figures to the tenth power and who had ended up performing in a circus; Mr. David Baumann, who had come home from Canada, in 1937, because of the deplorable climate in that country; Miss Darinka Mrazovac, waitress, whom both friends had courted somewhere around 1925, and who had recently eloped with an adventurer, leaving behind her four children and a sick (paralyzed) husband, a retired professor; Miss Juliana Farkas, clerk in an insurance company, from whom they had both caught gonorrhea in 1920; Miss Magdalena Ivanović, hairdresser, who in 1939 had suffered a miscarriage at the railroad workers' New Year's ball; Miss Mariška Kenyeres, prostitute, born in Pécs, who had poisoned herself with caustic soda in 1922, two days after marrying a wealthy man; Mr. Moshe Altarac, who in 1934 had gone to America, where he became joint owner of a soda-water factory; Mr. Albert Einstein, Marić's son-in-law who, despite his eccentricity, had become a famous scientist; Mr. Stanislav Simonović, switchman, who had been severely injured; Mr. Ilija Marinković, railroad inspector, who had come down with delirium tremens two years before; Mr. Márton Barabás, a former football coach, who had stopped stuttering when his son was born.

On what ground did the guest decline the offer of dinner?

On the ground that, like Nasr-Ed-Din's donkey, he was used to going hungry, but hunger would not kill him, as it had the donkey, because his organism harbored vast reserves of energy, which he occasionally supplemented with alcohol.

In what direction did this remark steer the conversation?

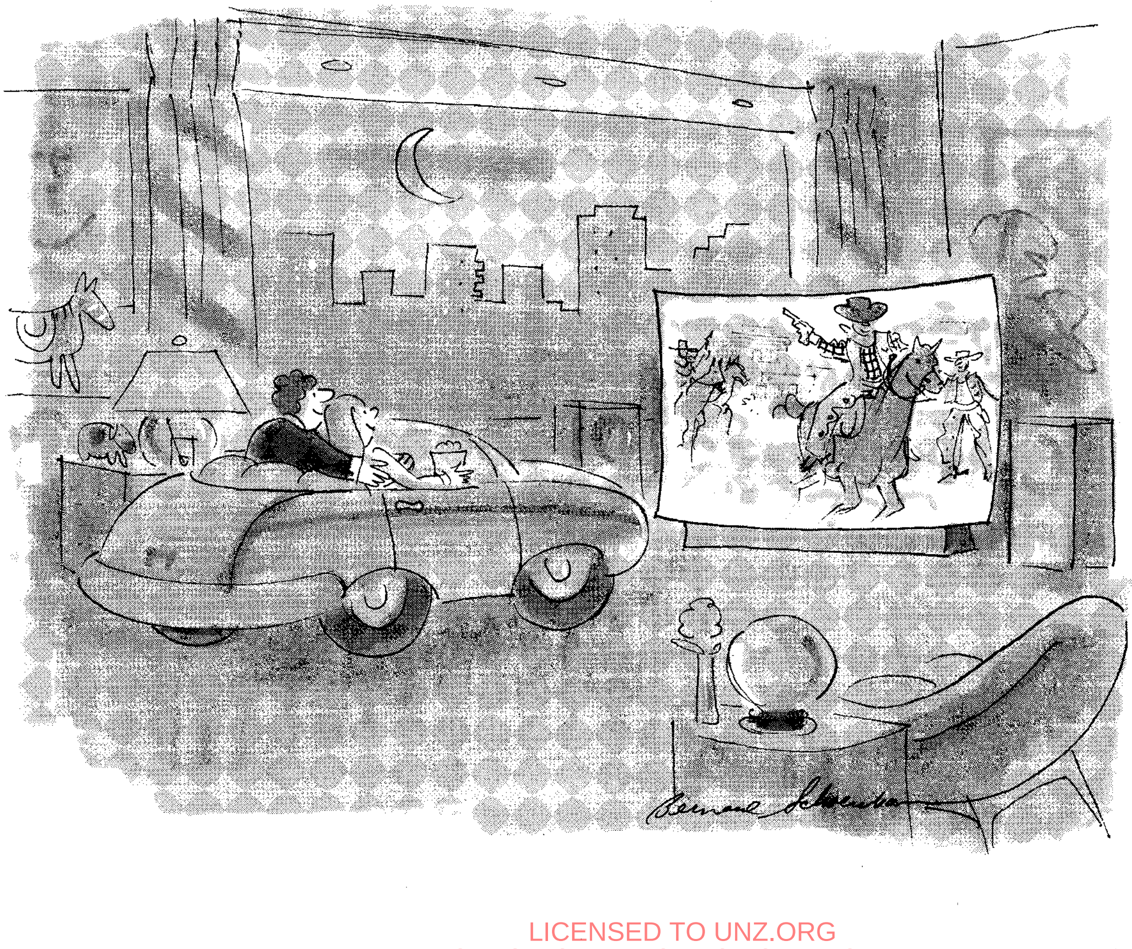
Toward lofty, heavenly things; the host marvelled at the perfection of living beings—man in particular—all fashioned by the Creator according to some higher plan, and perfectly adapted to their environment and function.

What example of this perfection did he adduce?

The camel, whose stomach holds such enormous quantities of liquid that thirsty travellers in the desert have often slaughtered their camels and extracted several gallons of fresh cold water from their intricate stomachs.

Did the guest take this observation at face value?

Though agreeing in the main with his host's view that the Creator had devised living beings perfectly adapted to their environments and functions, he firmly rejected his camel lore, citing an article in *Selection* to the effect that Dr. Alfred Brehm, in the course of his travels in Egypt, had caused the stomach of a camel to be opened but had found no trace of any drinkable liquid, although the camel had drunk large quantities of fresh water the day before.

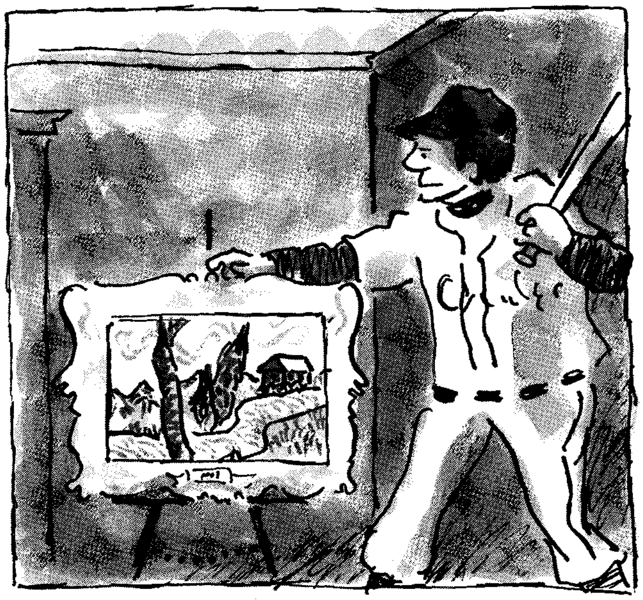


# Lefty Duke Signs for a van Gogh Painting

Hard-hitting outfielder K.T. (Lefty) Duke signed a four-year contract with the Baltimore Orioles for which he will receive van Gogh's painting "The Crooked Road."

This contract exceeds that of Bananas Rohak, who signed yesterday for three years. Rohak will receive an early-nineteenth-century Regency desk. If he hits over .290, he will get the matching chair.

Duke hit .287 last season. Van Gogh painted "The Crooked Road" in 1884, and was unable to sell it in his lifetime. It was most recently owned by a private collector in Caracas.



S. Harris

• •

At the end of the six games they played, what was the score in the marathon chess tournament they had been carrying on for the last three years?

According to the guest, 85½ to 62½; according to the host, 85½ to 79½, both in the guest's favor.

How did the guest and the host back up their divergent contentions?

The host invoked the greasy notebook in which he recorded the results of all their games; the guest invoked his phenomenal memory.

What political topics did the two of them discuss in an undertone, over a bottle of Banat Riesling?

The economic power of the Soviet Union, with special reference to its heavy industry, electrification, rearmament, oil production, and transportation; the strategic importance of the Russian frontiers; the economic power and military potential of the United States; Japanese fanaticism, with special reference to Prince Konoe; Daladier and Gamelin; German military tactics; anti-Semitism and racism in the light of the most recent political events; the responsibility of Grassy and the Hungarian government for the Novi Sad massacre; the defeat of France with special reference to the Maginot Line, and France's role in both World Wars; the Soviet-Finnish peace treaty; the battle of Narvik; Chamberlain and Churchill; the Allied evacuation of Dunkirk; Franco-Italian relations in light of the new situation; the Italian capitulation in Ethiopia; Antonescu and his government; the flight of the Yugoslavian government and king and the Yugoslavian gold reserves; the negotiations between the Polish government-in-exile and the Soviet government; the British armed forces in Libya; the Atlantic Pact; the invasion of Holland; the German-Italian invasion of Libya; the capitulation of Singapore; the landing of American troops in Northern Ireland; guerrilla warfare in Yugoslavia, the partisans and Chetniks and the N.D.H.; Singapore and the British retreat.

What pessimistic remarks did the guest make?

He expressed the fear that once Germany was defeated the Soviet Union would make war on the United States; that the East would reject the democratic institutions of the West; that the German secret weapon would prolong the war by ten years; that the victor powers would again enslave and exploit the rest of the world; that human stupidity would remain unchanged; that there would never be an end to injustice and massacres; that after the war a rapid increase in the population would endanger the human race; that democracy would be threatened by new sects and parties; that religious and political fanaticism would claim new victims; that in the postwar world (surviving) members of his generation would be looked upon as relics of an antediluvian age.

What considerations did the host invoke in an attempt to refute the guest's eloquent and partially convincing arguments?

Progress, evolution, democracy, and humanism.

What authorities did they cite in support of their views?

The guest: Spinoza, Churchill, Fritz Sternberg, Bruce Bliven, Nostradamus, Einstein, Moses, King David, Ecclesiastes, the late Count M. L. Poltaratsky, Adolf Singer, Osip Nezmečić, and his own late mother, Regina. The host: the apostles Paul, James, and John; Vladimir Ilyich; Churchill; Daladier; Dr. Slobodan Jovanović; King Peter I; Vasa Pelagić; Svetozar Miletić; his own late stepfather; his wife; and the reserve captain first class Mr. Marinković.

What recipes did the host and his guest exchange?

The guest gave the host a recipe for a mixture of sorrel and nettles, with or without margarine, while the host informed the guest of a magic formula for making an alcoholic beverage out of potatoes and other available ingredients.

How did they do this?

The host read his recipe from his greasy notebook, while the guest again relied on his memory. In the course of this exchange the guest remarked ironically that fat was not as unavailable to his host as he had supposed, for he had only to put his notebook in the frying pan; this would yield enough fat for a whole meal and would present the additional advantage of burning his host's chess records, which were glaringly at variance with the truth.

How did the host react to this observation?

He offered to destroy the scores he

# COWS

Laying great heads on the green bank,
they gently nudge the barbed wire aside
to get at sweet untrodden grass, ears
at an angle flicking and swivelling.
Something Roman in the curled brow, massive
bony scaffolding of the forehead, the face
shaped in adversity to a look that's patient,
wary, concentrated but detached, indifferent,
as if the limits of being didn't matter
behind such a lumbering surge of things
in the flesh. And yet in their eyes
some infinite unspeakable secret grudge—in part
a perfect knowledge of the weight
of the world we hold them to, in part a harboring
intention of revenge. And something Dutch
about their recumbent mass, the couchant hefty
press of rumination, the solid globe
folded round the ribs' curved hull, barrelling
that enormous belly. The close rich smell
of them grinding down grass to milk, to
mother us all. The childhood smell of stalls
all milk and piss and dungy straw: what
that umbered word *cowshed* conjures.

I remember an Indian file of cows in mist
moving along the lake's lapped margin,
a black-and-white frieze against the green
hill that leaned over them. The sound
of their cloven steps in shallow water
reached me like the beat of a settled music
in the world we share: they could have been
plodding toward Lascaux or across broad
prairie-seas of green, even trampling water edges
such as this one, trudging through the kingdom come
of sagas and cattle raids. Heads bent, they
stepped into mist and silence, the pooling
splash of their hooves a steady progress that
seemed to go on forever, forged for an eternal
trek to grass. I love the way a torn tuft of

grass and buttercups and clover sway-dangles
toward a cow's mouth, the mild teeth
taking it in—purple flowers, green stems, yellow petals
lingering on the hinged lips foamed with spittle.
I love the slow chewing sound as transformation
starts: the pulping roughness of it, its calm
deliberate solicitude, its entranced herbivorous
pacific grace, the carpet-sweeping sound of breath
huffing out of pink nostrils. Their eyelashes—
black, brown, beige, or white as chalk—have a
minuscule precision, and in the pathos
of their diminutive necessity are the most
oddly human thing about them: involuntary,
they open, close, dealing as our own do
with what inhabits, encumbering,
the seething waves and quick invisible wilderness
of air; they show the one world we breathe in
and the common ground—unsteady under the big
whimsical hum of weather—we all walk across
one step at a time, and stand on.

—EAMON GRENNAN

• •

had kept for the last three years and to start all over from scratch.

What medicinal pointers did the two men give each other?

The host recommended gentian (a small glass on an empty stomach), to stimulate circulation and appetite, and camomile tea, to combat nausea and vomiting. The guest recommended boric-acid compresses for swollen legs and, as a specific for hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure, an infusion of hawthorn blossoms (*Crataegus monogyna*), garlic, horsetail (*Equisetum*), and mistletoe (*Viscum album*), one cupful morning and evening before meals.

At what time did the visitor and the host separate?

At 3:20 A.M. (Central European time).

Did the guest accept the host's invitation to stay the night?

When the host pointed out that the curfew had begun long before and would remain in force until 6 A.M., the guest gratefully accepted his invitation and lost no time before throwing himself down on the soft couch in the room fronting the railroad line.

What lulled him to sleep?

Apart from the wine coursing through his veins, warming his blood and stimulating his brain, he was lulled by the howling of the wind, the ticking of the alarm clock in an adjacent room, the rumbling of train wheels, and the whistling of locomotives.

What prevented him from sleeping?

His ice-cold feet, which he tried to warm by rubbing one against the other.

Did he forget to say a prayer of thanks to Jehovah?

Before sleep overpowered him, he turned his face toward His Face, and with parched lips muttered a few prayers.

What hindered him from giving God his full attention?

Realizing that he had forgotten to ask his host to leave a bottle of water on the bedside table, he feared that he would soon be tormented by thirst.

What did he not forget to do?

To wind his watch.

What did he forget to do?

To urinate again, for, by the time he went to bed, a good fifteen minutes had passed since his last urination; he had employed them in such trivial activities as brushing his teeth, looking for his glasses, undressing, putting on his pajamas, and so on.

Whither did the light wings of sleep carry him?

As though confusing the wings of sleep with the angel's wings—the symbol of the railroad—that unfold at both ends of the axles and spread over the heavy iron wheels, and that were engraved on the lid of his watch, he suddenly found himself in an unidentified railroad station, which resembled those of Šid, Mala Krsna, Lenti, or Kameral Moravice, but was actually none of these.

What problem was on his mind?

The problem of how to empty his bladder.

What prevented him from doing this?

The crowd—unusually large for so small a station, mostly soldiers and gypsies—all besieging the toilet, the wobbly door of which he reached with great difficulty.

What then met his eye?

The outhouse was full of excrement, a stinking sludge that overflowed the funnel-shaped bowl and covered the whole concrete block. Thick fingers had daubed the flaking whitewashed walls with more excrement. Abandoning the project of emptying his bladder, E.S. started back through the sweating, stinking crowd.

What deterred him from relieving himself against the whitewashed fence behind the station?

A man whose face he could not make out in the half-darkness, but whose sparkling teeth he could see clearly; the man was laughing.

Had he ever seen this man before?

To judge by the sparkling white teeth and swarthy face, it was the man who had protested vigorously a moment before, when someone had tried to make him pay for the use of the toilet.

While E.S.'s phantom self was standing there irresolutely, what had been happening inside the station?

Amid a muffled sound of flutes, cymbals, violins, and drums, the crowd had first rushed into the station, then massed outside. To his own surprise, E.S. could not make out what was going on; at that moment a train pulled in as silently as a ghost.

What did the dreamer try to ascertain while watching the tumultuous crowd?

Where, when, and why? What station? What train? But to none of these questions did he find an answer. His agitation was noticed only by the swarthy man with the white teeth, who looked at him with a malicious smile.

What did the observed observer do then?

He went over to the crowd, which had formed a circle around a stretcher that had been put down in an open field behind the stone station building. On it lay a young soldier; his eyes were closed and he was deathly pale. The people were revolving around the lifeless body like pilgrims performing some ritual act.

What else did the dreamer notice?

He noticed that the cymbals and drums had fallen silent and all was deathly still.

What happened then?

Suddenly the young man moved and rose to his feet, then staggered as though about to fall. Cries of consternation went up from the crowd.

And then?

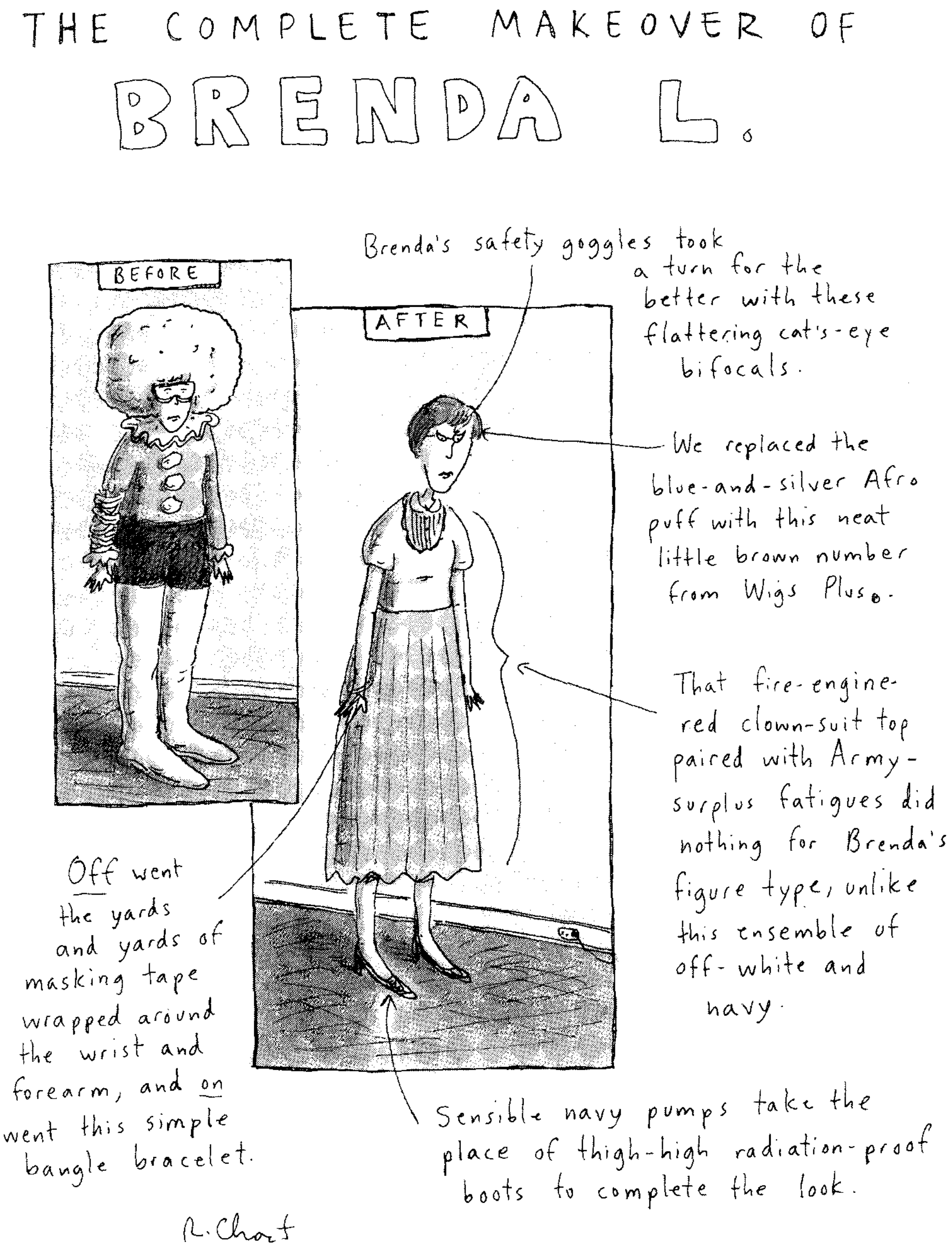
Four powerful men in long raincoats, their hats pulled down over their foreheads, went over to the young man and tried to lay him on the stretcher. They were unsuccessful, for, every time they approached, the young man managed to fling one of them into the grass and to keep going.

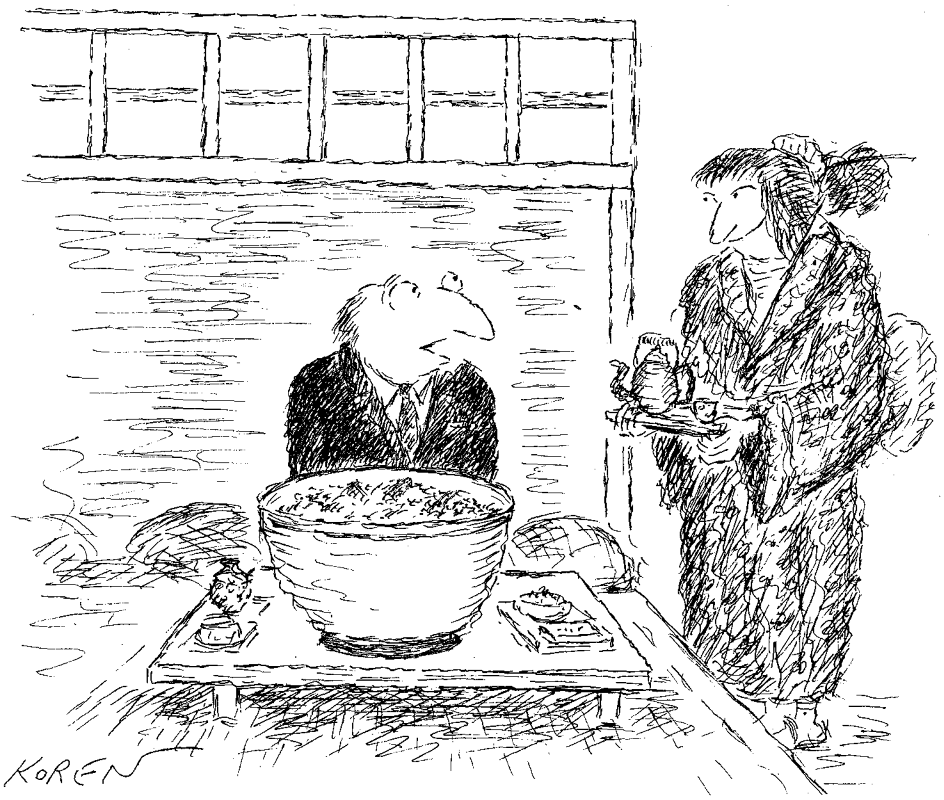
Whom did the resurrected one, staggering like a small child, approach?

The crowd made way for him and a moment later he was face to face with E.S.

What did the resurrected one say to E.S. in a dank, fetid voice?

He begged E.S. to do something about the degrading, pain-inflicting commerce in human bones; he personally, he said, had no objection to being killed, but was it not utterly inhuman to treat a man as they were treating him: to take out his bones, leaving his


THE COMPLETE MAKEOVER OF
BRENDA L.
BEFORE
AFTER
Brenda's safety goggles took a turn for the better with these flattering cat's-eye bifocals.
We replaced the blue-and-silver Afro puff with this neat little brown number from Wigs Plus.
That fire-engine-red clown-suit top paired with Army-surplus fatigues did nothing for Brenda's figure type, unlike this ensemble of off-white and navy.
Off went the yards and yards of masking tape wrapped around the wrist and forearm, and on went this simple bangle bracelet.
Sensible navy pumps take the place of thigh-high radiation-proof boots to complete the look.
R. Chast



*"Would you mind bringing me a Western utensil?"*

• •

body as empty as an empty sack? To prove his point, he called attention to his gait, which was not only halting but phantomatic. That was what the thieves had done to him.

What else did the mutilated victim of the bone thieves confide to E.S.?

That his daytime temperature fluctuated dramatically between minus fifty-six and plus eleven hundred degrees Celsius (!), which gave his young body terrible pain, and for this reason he begged E.S. to intercede for him and his fellow-sufferers and divulge to all the world the sad truth about the international organization of bone thieves.

What had happened in the meantime?

Plainclothesmen and bone-thieving doctors (wearing white smocks and armed with big syringes) had overpowered two newly wounded men who had managed to get up off their stretchers, and tied them to the stretchers with ropes; now they were loading them into the train.

What valuable information did the first resurrected one provide?

He declared that if the bone thieves had overpowered those two it was only because at that moment their temperatures had fallen to minus fifty-six degrees Celsius, for if their temperatures had been the same as his was at the moment (namely, plus eleven hundred degrees Celsius) the plainclothesmen and doctors would have been helpless, just as they were still unable to get the better of him, a state of affairs that unfortunately would not last long, for his temperature was now (toward evening) falling fast; in a few minutes it would attain its low point, minus fifty-six, and he would then have to get back on his stretcher.

What did the young man finally do (before his temperature dropped)?

He kissed E.S. on the cheek, and E.S. heard someone in the crowd say that this was the kiss of death.

Who saved E.S. from trembling in a humiliating way?

A lady in black, who pushed the dying man away, and in lieu of explanation embraced E.S. tenderly and passionately, pressing her hot lips to his, and inserted her hand into his fly, skillfully fingering the buttons and touching his burning, swollen sex.

Who was quick to step in as a savior and consoler?

No longer the lady in black, but a young girl in a black school smock, who whispered obscenities while holding his burning sex in her trembling fingers.

Why, despite his extreme excitement, did he not ejaculate?

Because the crowd was watching disapprovingly and making threatening gestures. He was therefore obliged to push the girl's hand away and go back to his compartment.

What did he do there?

He sank into the soft plush seat and began to read a pamphlet about whales.

Did he, when he awoke, remember any of the pamphlet he had read in his dream?

He was able to recite the last chapter almost word for word: the gist was that though whales live in water they often die of thirst; looking for the mouths of rivers or for springs of sweet water they run aground; their bodies shrink like deflated balloons, and they die an agonizing death.

How did E.S. interpret the nightmarish part of his dream?

He attributed a certain exaggeration to the influence of alcohol (physiology), to fatigue and the agitation of the day (psychology), and to the unfamiliar bed (habit).

WHAT did E.S. like about dreams?

Their similarity to life and their dissimilarity; their salutary effect on body and soul; their unrestricted freedom in the choice and arrangement of themes and contents; their bottomless depths and eerie heights; their eroticism; their openness to guidance by will and suggestion (a perfumed handkerchief under one's pillow, soft music on the radio or gramophone, etc.); their resemblance to death and their power to confer intimations of eternity; their resemblance to madness without the consequences of madness; their coded language, which we manage to understand and translate; their monochrome and polychrome quality; their faculty of transforming unknown places, people, and landscapes into known ones, and vice versa; the fact that they can be mistaken for reality; their power to preserve images and distant memories; their disrespect for chronology and the classical unities of time and action; their power to pry the deepest secrets out of us; their blissful silence. —Danilo Kiš

(*Translated, from the Serbo-Croatian, by Ralph Manheim.*)

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## LOOKING FOR A SHIP—III

THE fact that Captain Paul Washburn never planned to be a sailor is something he has in common with much of the United States Merchant Marine. He says, "Most of them aren't making a career out of this—they're just still here. A couple of guys are here only for the money. But there are a lot of us here who are here because this is where we fit in, and we don't fit in anywhere else. We seem to be out of step. The square peg in the round hole. I was out of place as a child, and now I am not looking forward to retirement. I dread it."

On the bulkhead behind his desk, on the S.S. Stella Lykes, is a vertical set of photographs of his wife and a daughter and the daughter's daughter and the daughter's daughter's daughter. Paul McHenry Washburn, licensed Master of United States Steam or Motor Vessels of any Gross Tons upon Oceans, is a great-grandfather. And if the day should ever come when he—like Nathaniel Bowditch, of Salem—is the great-great-great-grandfather of someone on this ship, he intends to be here, too, as the skipper.

In 1946, after shipping out as an able-bodied seaman on the Bernuth & Lempke tanker Trimountain and the Mystic Steamship Company's Berkeley Seam, he sailed as a fireman-water tender on the United Fruit Company's Erastus Smith.

"There were jobs all over the board then. We were bringing troops home. We were feeding the world. Hey, when I was sailing, I sailed. I got off a ship and on another one the same day."

His marriage was not pacific. Not even he could say if his draw to the Merchant Marine was more of a cause or a cure. Toward the end of that year, he and his wife, Jacqueline, moved to the District of Columbia, and he became the manager of a dry-cleaning store—testing the possibilities of life on the beach. He worked there through Saturday, November 2nd. On Sunday, November 3rd, the Washington Redskins played a game of football against the Philadelphia Eagles. The Redskins are more important to Captain Washburn than any other group of people on land. They mattered no less to him then. He had developed an affectionate and protective sympathy for the Redskins after the Chicago Bears beat them 73-0 in their fourth Washington season. Washburn, who was at that game, had been following the team even before they came to Washington. He remembered them as the Boston Redskins. He remembered many of them as Duluth Eskimos. And now, on this significant Sunday in 1946, the Redskins led the Eagles 24-0 at the half. The final score was Philadelphia 28, Washington 24.

"I couldn't handle defeat like that," he says. "I can't now. I picked an argument with my wife. I remember saying, 'Listen, woman, I don't have to listen to this. I can go back to sea.' She said, 'Listen, jackass, if you go back to sea, if you come back to this house it will be so empty it will look like no one ever lived in it.' In those days, you didn't wave any red flags or throw gauntlets in front of the kid. November 7th, I was fireman and water tender on a ship out of Baltimore leaving for Poland."

"So what happened in the football game?"

"Washington sat on its lead. The Eagles' Tommy Thompson—one eye and all—hit Blackjack Ferrante in the end zone, and that was that. I still feel a little pain."

The separation led to divorce. The ship was the William S. Halstead, of Moore-McCormack Lines. She carried six thousand tons of coal and two hundred and twenty-eight cows, most of them on deck. In the Chesapeake Bay, she hit the Esso Camden, and there was a fire. Hay burned. There was a hole in the bow. She went back to Baltimore and spent seventeen days in drydock.

"Now, all of these cows had been served. Eight Quakers were along to feed and care for the cows. Three weeks to Gdansk. In the North Atlantic, half the cows had calves—a hundred and seven calves. We lost seven calves, one cow. In Gdansk, we discharged three hundred and twenty-seven head."

The Halstead went also to the east coast of South America: twenty-eight days in Rio de Janeiro, fifty-six days in Buenos Aires—the slow discharge of break-bulk cargo, the old Merchant Marine. Washburn used his free time to prepare for the Coast Guard examinations that could take him out of the fo'c'sle and make him a licensed officer. He took them and passed them in New Orleans in the summer of 1949.

"Afterward, I started looking for a ship. Jobs were tough. There weren't any ships. I couldn't get into the International Organization of Masters, Mates, and Pilots."

He may have come up the anchor chain, but the hawsepipe was solidly blocked, so he went on sailing as an able-bodied seaman. He worked on an ore carrier on the Great Lakes. He went to the west coast of South America on the Gulf Merchant.

"Then I went to New Orleans, looking for a ship. I caught the Fred Morse, a C-1, owned by Lykes Brothers Steamship Company."

A sailor always remains something of a free lance, but this was the beginning of a relationship that only age would end. The company derived from the Spanish-American Sealift, and Washburn would be with it so long that people would someday imagine that he did, too. The seven founding Lykes brothers were from Hillsborough County, Florida. Since early in this century, the company has made its headquarters in New Orleans. Among major American shipping companies, it seems to be competing with Sea-Land and American President Lines for that special form of venerability that is re-

*"Elinor, honey, isn't Mr. Stripes pretty? He just had his shots."*

• •

served for the last of anything. The last Mohican. The last passenger pigeon. Third mate, second mate, chief mate—Washburn kept taking his Coast Guard exams between voyages all over the earth on various Lykes Brothers ships. He first sailed as master on Lykes Brothers' Anadarko Victory. He has been the skipper of—among many other ships—the Sylvia Lykes, the Sue Lykes, the Charlotte Lykes ("She was a South and East African ship"), the Sheldon Lykes, the Jean Lykes, the Mallory Lykes, the Genevieve Lykes. In 1979, he took the Genevieve with a load of cotton to Tsingtao, in the Yellow Sea. A month earlier, the Letitia Lykes, under another master, had called at Shanghai. In thirty years, these were the first two American merchant ships to load for China. After Washburn secured the Genevieve, forty officials climbed the gangway to clear the ship, including naval architects. To the dockside came a very long line of children, walking two by two and holding hands. Thousands of people came to see the ship.

Across all the years, Washburn kept in touch with his former wife. He followed news of her as she remarried, as she gave birth to children, and, ultimately, as she suffered the dissolution of her second marriage as well. If she needed support in any form, he was always there to help. In 1976, between runs to South and East Africa as master of the Sheldon Lykes, he asked her to marry him. She decided that she could deal with him even if the Redskins lost. They live in a multilevel condominium behind the third green at the Baymeadows Golf & Country Club, in Jacksonville, where he has an American flag flying from their bedroom balcony, as if it were the fantail of a ship.

Andy Chase, the second mate, thinks that I should visit Captain Washburn there, visit him and others in their homes, so that I can see merchant mariners in their contrasting lives: see the undisputed master of any gross tons upon oceans in contexts where in all likelihood he is the undisputed master of nothing. Washburn tees up at Baymeadows, a quiet place under pines and palms. Wearing an electric-blue shirt, red pants, and white shoes, he is himself an American flag. According to his closest friend, a New Orleans businessman named Edward Lee, Washburn has spent twenty thousand dollars on golf lessons and golf equipment. His irons are Hogan Radials. He addresses his ball with a custom-made, frequency-balanced, titanium-boron-graphite driver. He waves it over the ball as if he were rubbing a lamp.

I remember asking him, on the ship, what he does with his long vacations, which he has to take in order to share his job.

"If the whole truth is known, most of the eighty-five days I am sitting around waiting to go back to work," he said. "I'm impatient if it's eighty-five days. If I have to take four or five months off, I go berserk. I play golf incessantly. I'm out there thrashing away, screaming, cursing, throwing clubs, making a spectacle of myself. They don't call me Captain Angry for nothing. Which is my nickname in the club I belong to. I hate golf. I hate it with a passion. I hate it because I can't do it better. It's a major defeat."

And now, at Baymeadows, seconds before his first tee shot, he mutters, "There is nothing I love as much as I hate this game."

According to Edward Lee, Washburn has long since composed the inscription he wants on his tombstone:

I'D RATHER BE HERE
THAN PLAYING GOLF

He swings. He hits the ball two hundred yards up the middle. His second shot goes another two hundred yards up the middle. He is on the green in three, very nearly sinks a thirty-foot putt, and is down in par five.

With three companions, he is playing skins no carryover, which means, among other things, that only a clear winner wins a hole. He is the clear winner of seventy-five cents. The foursome includes Craig Van Horn, who is in charge of sales for Weyerhaeuser in Florida and, as we go along, converses by telephone from his golf cart with salesmen all over the state.

Washburn describes the second at Baymeadows as "the most honest but difficult No. 2 hole in the city." When the hole, in its probity, puts him into a sand trap, he says, "They don't call me

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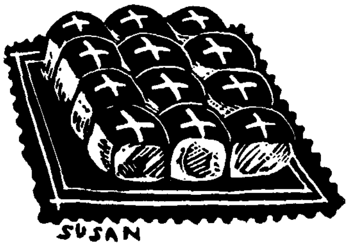
the Desert Fox for nothing. The kid could always get out of the sand." The Desert Fox raises a cloud of sediment, but the kid remains in the sand.

On the fifth hole, his ball comes to rest between two trees that stand closer than bollards. "Greed, avarice," he mumbles, referring to the risk inherent in the shot that put him in the trees. Trying to get out, he lands in sand. He pars the seventh. On the tenth, as his titanium tee shot turns left like a model airplane on a tether, he says, "The kid can always hook 'em." On the fifteenth, his golf cart is rear-ended. ("You sail defensively. . . . Hey, the *only* way I'm going to get hit is in the stern.")



In Savannah, the ordinary seaman William Kennedy takes me down Victory Drive, calling it "the longest palm drive in the world," showing off his home town. "They been here hundreds of years," he says of the columnar trees. "Way before I was born." In and out among horses and buggies he weaves through Johnson Square. Peewee's own buggy, his Lincoln Town Car in dark cabernet clear-coat, is a rubber-borne cabin cruiser with cruise control and a burglar alarm. He paid twenty-six thousand for it new. His wife, Ethel Kennedy, has it much of the time, after taking him to Charleston to put him on his ship. When I ask her how long a trip that is, she says, "If I'm nice, two hours."

"What if you're not nice?"

"An hour and a half."

Ethel describes Peewee's absence as "a lonesome missing piece." Years ago, he used to ship out of Savannah, on United States Lines vessels to North Europe. A cadre of their seven children would go with her when she took him to the waterfront, and one time a grandnephew went along and kept saying, "Put me in his seabag, put me in his seabag." Ethel, recalling this, says, "He looked like his heart would drop out of his body." The kids waved at the ship as it went down the Savannah River. Peewee, on deck, waved back. He would be gone fifty days.

They live in a one-story house painted dusty gold on a street that is shaded with sycamores. There are two heavily bearing pecans in their yard, near a brick barbecue so large that it could be the standing remains of a house that burned down. Ethel has landscaped their corner lot, with no help from Peewee. She will not let him mow the lawn, regarding him as incompetent. He sits in the house, relaxing for three months, with a cigar in his shirt pocket—the provider. His daughters Diane and Louvenia come in and hit him for fifty cents so they can go up the street for sodas. Diane is thirty-four and Louvenia is thirty-three. On the piano, in the dining room, is a ship in a bottle. Over the tropical plants on the glassed-in porch turns a slow paddle fan. The rest of the house is air-conditioned. In, among other things, ceramic objects that Ethel makes, there is ample evidence in every room of the presence of religion. A masked gunman not long ago came close to destroying this domestic scene. He came off the street, demanded money, and shot Ethel in the neck and the collarbone. In the hospital, she watched the doctor for a while and said, "Am I fixin' to die?" He said no, and she believed him. She had been wearing a thick gold chain. The bullet severed it, but the chain saved her.

Married to Peewee nearly forty years, Ethel has a concise and summary view of the Merchant Marine. She says, "It was the chance to give us a good living."

Whatever Peewee may be thinking when he crosses the equator, he concurs. "We don't owe nobody," he explains. "We got it made."

David Carter, the deck and engine mechanic, drives north to Charleston from his home in Jacksonville in a Dodge van that is more than ten years old and shows a hundred thousand miles. But he, too, may have it made. When he is not on the ocean, he buys and refurbishes houses, in one of which he lives, with his wife, Peggy, a hospital record keeper, and their two sons. In the escalating process of buying and selling property, he has acquired six acres of pondfront and canalfront land under laurel oaks and cypress in a lovely section of Jacksonville that attracts the lust of yuppies. The zoning is quarter-acre. Quarter-acre lots in the area are selling for sixty thousand dollars. Twenty-four times sixty thousand is one million four hundred and forty thousand. He will not realize that much, but less will do.

Meanwhile, the Carters live in Neptune Beach, some blocks from the water, in a small place with six banana trees and a neighbor who poured paint thinner on their garden plants. David says dreamily, as he barbecues a chicken, "I was tempted to skin his dog and hang it to his front door." One of the schools David taught in is around the corner. He is a graduate of Tulane and taught for ten years—math and social studies as well as Spanish—before he discovered that he could make four times as much painting valve wheels at sea as he could teaching children on land. His great-uncles were Norwegian merchant seamen. His mother has a family tree that is littered with phrases like "buried at sea," "died at sea," "lost at sea." At home, as on the ocean, he studies engineering, preparing himself to come up the hawsepipe. "In the engine room, the four-to-eight watch is usually everybody's last choice," he remarks. "You get stuck with a lot of maneuvering. You are always arriving or leaving port on the four-to-eight. But when I get a ship I ask for that watch. The second is always pumping oil, testing water, et cetera, leaving the demac to do many things a licensed engineer would ordinarily do. You learn more."

In the captain's home, across town, the numerous religious calendars are outnumbered by the golfing trophies he has won in the pro-am tournaments of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Some of the condos in his neighborhood stand like ships in sculpted bayous. Outside the Washburns' sliding doors is terra firma. Routinely, a neighbor's cat comes into the house and sits beside the captain while he eats. The morsels he slips to the neighbor's cat are by human standards attractive. Just outside is a small ornamental tree. Squirrels linger beneath it, because they, too, are fed by the captain. Suddenly, the cat shoots out from under the table and mortally wounds a squirrel. Captain Washburn himself is almost mortally stricken. The goodness of his heart has caused the death of a squirrel. Repeatedly, he leaves his bacon, his eggs and grits, and goes out to observe the squirrel, barely clinging, swaying, on a branch of the ornamental tree. As the cat is fully aware, the captain's benevolent guilt

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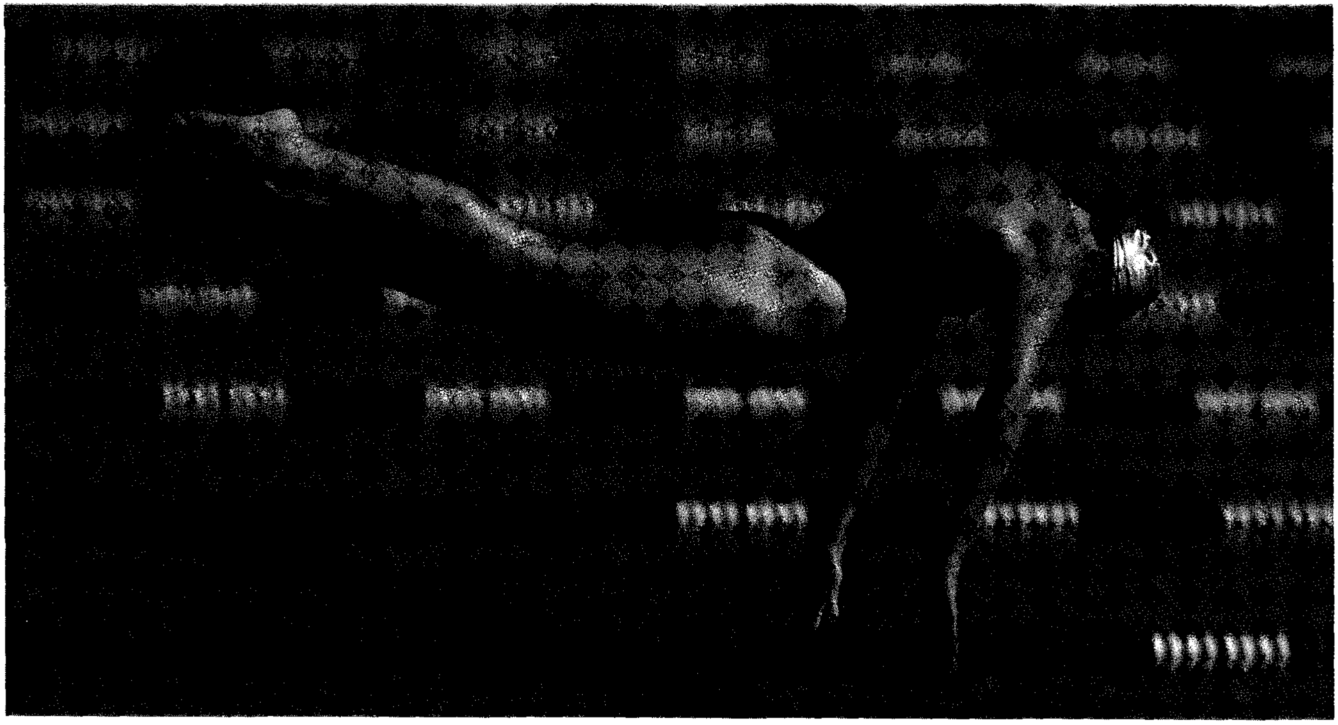

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For nearly a hundred years, Ballantine's Finest has been blended in exactly the same way. That's a long time to avoid change, but someone's got to uphold tradition.

From the 90-odd single malt whiskies made in Scotland (and there are some odd ones), we choose 42 of the very best. Then we create a full-flavored blend that satisfies the true Scotch drinker.

With every sip of Ballantine's Finest, you can taste the crisp, smoky bouquet of the Highlands, the rich, peaty body of the Islands and the lingering softness of the Lowlands. It is a complex and harmonious union which has made Ballantine's the most popular Scotch in Europe. A true measure of the quality and consistency of the blend.

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## A FEW WORDS ABOUT BLENDING FOR THE SCOTCH CONNOISSEUR.

Even when it comes to their favorite dram, it is rare to find Scotch drinkers familiar with the art of blending. Since we blend a fair amount of Scotch, we've taken it upon ourselves to clear up the confusion.

*Mr. J. Goudy, master blender. The exact recipe of Ballantine's is a closely guarded secret.*

At this point, consider pouring yourself a glass of Ballantine's Finest and settling into your favorite chair. Not only will you be more comfortable, it will also increase your appreciation of what you are about to read. If you like ice with your Scotch, let it melt a bit.

*The traditional copper pot still. An invention which has not been improved by progress.*

Okay. Take a sip. Hold the liquid amber on your tongue and let the many flavors settle into your palate.

It has been said that a fine Scotch blend should be a melding of four central whisky themes. One for bouquet, another for taste, a third for body, and the last for its ability to blend all four into a balanced, mellow flavor. Not a simple task. And, of course, it cannot be accomplished with a blend of only four whiskies. Twenty or thirty is more typical.

*Scotland has a whisky distillery for every 57,000 residents. A world record.*

Then there is Ballantine's Finest. A full-flavored blend composed of forty-two of the finest single malt Scotch whiskies. Each included for a specific reason. The famed Highland single malts contribute smooth, smoky, elegant qualities. The brawny Islay malts are deep and peaty, with hints of sea air. From the remote Campbeltown peninsula we treasure the salty, tangy aromas. From the Lowlands, the softness and sweetness. And the tributaries of the River Livet provide complexity and sophistication.

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Some of the blending stock used in Ballantine's Finest is supplied according to arrangements dating from the turn of the century. Many of the single malts are classics in their own right. Some are matured in oak barrels, for spice, or sherry casks, for special sweetness.

*The original distillery building at Glenburgie. Glenburgie is an important single malt in Ballantine's Finest.*

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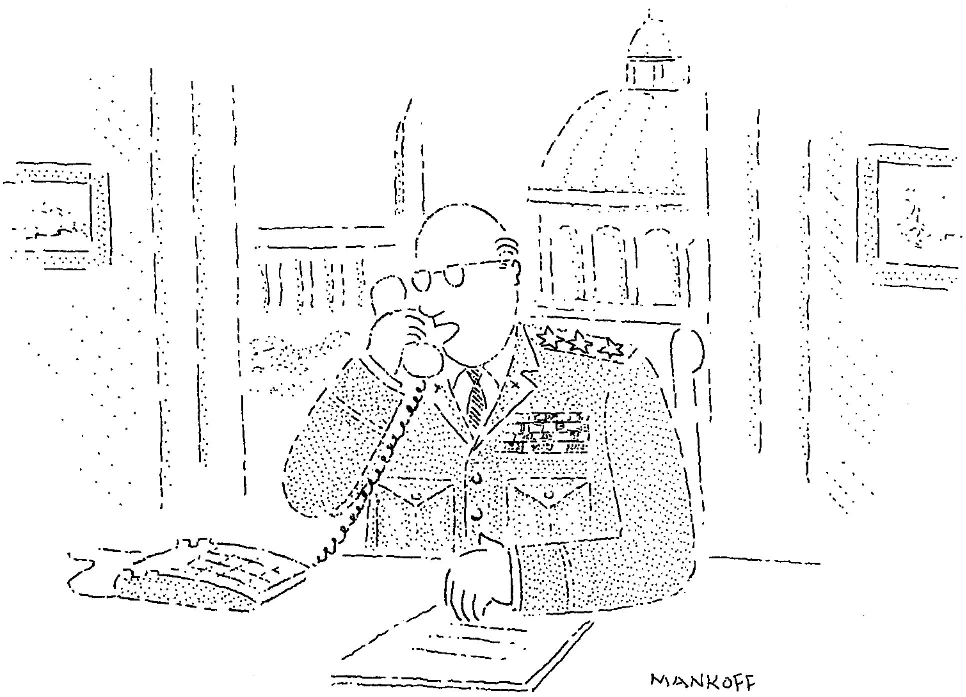

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• •

does not end there. He attracts more birds than St. Francis, because he feeds them, too. ("Tell him to be my guest, then, if the horses prefer wood. Tell him I'm sorry I don't have barley or oats.")

In the captain's car, we go for an evening drive with Jackie, his wife, and Tinker, his visiting daughter. I have asked to see the place where Harriet Beecher Stowe grew oranges. Captain Washburn, at the wheel, requires the assistance of a mate. Jackie guides him toward Mandarin, every turn. To his dismay, she becomes absorbed in some talk about oranges with me. He says, "Jack, if you don't pay attention to where we're going, we're lost, because half of us are always lost." He is confessing the artless truth: ashore, he has no sense of reckoning, dead or alive. On the road, he has no idea where he is going. By his own description, he gets hopelessly lost in his own driveway. Looking for an interstate highway, he ignores the numbered shields. He goes right past the huge green signs. In the confusion of the moment, he refers to a nearby two-door car as a two-car door.

I think of him in the Panama Canal. Given his distaste for terrestrial navigation, you might imagine that he would be only too happy to turn things over to professional pilots for a fifty-mile trip through a jungle. But this was a ship, not a Chevrolet. He would not be unconfident as he moved south and east to get to the Pacific. From lock to lock, from sea buoy to sea buoy, he was right there fussing all the way across the continent. He wore his dress blues with shoulder boards, which tended to suggest that he was in charge, but he was not. The pilots were in complete command. Most of them were still being provided by the United States Merchant Marine. Thaddeus Kowal, of New Orleans, for example, was a former chief mate of Sea-Land vessels and had been a Panama Canal pilot for sixteen years. As he tucked the ship into Lower Gatun Lock, I thought, New Orleans? Kowal? Saul, Sheldon, Stewart, Stephen, Stanley Kowal? I asked him if a little something might be missing in his name.

No, he said. He was a Panama Canal pilot, not a character in a play. "*Kowal* means 'blacksmith,' " he went on. "*Ski* means 'son of.' My father used to drink it up, and say, 'We *are* the blacksmith.' " Balder than a monk—in cowboy boots, silver-rimmed glasses, a sky-blue sateen guayabera—Kowal was sixty-two.

"Left twenty," he said.

"Port twenty," said the helmsman.

"Midships."

"Midships."

"Dead slow ahead."

Kowal killed a mosquito. Captain Washburn killed a mosquito. Captain Washburn sprayed himself. He had a can of Off marked "BRIDGE." To carry a can of insect repellent on the bridge of his ship was no less repellent to him than it was to the insects. In half a century of trips through the canal, he had only in recent times encountered his first mosquito. After so many chemically antiseptic, pesticidally bugless American years, to Captain Washburn the mosquito's sting was deeper than the length of one proboscis.

"Left twenty," said the pilot.

"Port twenty," said the helmsman.

"Hard left," said the pilot.

"Hard port," said the helmsman.

"Hard port," said Captain Washburn.

After the quartermaster, at the wheel, repeated the pilot's commands, the captain, as if in need to be part of things, sometimes repeated them, too. The pilots used "left" and "right" but occasionally threw in a "port" or a "starboard" because this was an American ship. Americans prefer to say "port" and "starboard." Everybody else in the world says "left" and "right." American sailors on sweetwater ships (on the Great Lakes) say "left," "right," "floor," "wall," and "kitchen," but not on ships of any gross tons upon oceans.

One of our pilots was Jonas Thorsteinsson, a fountain of sea stories and the author of the basic Icelandic text on celestial navigation. He is a naturalized American citizen, and, like all the other canal pilots, has four weeks of vacation for every six weeks he works. His home and family are in Pensacola. As skipper of a research vessel in the North Pacific, he once dropped an anchor that took nearly half an hour to reach bottom. He said all these things as he moved the Stella Lykes from lock to lock, easily juggling his stories with his commands to the helmsman. He told me about the Icelandic child Snorri Thorfinsson, who was born on an island in the Delaware River, quite near the site of Philadelphia, in June, 1002.

"Hard left."

"Hard port."

"Slow astern."

The baby's father was Thorfinnur

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Karlsefni, Jonas said. The baby's mother was Gudridur Thorbjarnsdottir. Jonas had read Thorfinnur's logs at the National Library in Reykjavík. After three years, Thorfinnur and family had left Philadelphia under pressure from unfriendly natives. The family returned to Iceland. In 1021, Pope Benedict VIII learned of these adventures and invited Thorfinnur to Rome. Thorfinnur was sick and could not travel, but Gudridur went to the Vatican. She told the Pope about the birth of her child and her life on the island in—as it was then called—the Lenape River. Such stories were common in eleventh-century Iceland, Jonas said. In 1491, or earlier, Columbus went to Iceland to be briefed.

Southbound and northbound, we went through the canal with an aggregate of sixty-six ships. Only two others were flying the American flag. Southbound, in the entire day, we were the only vessel of the United States Merchant Marine. We crossed Gatun Lake under a full moon that shuffled light through scattered low dark clouds. The lake is artificial, but now that it is there a nature conservancy would want to preserve it. The channel picked its way through countless jungled islands. The fixed green stars were range lights, the blinking green stars were buoys. At night, the jungle cools, the cool air flows to the warm canal and makes a strip of fog.

Northbound, we tied up in fog in the locks of Pedro Miguel. A Panama Railroad train, old and decrepit, went by with its windows open. The air-conditioning had broken down in the railroad's newer cars, the captain said. The old ones were in use "so that the people inside can at least open the windows." He said the tracks were loose. He said that Gatun Lake was silting in. "Eventually, there won't be a Panama Canal," he continued. "Anywhere in the world, if you fool with Mother Nature she's going to get you. This is not a political statement. It is just a fact." He slapped his arm. "We're back to the yellow-fever days," he said. "Back to the jungle. There won't be any streets. There won't be anything. It will be like North Africa when the Arabs took over—all those beautiful condominiums with goats in them. I wish you could have seen this twenty-five years ago, when we ruled the ocean, when we were the élite." It had all been neat and trig and spruce. It had been a clean swath across the tropics. Now the concrete was becoming rubbled. Steel drums and other detritus were strewn about. In the Gatun locks, a pilot said, "See that dirt laying there where they're working on the mule tracks? Come back ten years from now and that'll still be there."

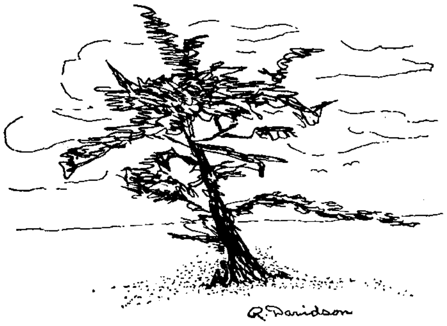
Another pilot said, "Anyone who thinks the Panamanians can run this canal is a dreamer. The Japanese will run it. The Japanese bank is the only one that didn't close when others did."

Captain Washburn said, "We can get along without this canal. Japan and Russia can't."

Pairs of men in rowboats tied lines from the ship to lines from locomotive mules. The mules helped to pull the ship through. The mules whistled like trains. Panamanian canal seamen in hard hats worked the fantail. One kept saying, "Sex book?" Another flashed a packet of white powder in the palm of his hand.

The Miraflores locks had broken down. One of the pairs of gates that meet in the middle was not meeting in the middle. The pilot said, "The gates weigh seven hundred and forty-five tons but are so perfectly balanced they can be turned by hand." They were indeed being turned by hand. It was the only way to close the lock. The captain rolled his eyes and shrugged. He said, "Another day in the life of Walter Mitty. Heavens to Murgatroyd, we're stuck in the lock."

In Balboa, a crippled dying fish went round and round in circles between the ship and the dock, swimming beside the corpse of a thick-bodied snake. The tropical fresh water was stiff with plastic flotsam. Victor Belmosa said, "You could drink the water in years gone by. The dock here you could eat off of in years gone by." These remarks notwithstanding, Victor was fishing, on the offshore side—Victor, with his zirconia ring in his left ear, his tattoos on both arms, his goatee, dropping a hand line for red snapper. Victor had also caught yellowtails, eels, catfish, and corvina there, off the side of the ship in Balboa. More than a third of the sailors fish off the ship. To improve their luck, they hang floodlights over the side. "There's forty-five feet of water here," Victor said. "Sometimes we have seventy fish on deck here." Duke Labaczewski had fished in the locks themselves. He said, "Saltwater fish go with the ship from lock to lock, you can see them." In the open sea, when the ship slows down, Duke has caught bonito and dolphin and barracuda, and Spanish mackerel four feet long. If barracuda come into Balboa, he said, their mouths will become green and their flesh poisonous. From an old Cuban fisherman Duke learned years ago to cut a hole in the side of a barracuda and insert a silver coin. If the coin turns black, the fish is no good. If the coin continues to shine, cure the barracuda with salt and call it bacalao. In the Guayas River, Duke has caught what he describes as "big big catfish with heads like basketballs." David Carter, on another ship, once fished in the ocean using parachute shrouds for a line. He caught "huge fish" and reeled them in with the ship's winch. He has no idea what they were.



Washburn in the Caribbean, this man who could not find his way around a traffic circle, had to dodge—outwit and outmaneuver—a tropical storm. The National Hurricane Center was issuing advisories. The route he had planned would often be close to islands, banks, and shoals: Cayos del Este Sudeste, Isla de Providencia, Roncador Bank, Quita Sueño Bank, the Northwest Rocks of Serraña Bank—a seascape blooming with wrecks. At first, the water was flat calm. The Caribbean air, as usual, was thicker than the jungle air of Panama, heavy as a rubber blanket. (I have never understood why anyone would pay for it.) While Tropical Depression No. 7 was dumping seven inches of rain on Puerto Rico in as many hours, Washburn took as constant its course (285) and speed (fifteen knots) and stepped off on a chart its future positions. The predicted winds were "sixty-five miles an hour and developing." The term "developing" included but was not limited to "explosive deepening."

"When these things decide to develop into something bigger, it's almost instantaneous," Washburn said. "You can be five hundred miles away from it,

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and think you're safe, and suddenly it reaches out. If we go to Yucatán, we and the storm will arrive at Cape San Ann Tone at exactly the same time. In this game, it's the ties that hurt. The dead heats. We're going under that sucker and east."

He headed straight for the storm in order to be where it had been. And he avoided rushing to confined waters. After forty-eight hours or so, he reached the track of the storm, and stood on the bridge looking out on the lazy waves of a sunlit Caribbean. "On a day like this," he said, "even the In God We Trust could have made it."

FRAGMENTS of the future and fragments of the past—all that was a thousand leagues away as we sailed north to Lima and returned to Guayaquil.

On the dock in Callao, the seaport of Lima, we left a container said to contain thirty thousand pounds of chewing-gum base. The manifest advised the mate, "Please stow away from the boilers." We left a container said to contain fifteen thousand pounds of "hot leftovers," which were otherwise unexplained. We left twelve thousand pounds of "synthetic organic pigments." We left sixteen containers said to contain five hundred thousand pounds of yarn. We left forty-seven hundred bags of cellulose-acetate flakes. We left raw tobacco, processed fats, malic acid, industrial hoists. We left three tons of fluorescent tubes, twenty tons of float glass, and thirty-three tons of steel angles. We left two graders, a bulldozer, and a hundred and ten bags of common clay. We left twenty tons of chicken vitamins. We left twenty-five hundred tons of sardines to be collected by Japanese ships.

Approaching Callao, Andy saw, for the first time northbound, the handle of the Big Dipper. From the northern rim of the earth it protruded like the handle of a plow. Closer to shore was an apparently permanent mist, too thin to be fog, too thick to be haze, and hanging so heavy it was almost rain. On the three-centimetre radar, the numerous ships at anchor looked like dotted clouds. Most were Russian; some were former Dutch, Italian, and British warships long ago sold to Peru. Captain Washburn said, "If they move, they are towed." Captain Washburn, in dress blues, had appeared on the bridge in the morning not long after four.

The Callao pilot, a compact man of middle age named Jorge Bustamante, guided the ship through the narrow aperture of the Callao breakwater speaking English to the quartermaster and Spanish to the tugs, and quoting Peruvian proverbs. "Have a son, plant a tree, write a book," he said. And all in the space of ten seconds he said, "Stop her. A little push ahead. *Muy despacio*. Stop her. Another push, Captain. Dead slow ahead. *Poco más fuerte*. Stop her."

"Roger," said Washburn.

"All to the right," said Bustamante.

"Hard right," said Washburn.

Bustamante told us that he would have risen to high places in the Peruvian Navy but had been prevented from doing so because he was honest. He also said, "Whenever I board an American ship, I can smell America."

I asked what the smell was like.

He said, "Clean."

It could be said, though, that almost anything entering that milieu would seem clean. A person could confide to a notebook:

> Callao is a filthy, ill-built, small seaport. . . . The city of Lima is now in a wretched state of decay: the streets are nearly unpaved; and heaps of filth are piled up in all directions.

As Darwin did in 1835. The picture he painted has not faded or changed. The midden reeks in the medians of roads.

> The black gallinazos, tame as poultry, pick up bits of carrion. The houses have generally an upper story, built, on account of the earthquakes, of plastered woodwork; but some of the old ones, which are now used by several families, are immensely large, and would rival in suites of apartments the most magnificent in any place. Lima, the City of the Kings, must formerly have been a splendid town.

Darwin could publish that now. He could be working as a stringer. His dispatches could be filed to the New York *Times*.

> No State in South America, since the declaration of independence, has suffered more from anarchy than Peru. At the time of our visit, there were four chiefs in arms contending for supremacy in the government: if one succeeded in becoming for a time very powerful, the others coalesced against him.

> A dull heavy bank of clouds constantly hung over the land. . . . It is almost become a proverb, that rain never falls in the lower part of Peru. Yet this can hardly be considered correct; for during almost every day of our visit there was a thick drizzling mist, which was sufficient to make the streets muddy and one's clothes damp: this the people are pleased to call Peruvian dew.

Off the dock there we picked up four hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds of coffee and a hundred thousand pounds of shrimp. We picked up four containers said to contain five thousand bags of "chilled" lead shot. We picked up zinc oxide and alpaca blankets. We picked up cotton, tuna, tungsten, and a ton of terry-cloth towels. We picked up a 1942 Chevrolet convertible destined to fetch a large price in the rich marketplace of antique cars. Under a New York gavel you could sell a Latin-American traffic jam for ten million dollars.

And now it is 5:49 A.M., August 18th, and Vernon McLaughlin turns the helm over to Calvin King, saying, "Zero-three-nine. Automatic. All is well, and the pirates are waiting for us." Three degrees south of the equator, we are crossing the Gulf of Guayaquil. For the second time, we approach the Guayas. The sea is flat. The temperature is cool (in the sixties). In the weeks since we were here before, the pirate talk has never really stopped, but now, as we prepare once more to go upstream, the talk intensifies. "This place is becoming a God-damned war zone," Mac says. "When you board a ship that is docking, how much more brazen can you get? That is real defiance."

"We didn't sign anything saying that we would defend this ship with our lives," Andy remarks.

In the past couple of months in Guayaquil, pirates have attacked the Allison Lykes once, the Mallory Lykes once, and the Stella Lykes three times. Late one evening, some of Stella's crew saw pirates boarding a vessel berthed a cable length away. The port authorities were notified. Meanwhile, the spectators watched goods from containers being lowered into small boats from the stern of the other ship. They witnessed the arrival of police, who had a look around and left. The pirates resumed work. Thirteen boatloads went to the mangrove swamps.

One attack occurred at noon. Obviously, the pirates have no fear of confrontation. "They know our routines," the captain remarks. "They know if we're eating supper. They know if we're heaving up the anchor. They know where every man on the ship is. They have free run of the harbor. They've come aboard with manifests. They go around looking for the containers with the TVs, the containers with the computers. Piracy is a way of life here. It has been for four hundred years. We've had 'em steal the flag halyards, the mooring lines. Any kind of metal. The sounding caps out of the deck. The deck telephones. Mooring lines are chained down and locked. They can cut those chains like they're paper. What can we do? We'll have roving patrols, crew members on the stern with walkie-talkies, searchlights."

J. Peter Fritz, the chief mate, says, "They carry firearms. They have bolt cutters. They know their way around the ship in darkness. They know our lashing gear. They know our docking procedures. They must have walkie-talkies. They must have people with spyglasses."

A couple of trips ago, in Guayaquil, an A.B. named Bill Haisten went aft at dawn to run up the flag and cut some lights. When he didn't return, Luke Midgett sent Calvin King and Peewee to investigate. They found Haisten tied to a king post. Seven pirates had come

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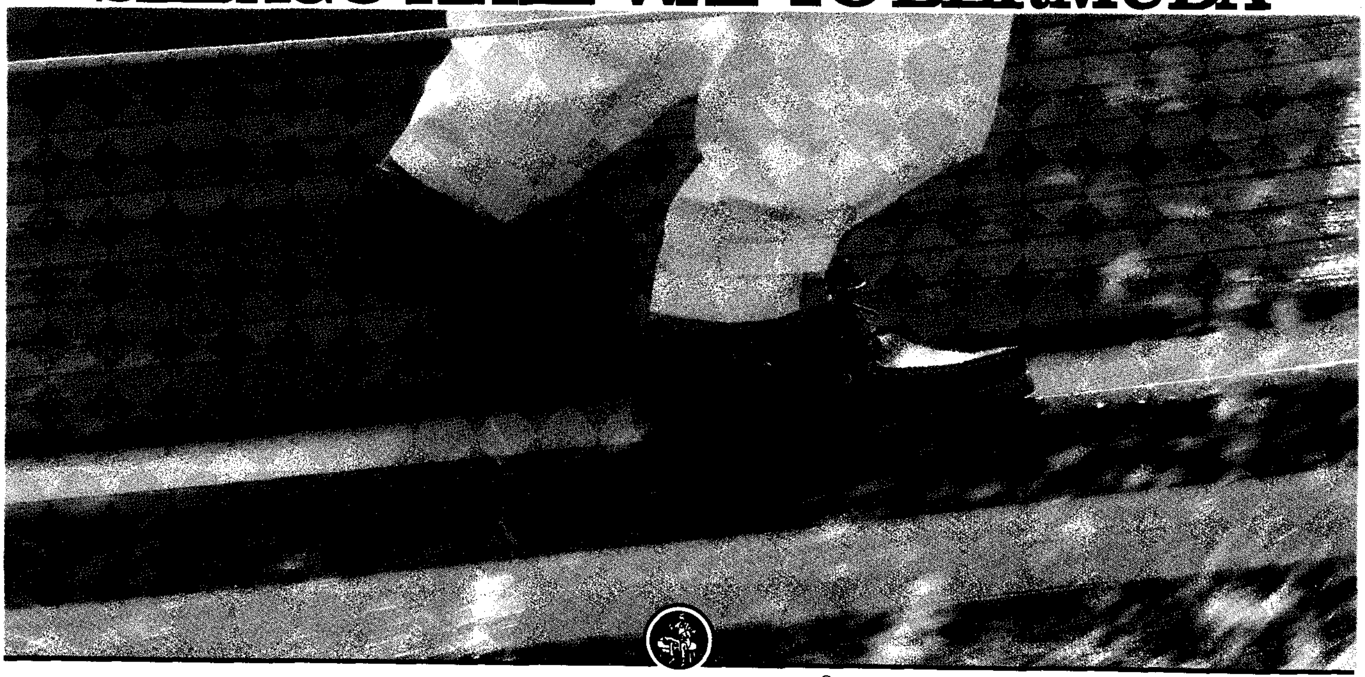

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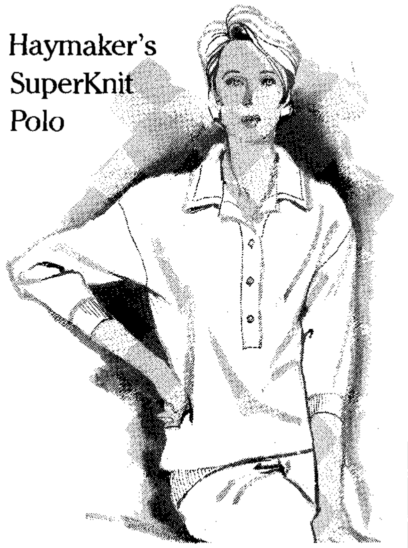

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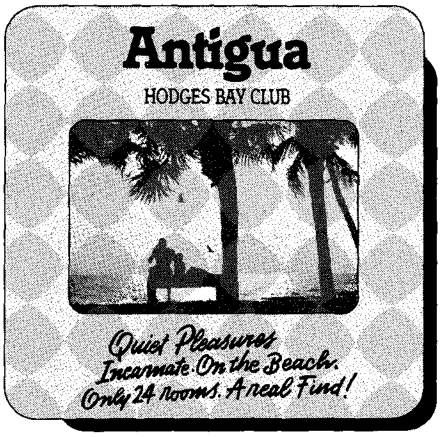

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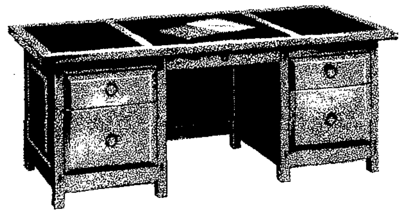

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over the stern and surprised him. In their needle boat, they had come up the river under the stern of the ship before the day's first light. They were armed mainly with knives. One of them held a hacksaw blade at Haisten's throat while others tied him up. A sailor named Ron Just, who was taking "a morning stroll," happened to pick the wrong moment to stroll across the stern. They tied him to the lashing rods of a container. A pirate pointed at the men's watches and said, "Give me." When Just showed signs of not coöperating, the pirate threatened to cut off Just's arm with a hacksaw. Haisten and Just surrendered the watches. The pirate looked at Haisten's watch and gave it back.

Breaking into four containers, the pirates stole a load of yard goods. Then they went over the side and away in their boat. "But, hey," the captain says. "Hey! They take whole containers in New York, in Boston. They don't board from private boats. You're safe until the longshoremen and the labor gangs come aboard. They think it's part of their pay. No one outsteals the Boston longshoremen. They wouldn't *have* that. Ever since man put two logs together and made a raft, people stole from it. During the war, when I was an able seaman somewhere in North Africa I watched two Arabs work two hours to take a mattress through a porthole. They got a corner of it up there—they twisted and pulled and they twisted and pulled, and they finally got that whole mattress through the porthole. Then the chief mate took it away from them. But, hey! Piracy is a different ballgame. Sooner or later, they start killing people."

Off Singapore, when merchant ships make the slow tight move between Raffles Lighthouse and Buffalo Rock they might as well be passing through a pirate tollhouse. It is most especially that part of the Strait of Malacca which is in a category with the approaches to Lagos, with various ports in the Bight of Benin, with Guayaquil. After pirate attacks in the Malacca Strait, it has been reported that the pirates were wearing uniforms. They use gunboats. They have sprayed merchant ships with automatic weapons.

To throw a grappling hook over a stern rail and climb a line to board a ship requires conditioned strength. The pirates have that kind of strength. Our quinquagenarian and sexagenarian crewmen—so many of whom appear to be in their third trimester—are no match for such invaders. The day may come when merchant ships are beribboned with concertina wire, railed with chain-link fencing.

In Charleston, Captain Ron Crook, of the Sea-Land Performance, told me that he had once lain at anchor off the delta of the Ganges for two weeks as he waited to transfer cargo to a German ship. Every night, in heavy rain, pirates came down the river in black mahogany boats. These were oar-powered boats holding fifty pirates. Crook blew his whistle and shouted commands—including "Repel boarders!"—while the crew shot water into the boats from high-pressure hoses. The pirates had bamboo poles with hooks on the end. They climbed them to the deck. The crew fought the boarders with axe handles, broom handles, and three-cell flashlights. At last, the Germans arrived. They brought two hundred Indians of both sexes and all ages to unload the ship by hand, to lighten it enough to go up the shallow Ganges to Calcutta. The Indians camped on Crook's deck, where they built fires and made curries. Crook is a great-great-great-nephew of Brigadier General George Crook, commander of the Department of the Platte, who was one of the most celebrated soldiers of the Old West, and who stood out in his time for the integrity with which he dealt with Indians.

In 1974, when Ron Crook was third mate on the Mormacscan, armed pirates boarded her in Brazilian waters, went directly to a container said to contain two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Kodak film, offloaded all the film, and sped away in a small, fast boat.

Captain Washburn says, "Hey, Cartagena it happens. Buenaventura. In Buenaventura, a while back, they boarded ships while they were under way. It took the United Nations to stop it. In Buenaventura, while the Mason Lykes was steaming around the sea buoy—waiting for daylight *because* of piracy—a pirate grappled the rail, came aboard with a gun, held up the third mate, took his wallet and watch, and disappeared. But, hey, a couple of guys disguised as longshoremen went on a Waterman ship in Barber's Cut, Houston, Texas, and walked right into the captain's office, made him open the safe, took the money, and shot him dead. Pretty soon—down here on the west coast of South America—it's going to get violent. Right now you'll see armed guards. That's fairly new. Pretty soon these pirates will start shooting back if they get shot at."

In Callao, after a new pilot ladder worth five thousand dollars went over the side and into a waiting boat, Louis Smothers said, "What goes around comes back." In case anyone misunderstood him, he explained that we, as a nation, "stole people's lands and destroyed their minds," and are now getting what we deserve. Smothers, an A.B. on the twelve-to-four, was the assistant pastor of a church in York, Pennsylvania, before he moved to Jacksonville. There he has become an intraurban itinerant preacher, preaching every Sunday in a different church when he is home from the sea. He has been shipping out with the Merchant Marine for twenty-seven years. Before that, he was in theological seminary, and before that he spent twenty years in the Army. He once owned what he describes as "the largest black detective agency in the state of Maryland." He often wears shorts. They reveal the legs of a football player. On his dark-blue baseball cap are the words "QUEEN MARY," across the brow in gold. "The Peruvians steal a line or a ladder, or something, from a container," he went on. "In New York, they steal your Mercedes and put it *in* a container, and six days later it's in Panama."

On every deck of the Stella Lykes, signs are hung on the doors that connect the interior of the house to the open outside spaces:

> THIS DOOR TO BE CLOSED AND
> DOGGED IN ALL FOREIGN PORTS

The doors are dogged to keep out more than pirates. Captain Washburn, who happens to be in his quarters now, lathering up for his morning shave and listening to his tape of "Heartaches," says, "This coast is not only the drug-producing capital of the world; it is also the stowaway-producing capital of the world. Why the ships here don't have more of each is a mystery. We fight it and fight it and fight it. We try our best to hold it to a minimum." Some years ago, the word "contraband" referred, generally, to souvenirs illegally transported by crewmen, he went on. "When you are talking about

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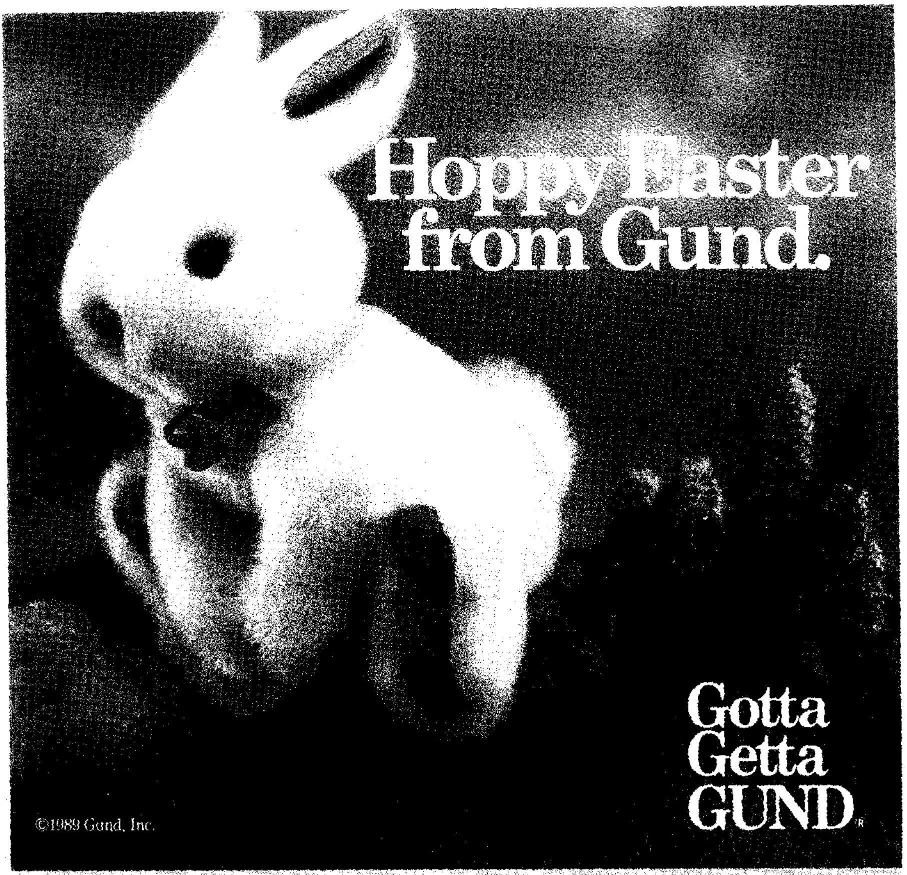

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contraband now, you are talking about narcotics—hashish, marijuana, cocaine, heroin. That stuff is doubly hard to find. Usually it's in very small packages. They can hide it in a light fixture or a shoe."

As for stowaways, Washburn has found very few of them on ships of which he has been master—and that is most fortunate, he adds, because stowaways are a major nuisance. If they turn up on your ship, you pay a fine. You do a great deal of paperwork. You post a sizable bond. You don't get it back if they escape. When they go off the ship, you have to hire guards to guard them. You have to see that they are put on the right plane. "If you bring in twenty stowaways, you're looking at a couple of hundred thousand dollars. You're looking at big bucks."

One does not have to be a former hobo to understand that the seriousness of the stowaway problem is not in a category with the drug traffic. I cannot help wondering, though, what this son of the side-door sleeping cars, this former rider of the rails, would do with stowaways if he found them on his ship.

I ask him, and he says, "I'd take the handcuffs and the leg irons and lock them up."

On a dock in Colombia during the previous voyage, Ron Peterson, the third mate, was about to inspect a container when a Colombian longshoreman rushed up and put a Lykes Brothers seal on it. This was to be the last container loaded on the ship, and Peterson knew that it was said to contain nothing and therefore did not require a seal. He described the scene to the chief mate, who came down the gangway, broke the seal, and looked in. Nine faces looked out.

Ecuadoran and Colombian longshoremen loading American ships used to build huts deep in the holds and bury stowaways in mountains of coffee. Some ships have diverted steam lines into cargo compartments and used a steam smothering system to flush out possible stowaways. Some have used whistles at deafening frequencies. After Delta Lines did that, Colombia complained to the United Nations. Not long ago, the Sheldon Lykes arrived in Mobile, Alabama, with twenty-one Colombian stowaways aboard. A West German ship turned up in Jacksonville with four Ethiopians. The youngest was twelve, the oldest fifteen. Heading south, the crew of the Allison Lykes found a stowaway who had got on in New York.

At the end of another recent voyage, the Allison arrived in Port Newark carrying a container said to contain chocolate and addressed to a warehouse in Long Island. The United States Customs Service drilled into the chocolate and found a filling of cocaine. They resealed the container. It was offloaded, set on a tractor trailer, and driven away. Customs agents followed. At the Long Island warehouse, they arrested the recipients of the chocolate, who were members of the Medellín Cartel. Inside the chocolate was four hundred and eighty million dollars' worth of cocaine—the largest single shipment of cocaine ever seized in a United States port north of Florida.

"They just try to catch what they can," Washburn comments. "They figure they stop less than ten per cent of it." When the Customs people appeared in Newark with fifteen dogs and unloaded seventy of Stella's containers right there on the dock, they found nothing. Nevertheless, they charged the people to whom the containers were addressed seventy-five dollars per container. When they do discover drugs, they not only will fine the shipping company but will confiscate whole ships. They fined Evergreen, of the Taiwan flag, fifty-nine and a half million dollars after eleven thousand pounds of marijuana turned up in New Orleans.

"It's our problem, but there's nothing we can do about it," Washburn continues. "The letter of the law is that a ship is responsible for everything it brings in. But we're not there when the containers are packed. When they deliver a container down here, you certainly don't make them take the cargo out of it. They've now got containers that are built to smuggle. They've got a double wall. You couldn't detect it if you were in there. We pick up containers and we load them, and there's absolutely no way we can check the contents. We've got a piece of paper that says what's in there. 'Said to contain'—that's all we've got. Half of these drugs are smuggled in in household articles—like they've got refrigerators and dryers just full of them, and overstuffed furniture. But

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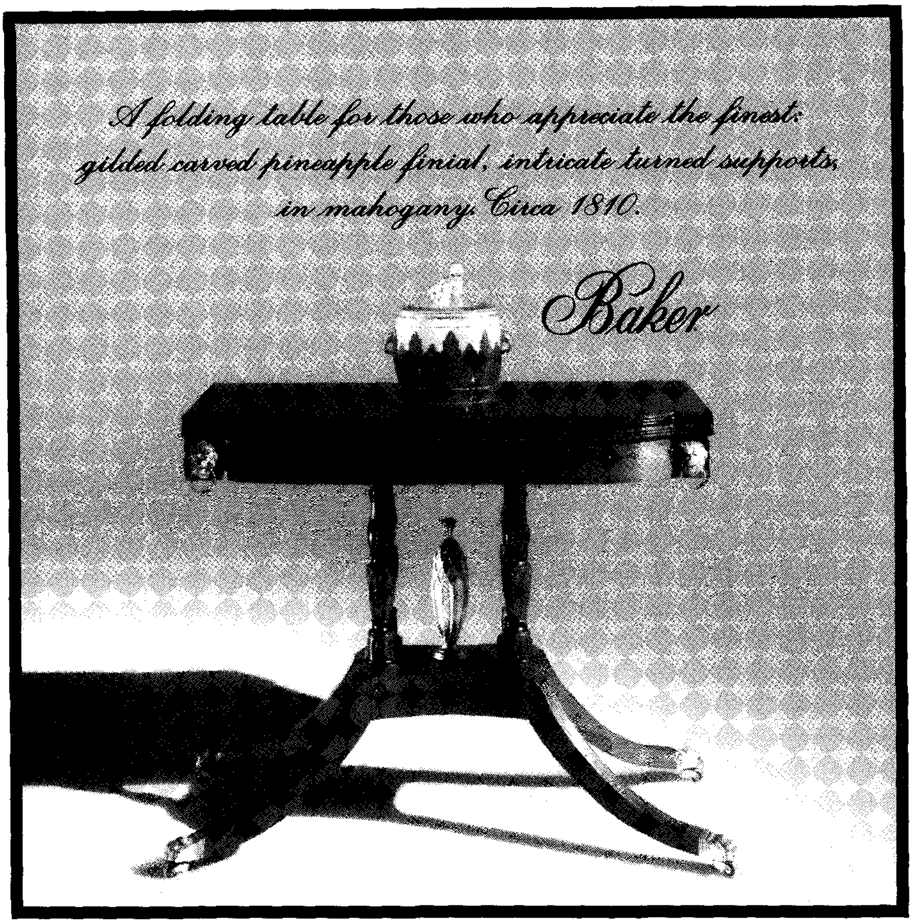
the real kingpins are much more sophisticated than that. It's a computerized business today. It's not piecemeal or haphazard. Where they've got three or four hundred million dollars' worth coming in, the cartel may have spent two years setting that one delivery up. They even start when they're refining it. They say, 'O.K., we're refining this amount. It's eventually going to go to New York in *this* type of container.' They'll even *build* a container for that special shipment. These clever Colombians—they trap wild dogs and keep them penned up. They use the urine of the wild dogs to smear on the packages of cocaine that they're sending in to the United States. These domestic dogs that we're using smell that wild-dog urine and they're afraid, and they don't go near that stuff. There'll be a day that these dogs will be useless to us and we'll be using pigs. They find something. We combat it. They find something else. The drug lords threaten everyone. Oh, they're tough. They've caught American drug enforcers, and they've killed more than one, and they didn't kill 'em quick, either. It took some of them two or three days to die. Just like the old days, you know—two or three days and just begging for death. These Colombians don't just kill a person. They'll kill a guy's mother and father, his wife, his children. They kill the whole family. There's a viciousness about these present drug dealers that the old Mafia—the old underworld—never had. The old underworld treated each other bad enough, but they weren't vicious to the general populace, ever. It was bad for business. They thought nothing of shooting or blowing up their adversary, but they never thought about hitting a guy's women and children. It wasn't their nature. But, man, these drug lords—they'll terrorize a whole community to have their way. They had one prosecutor in Colombia that the drug lords told him they were going to kill him and they told him there was nowhere he could hide. They told him, 'Between the North Pole and the South Pole there is nowhere you can go that we won't find you. There's no such place.' I think it was Sofia, Bulgaria, they caught up with him and killed him. That's what an honest official is up against. In Ecuador, my gosh, they're killing a prosecutor or a judge every day in the week."

On one of Stella's voyages, under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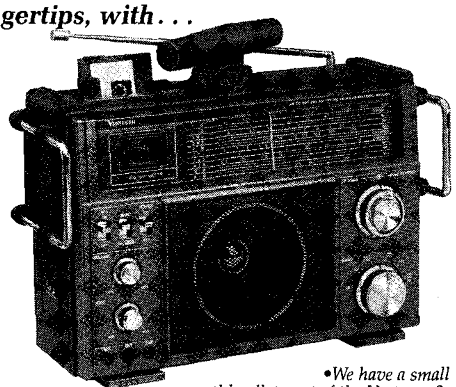

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another captain, a Colombian soldier brought a large cardboard box to the ship—very much like the boxes that contain bananas bought from dockside venders by members of the crew—and set it in the thwartships passage. According to Peewee, who was working that voyage, the box contained four million dollars' worth of uncut crack. After the bosun and others opened the box and saw what was in it, the captain waited until the ship was away from the coast and hull down. Then he told the bosun to throw the box over the side. "That saved a lot of paperwork," Peewee said as he finished telling the story. "A lot of paperwork and a lot of jive."

Some years ago, after a sailor just off the Joseph Lykes was found with two million dollars' worth of cocaine, Lykes Brothers was fined two hundred thousand dollars. Washburn believes that American sailors do very little smuggling anymore. Among other things, they have come to know that people who sell drugs to Americans are likely to go straight to the American Embassy and report the transaction in order to claim a finder's fee. The United States pays finder's fees of up to fifty thousand dollars.

Washburn likes to tell a story about an old Lykes Brothers stick ship that "brought a couple and their camper-type van from the Gulf down to either Colombia or Ecuador on this run, and put them off." He continues, "What these people were going to do was tour South America, and then they were going to come back on this same ship to the United States. They left the ship in either Guayaquil or Buenaventura—I forget which. Weeks later, the couple came aboard, with their ticket and everything, and the ship was loading their camper. The chief mate happened to notice that the ship's cargo gear—those single-stick booms—could hardly pick that camper up. They got it aboard, but just barely. And he became suspicious, and they searched that camper, and there was three tons of cocaine in a special-built floor in the bottom of the camper. It was not in there haphazard. It was almost like that camper had been rebuilt. Three tons of cocaine is worth about a hundred and eighty million dollars."

Washburn stares for a while into the passing mangroves, the ragged edge of the olive river. Then he says, "The basis of the problem is the American appetite for this stuff. I can put everybody else down, but *we're the customers*. I'm sittin' here puttin' Colombia, Bolivia, and Ecuador down, and *we're* the customers. It's *our* ferocious appetite. It's an illness. And if anybody has it we all have it. Hey, if I caught my son with that stuff I would bag him quicker than I would anyone else. I'd bag him first. If I knew it was in my house, I wouldn't send for the city police, I'd send for the narcs, and they could have him. He'd be gone—gee oh enn ee. It's sick, disgusting, debasing, dehumanizing."

Having entered something called the Explosive Anchorage—a piece of the river where ships wait for berths at the Maritime Port of Guayaquil—Stella gives up her thrusting and slowly glides to a stop. Bank to bank, the width here is nearly a mile. Beside the water is little solid ground, just mangrove swamp—the *manglar*. In one place there is firmness enough to support three tin shacks on stilts. Otherwise the river on either side is back-

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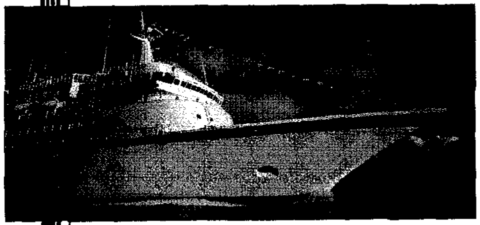

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lashed with vegetation, impenetrable—concealing in wilderness the seaport that is around two bends and less than five miles away. Now, after all the talk of world piracy from the Strait of Malacca to the Bight of Benin, after the crescendo of pirate stories aboard this ship as we have come ever farther up the Guayas River, we have again reached the war-zone front, the precincts of Guayaquil. Duke Labaczewski, the bosun, has assembled the A.B.s and ordinaries of the idle watches. They are spread around the deck like an army. The slower the ship moves, the greater the tension grows. The anchor is about to go down. Louis Smothers, in his Queen Mary cap, says, "I ain't going to put a fire hose on nobody's child. You do that and they'll send your name up and down the coast. They'll break your legs. And when you go in the hospital this ship will sail on with its cargo. When you're lying in the hospital, the doctors and the nurses will finish you off."

Jim Gossett the electrician, tall and scant, who looks like an old ranch hand with his frayed jeans and weathered face, says, with a wild glint in his eye, "I'm a company man. I save the cargo."

Murray the ordinary says, "I'm going to the stern. If anyone comes up there, I'll point the way. I'll tell him where to go."

Pirogues have collected on the port side. Some call them beggar boats. There are four, and one is a dugout. Paddlers, facing each other, are in the bows and sterns, holding position in the current with hand-carved paddles. Other people ride in the middle, with fold-open nets to catch the bars of soap, the cans of Coca-Cola, the bags of cookies that are raining down from the ship. Calvin King buys cookies at the duty-free shops in Balboa to throw to these people in Guayaquil. Skippers warn one another that the people in these pirogues could be the accomplices of pirates, here to create a diversion. There are children, old women, middle-aged men, a dog. In the bow of one boat is a supple young woman in red—red skirt, white blouse, red jacket, bare feet. Graham Ramsay says, "I wonder if she got my allotment check."

Trevor Procter retorts, "It wouldn't be the first time that someone got an allotment check from two people."

A heaving line comes floating down the river and is picked up by the people in the dugout. Procter says, "That's our line!" On a transceiver he calls the bosun: "Hey, bose, I see your heaving line floating down the river."

The bosun tells him to notify the mate.

Pirates have boarded the ship, evidently up the anchor chain and through the hawsepipe to the fo'c'sle deck. How many of them? Where are they now? Who knows?

Understand: this ship is about the length of the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Rockefeller Center, Pennsylvania Station, Union Square. To berth her you need almost three city blocks. With her piled-high containers divided by canyons under the jumbo boom, she is, if nothing else, labyrinthine. She carries a crew of thirty-four. Thirty-four highly trained SWAT troops would have a hard time defending Rockefeller Center, so what can be expected of a militia of aging gourds? Moreover, there's so much of the ship and so few of them that the ship might as well be an open city. Action that occurs at Fif-

ONOS KUALA LUMPUR NEW YORK OSLO PIRAEUS LONDON PAPEETE BORDEAUX SYRACUSE WHITTIER HAMBURG BANGKOK QUEBEC ST. THOMAS VICTORIA WELLINGTON GIBRALTAR ST. MAARTEN CONSTANTA MACAPA

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AN ENCHANTED ISLAND THAT BOASTS THE BEST OF BOTH.

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ty-third Street escapes all notice at Fifty-sixth.

Confusion therefore occurs and follows. Fast-crackling rifle shots. Bullets slamming the mangroves. A pirogue full of pirates fleeing for the swamps, pursued by more bullets.

Very powerful boats appear. One of them circles the ship. Two lingering pirates cling to the bills of the anchor not in use. They stand on the flukes. They plunge into the river. Swiftly receding in the brown current, their heads bob. Their heads become dots in the water as they are swept away.

The pirates' forty-horse pirogue, with stores seized from the upper forepeak, reaches a sandspit at the edge of the *manglar*. There are six aboard. They take off, running.

An official launch from Guayaquil, making no apparent adjustment to the turn of events, comes alongside, business as usual: the port agent, the port officers, the necessary papers—the process known as clearing a ship. Short-sleeved, bureaucratic, the visitors climb the gangway from the launch. Smiles. Greetings. *Con mucho gusto. Encantado. Muy amigo mío.* Evidently, nothing that has occurred in the last fifteen minutes has surprised them, or even much interested them. They go into the thwartships passage. They follow one another up stairways to the boat deck. Captain Washburn descends from the bridge to meet them. The captain is in dress whites, white shoes. A .38 revolver is tucked in the back of his belt. The port agent hands him manifests and mail.

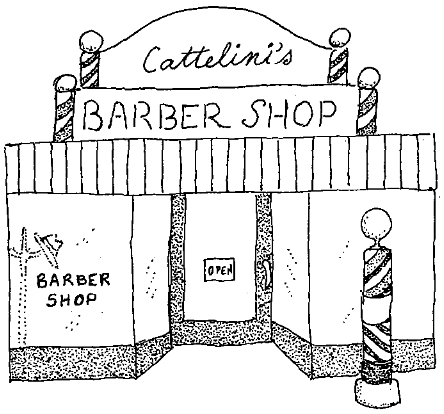
After a time, the powerful boat that was circling the ship pulls up at the bottom of the gangway. Sprawled on the floorboards are two wet prisoners with black bags over their heads. Their wrists are tied behind their backs. These were the swimmers who dived from the anchor flukes. The powerboat has a crew of four. Two of them carry .45s, another a shotgun. They wear sports shirts and ordinary trousers—nowhere a uniform, not a clue in the clothing to who is who or means to do what. A short, trim, serious man about thirty years of age comes up the gangway with a .45 tucked in his belt and under his unbuttoned shirt. If you are standing there beside him when he steps on the deck, you can be pardoned if you wonder who he is. Does he know those prisoners? Are the prisoners a ruse? Is he the pirate king? In the center of his finely structured and handsome face—set like a gem in one of his front teeth—is a gold star. He says that he is a naval officer. A colleague joins him. They ask to see the captain.

Captain Washburn is informed by walkie-talkie, "These two say they are active-duty Navy men, but they are wearing no uniforms and are walking around the main deck with cocked .45s."

Washburn says, "That's the best uniform I know."

Scarce has this exchange occurred when the port officials reappear in the thwartships passage and, with nothing more than a frank glance at the trussed and hooded pirates, file down the gangway to their launch. Each port official carries two cartons of cigarettes and a six-pack of Coca-Cola. In the slop chest of the Stella Lykes there are many cigarettes and much cola for the visits of port officials. Sometimes they hand back unfiltered cigarettes and ask for filters.

The day settles down in the Explosive Anchorage. The Navy men patrol the main deck. Captain Washburn, in his office, pauses to read his mail. I leave the group of crewmen at the head of the gangway, go through the thwartships passage, and walk the starboard side. One of the Navy men is there—the one with the star in his incisor. He is intently watching the mangrove shore. He has seen six men shuttling among the plants, making their way toward the tin shacks. Around my neck is an eight-power monocular on a nylon cord. With a sweep of the *manglar*, I see them, too. He asks if he may borrow the glass. I lift the cord and drape it around his neck, tiptoeing away from the .45. He watches the walking pirates. He asks me to report them to the captain, so the captain can, in turn, radio the port.



Washburn, at his desk in his dress whites, is smoking a cigar. "Our security forces have seen a party of pirates on the beach," he says into a transceiver, and goes back to his mail. Ordinarily, Captain Washburn is not a smoker of anything. He bites off and lights up only when the Washington Redskins have won a football game. He looks down fondly at the letter before him. It contains the name of a new human being: Zachary David Howell. Jacqueline has written to the captain, "Smoke a cigar. Your great-grandson is at least as good as the Redskins."

As evening closes in on the four-to-eight watch, cargo lights have been hung off the main deck, brightening the surrounding water. Andy is on the bridge. Mac and Calvin are deployed on deck, on patrol. At 5 P.M., Calvin calls on his transceiver to say that all is well. The anchorage is quiet. No apparent pirates. Andy calls Mac.

"Are you still alive and kickin'?"

"No. Just kickin'."

Mac has been posted to the fantail, where he sits on a chair under the American flag and sends his eyes on patrol. The sun is down and the river dark long before the end of the watch. In his lap is a flashlight.

"Who gave you the flashlight?" I ask him.

He answers, "The mate."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Shine it in the eyes of the banditos, then drop it and run."

With his flashlight and his transceiver, he looks like a night watchman. "When you come down to this bandito country, you take your life in your hands," he says. "The people here—they treat this ship like a chicken. They pluck it whenever they wish. Why do I carry all this stuff? If the banditos attack, I am going to run anyway."

It was here on the fantail that the two sailors were tied up at knifepoint on the earlier voyage. This has made Calvin especially nervous. The crew on patrol carry no weapons. They are now supported, however, by six guards hired from shore who are armed with 16-gauge shotguns and are spread about the decks under the leadership of an Ecuadoran marine. Their headgear fails to suggest the equator. One guard is wearing a thick wool ski cap. Others wear balaclavas, with candy stripes and white tassels. Like knights' helmets,

I.R.S.
Richter

the balaclavas are drawn down to cover the lower face and the chin, leaving only slits for the guards' eyes. The air temperature is around eighty, the relative humidity sixty-two per cent. A guard in a chair politely shifts his gun so that it ceases to point at my knees. The guns are loaded not with shot but with large lead slugs. To one of the guards David Carter says, in Spanish, "If you miss the pirates, you'll sink the boat."

In being a merchant mariner, a sailor faces danger enough without pirates. A couple of days ago, Mac took hold of a ladder rail and it came off in his hand, rusted rotten. The ladder led from the fo'c'sle deck to the cabin deck, at the extreme port side. The ship was in a deep roll. Mac looked over his shoulder and straight down to the green sea. He was virtually hanging over the side. He struggled through another roll, teetered, and remained aboard. At Ascension Island some years ago, he was painting the hull of a tanker from a small boat that was lifted by a swell and driven underwater as it smashed against the ship. Just in time, he leaped free.

"I almost lost my life. There were fish of every denomination in that water."

Men fall down hatches on merchant ships: a hatch cover may be ajar; they walk over an open edge and are killed by the long fall into the hold. On diesel ships, you breathe heavy fumes. You fight diesel fires. Near diesel engines, you wear ear covers or you are stone-deaf within a year. In Stella's engine room, David Carter always has a hand on a rail. He says there's an unwritten rule: "One hand for the *load* and one hand for your*self*." David got his first job after a guy going down a ladder fell and broke his leg. "You'll *notice* a lot of guys in the engine room have *burns* all over them. It doesn't take much—just a little *jolt*. You hit a *steam* line and you got a nasty *scar*." Bill Boone, a utility man in the galley, says that he was on a Victory ship some years ago when he saw a mooring line snap and do so much damage that four amputations were required. And a funeral. The line, contracting, drew an ordinary seaman into a Panama chock and killed him. A Panama chock is a large square eye that mooring lines pass through. During a voyage to North Europe while Andy was on the tanker Potomac, the bosun tore up his knee in a fall, a line snapped and broke another man's arm, a winch tore open a pumpman's arm and crushed it from shoulder to wrist, an ordinary seaman fractured his skull walking through a watertight door, and the cook fell to the deck hallucinating, writhing, and babbling incoherently after rupturing his spleen. On the Prudential Lines' LASH Pacifico, the chief mate once performed an appendectomy in the middle of the North Atlantic while a doctor spoke to him by radio, telling him what to do. There is a service called Amver provided by the Coast Guard—Automated Mutual-Assistance Vessel Rescue System. Before your ship sails, you file a voyage plan, and it is updated in a central computer while the voyage proceeds. When a spleen ruptures, the computer locates every ship within two hundred miles of you, displays on your screen a list of the paramedics aboard them, and says what ships (if any) are carrying doctors.

On through the night we lie at anchor in a pool of festooned light, abristle with shotguns, braced for attack, and awaiting the call to a berth. It comes on the four-to-eight, in the predawn. We have little to leave in Guayaquil. The last time we ran the gantlet here, a fortnight ago, the pirates missed, among other things, five hundred VCRs. They missed half a ton of photographic supplies, three tons of plastic tape, five tons of synthetic rubber, twenty tons of crude talc, forty tons of tinplate, and three hundred tons of drilling mud. They missed five thousand six hundred barrels of resin. They missed a container said to contain seven tons of mixed windshield wipers, hubcaps, and musical jewel boxes. They missed the container said to contain sixteen thousand six hundred and thirty-six pounds of shower curtains, telephones, and wall clocks. They missed a container said to contain seventy-seven cases of bathroom locks, and four containers said to contain twenty-four thoroughbreds.

We laid all that on the dock and went to Valparaíso. From Valparaíso to Guayaquil we have brought phosphates, automobile tires, and veterinary medicine. There is a full day's work for the longshoremen, though, as we pick up seven hundred sacks of goosefoot, ninety drums of passion-fruit juice, a hundred and eighty-two thousand board feet of balsa wood, and one million four hundred thousand pounds of coffee. We pick up thirty-two empty containers. That is one of the differences between container and

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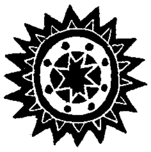
break-bulk freight: you have to move the empties. For transporting what may amount to about a hundred million cups of coffee from Ecuador to the United States the steamship company is charging the coffee people $69,486.78. This is Lykes Brothers' sip.

The waving shotguns and the tasselled balaclavas protect us through another night. We cast off at dawn. A Norwegian pineapple ship will take our berth. Mac, at the wheel, hand steering, says, "That ship is so sparkling clean you could eat off her deck."

Just the thought of a shipful of pineapples makes me very hungry. Happily would I get down on my knees and eat a chunk from a deck. A Norwegian deck. I say to Mac, "I wonder what the cook will be cooking today."



"Port ten," the pilot says.

Mac swings the wheel at a bend in the river. "Left ten," he responds. Then he says, "If he's a cook, I'm a surgeon."

We retrace our way through the Explosive Anchorage and pick up speed in the current. At five-fifty-one, Calvin arrives, takes over the wheel. He does not so much stand as droop.

Mac is a youth of fifty-eight. Calvin is sixty-one. Yesterday, Calvin's day began when he was called at three in the morning to prepare to stand what he describes as "my security watch with armed guards." For four hours, he walked the deck with his transceiver, reporting to the bridge every twenty minutes, and expecting at any moment to be attacked by pirates and lashed to a turnbuckle, as his watch partner had been a few months before. At eight, he had breakfast. At nine, he turned to for deck maintenance, chipping and painting forward of the house. He greased the topping lifts on the No. 2 and No. 3 cranes. He tidied up the shelter deck. He painted the main deck around the jumbo crane. He second-coated the davits for the gangway port and starboard. This may not have been New York, but the Ecuadoran sun was hot. After lunch, he chipped and painted from one until four, when he resumed walking the foredeck, on patrol. As evening approached, he spent more than an hour crawling under catwalks between hatches to find electrical outlets in which to plug the cargo lights meant to keep pirates away. At 8 P.M., when the watch ended, he went into Guayaquil with the port agent and called North Carolina, in his concern over the health of his father-in-law—"my wife's daddy"—who is ninety-two years old and is in the hospital. He returned to the ship and fell into bed at midnight. At three, he was awakened for the four-to-eight watch. Now he stands at the wheel, worried more than ever about his wife's daddy, looking for the moment almost ninety-two himself, paint-spattered from shirt to shoes, posture caving toward the letter S, a wire loose behind his hearing aid, his white cap no longer clean, his outsized bluejeans scuffing the deck. He admits defeat. He says, "I'm pretty well rest-broken now."

Calvin and Mac would be paid their usual $135.68 apiece for that exacting day painting and patrolling in Guayaquil. McLaughlin remarks as he prepares to go below, "Eighteen hours a day for decent take-home pay."

The ship carries considerable cash, so that the crew, en route, can draw what they need. In a small office on the cabin deck, Mac came upon fifteen hundred dollars one day, left there by mistake after a draw. He carried it upstairs and gave it to the captain.

It is 6 A.M. in the Republic of the Equator. The twentieth of August. Sixty-eight degrees. The Woermann Wakamba is coming up the river. We will pass her port to port. She flies the flag of Panama and has a big white bone in her teeth. This large bow wave, spreading to the sides, is followed by another wave, some distance back. If you measure the length of the bow wave—the distance from the first wave to the second—you can tell how fast a ship is going. The distance in this case is two hundred and twenty-five feet. How do I know? I'm guessing. It's a convenient guess, because 1.1 times the square root of the length of the wave equals the speed of the ship in knots. The Woermann Wakamba is doing better than sixteen knots. She draws a big sea. Ships can make surf even at sixteen knots.

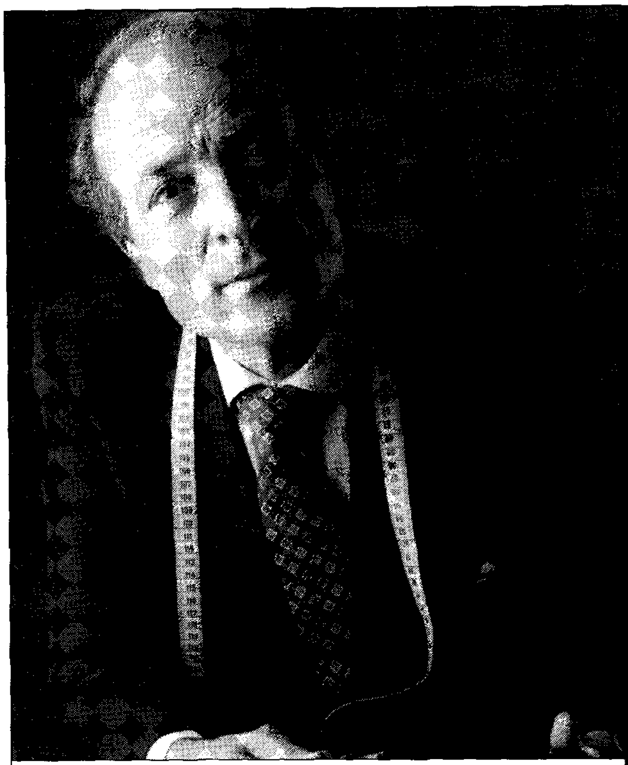
We are disturbing someone's breakfast. As the Stella Lykes and the Woermann Wakamba pass each other port to port, each is passing a third vessel, inconsiderable in the river: a needle boat, a pirogue, under a homemade sail. There are three men in it. One is wearing a jacket and tie. There is a campfire in the boat, with food cooking on it, sending up flavored smoke.

A FEW good campfires might loosen up the mealtimes on the Stella. I remember the first time I appeared in the officers' dining room for dinner. The captain was there, and Andy Chase, and Bernie Tibbotts. All three had been served and were eating. No one else was present. Tibbotts sat alone at a table, facing a wall. Chase sat alone at a table, facing the opposite wall. The captain, at his table, sat with his back to a third wall, looking into the room, and into the space between the turned backs of Chase and Tibbotts. Franz Kafka was up in the ceiling, crawling on a fluorescent tube. No one spoke. No one so much as nodded when I came in. I sat down where I was supposed to: at a fourth table, across the room from the captain. I looked at him through the slot between the other men's backs. I did not have—I'm here to tell you—the temerity to speak.

Each of these tables, mind, is large enough to accommodate four or more people, but you know your place and you eat in it. When food is set before you, you gulp it and go. "The invariable maxim is to throw away all politeness—that is, never to wait for each other, and bolt off the minute one has done eating," says Darwin. He is describing the crew of the Stella Lykes. They eat like sled dogs. They do speak, occasionally. There is no hostility. They mean it when they say that to sail with this captain is to sail on a happy ship. I have walked into the dining room when only two people were there, each facing a different wall. Without looking around, they were conversing. But primarily they are in the dining room to eat, not talk, in the finest restaurant in downtown Catatonia.

The unlicensed crewmen waste no time eating, either. Their dining room is on the other side of the galley. Like the officers, the unlicensed are waited on. Like the officers, they have tablecloths. The menu is the same. The one difference is that if you're an officer you wipe your lips with a cloth napkin; if you're unlicensed, you use paper.

About the food—it can be confirmed that Mac is not a surgeon. At lunch, there are three entrées, at dinner four, revolving through time in fixed cycles, like the navigational stars. When



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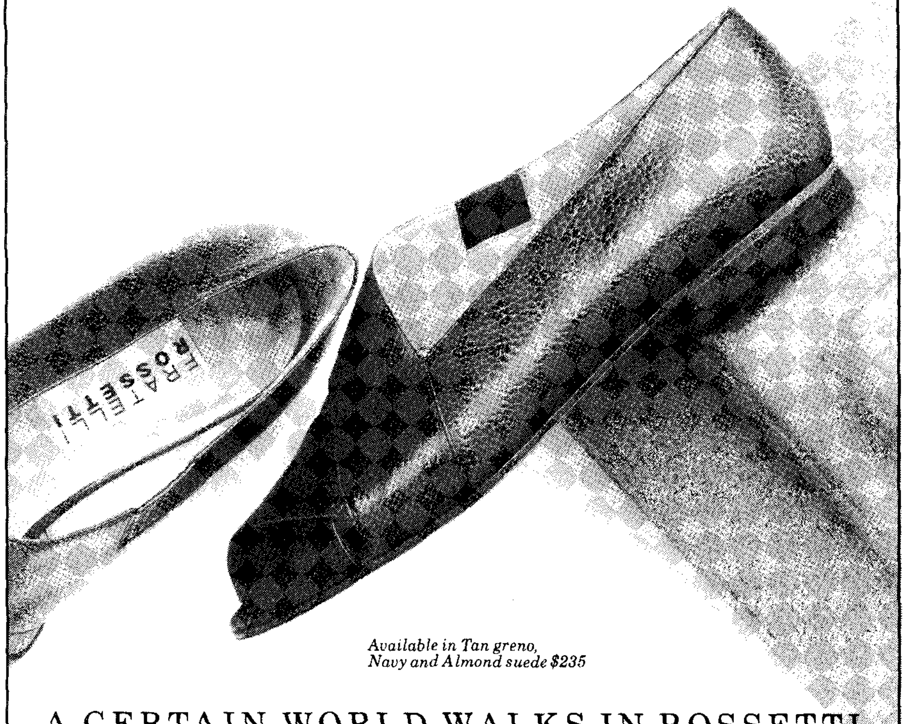

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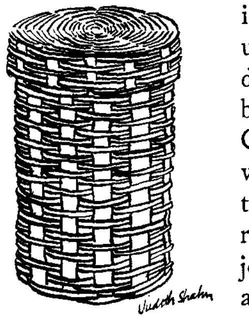
flounder fillets compete with pork hocks, short ribs, and Texas-style tamales, the choice is neither simple nor obvious. The grilled strip-loin steaks cannot be said to have an advantage over their traditional rivals—broiled franks, American chop suey, and fried mah-chena eggrolls. Prime ribs compete uncertainly with smoked sausage, Cantonese-style fried rice, and East Indian lamb curry. Each day's menu includes seventy items, none fresh (in the sense that everything is bought in the United States and stored for the voyage). The pork chops may be cobblestones, the salmon steak taxidermy. The honeycomb tripe may be used to stop a hole in the hull. Virtually written into the scrambled eggs with brains is the question: Which are the brains? But the turnips, the turnip greens, the black-eyed peas, the pinto beans, the roast lamb, roast pork, roast veal, roast turkey, the kippers, the catfish, the ham and grits, the eggplant, the hush puppies, the brisket, the ice cream, the boiled smoked ox tongue with mustard sauce do not deserve to be called inedible. They tend to explain why so many in the crew have the silhouettes of shucked clams.



At breakfast one Saturday (day of the green-onion omelette), Captain Washburn slowed the pace of eating with a disquisition to his tablemates on the batting techniques of Rogers Hornsby. The captain, who seems to remember everything he has ever read, heard, or seen, may know only a little less about Rogers Hornsby than he does about Sammy Baugh. He knows that Hornsby hit .397 in 1921, the highest batting average in the National League since 1899. He knows that Hornsby hit .424 in 1924 and that his fielding percentage in the same year was .965. He laid all this out, or something like it, for the chief mate, the chief engineer, and the radio operator, who sit at table with him. Bill Beach, the radio operator, listened with apparent interest, and after Hornsby's far-from-the-plate, choke-and-crouch batting stance had been anatomized all the way out through the metacarpals and into the phalanges Beach asked if a baseball glove is made of leather or rubber. He also asked—out of the blue—what team Joe DiMaggio played for. In the Merchant Marine generally, the person they call Sparks is regarded as the occupant of a numbered cloud, a distinct, if not strange, well-paid weirdo. Vernon McLaughlin tells of a radio operator who would not smoke a cigarette unless someone else had smoked it first, a radio operator who burst into tears every morning on the bridge, and a radio operator who ate raw garlic cloves as if they were salted peanuts. William Raymond Charteris Beach, radio operator of the Stella Lykes, is not on any kind of cloud; he is merely Scottish. He grew up in Edinburgh, and he doesn't know Rogers Hornsby from Donald Ban MacCrimmon. Beach used to work for the daily *Scotsman*, transmitting and receiving radio pictures. As a former journalist, he is not comfortable with the fact that the crews of American merchant ships crisscross the oceans with little or no idea of what is happening ashore. Voluntarily, in his spare time, he writes and publishes a one-page all-caps daily newspaper, which he circulates through the house. The name of the paper has changed three times on this voyage. It has been the *Sun Sentinel*, the *Sun Reporter*, the *World News*, and the *Knowledge Nugget*. His wire service is wireless. Among other things, this is what has been happening ashore:

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1100 POUNDS OF COKE FROM A HAITIAN FREIGHTER, 7 PEOPLE ARRESTED.

100 YEARS AGO TODAY—WILD BILL HICKOK WAS SHOT TO DEATH AFTER GETTING THE DEAD MANS HAND OF ACES AND 8'S.

"In Deadwood, South Dakota," Captain Washburn was heard to mutter. "Shot in Deadwood, South Dakota, by Black Jack McCall. Not in a man-to-man. They went up behind him."

To combat boredom, Andy takes his guitar with him on most voyages. He goes up on the bow or out on the fantail to be off by himself and sing. Or he goes to his cabin. He says, "I close my door and sing my heart out."

To defeat boredom—or something—a third engineer on the previous voyage brought pornographic videos with him. Almost every night, he took a pillow and a blanket to the officers' lounge and spent eight hours watching the movies. Lykes Brothers supplies videocassettes with less vivid ratings. There are twelve movies in a steel drawer in the so-called I.B.M. Room, on the cabin deck, where the ship's computer is. (A Navy ship half the size of ours will typically carry three hundred movies.) On the drawer is a sign that reads "Proclamation—Within Find Movies and Condoms for Your Pleasure." The sign includes a drawing of a mortar and pestle decorated with the letters Rx. At the beginning of the voyage, Captain Washburn wrote a note to crew members which said, in part, "Prostitutes, even those professionals who carry health cards, are not routinely checked for AIDS virus in South America. AIDS is not curable at this time! AIDS will kill you!! At this time the safest known way to avoid contacting AIDS, when engaging in sex, is to use a condom (rubber). To that end a supply of condoms (rubbers) is available on a 24 hours basis in the I.B.M. Room in the draw with the movies. You are not limited to a specific number nor do you need anyone's permission to help yourself to the supply. Simply take what you need."

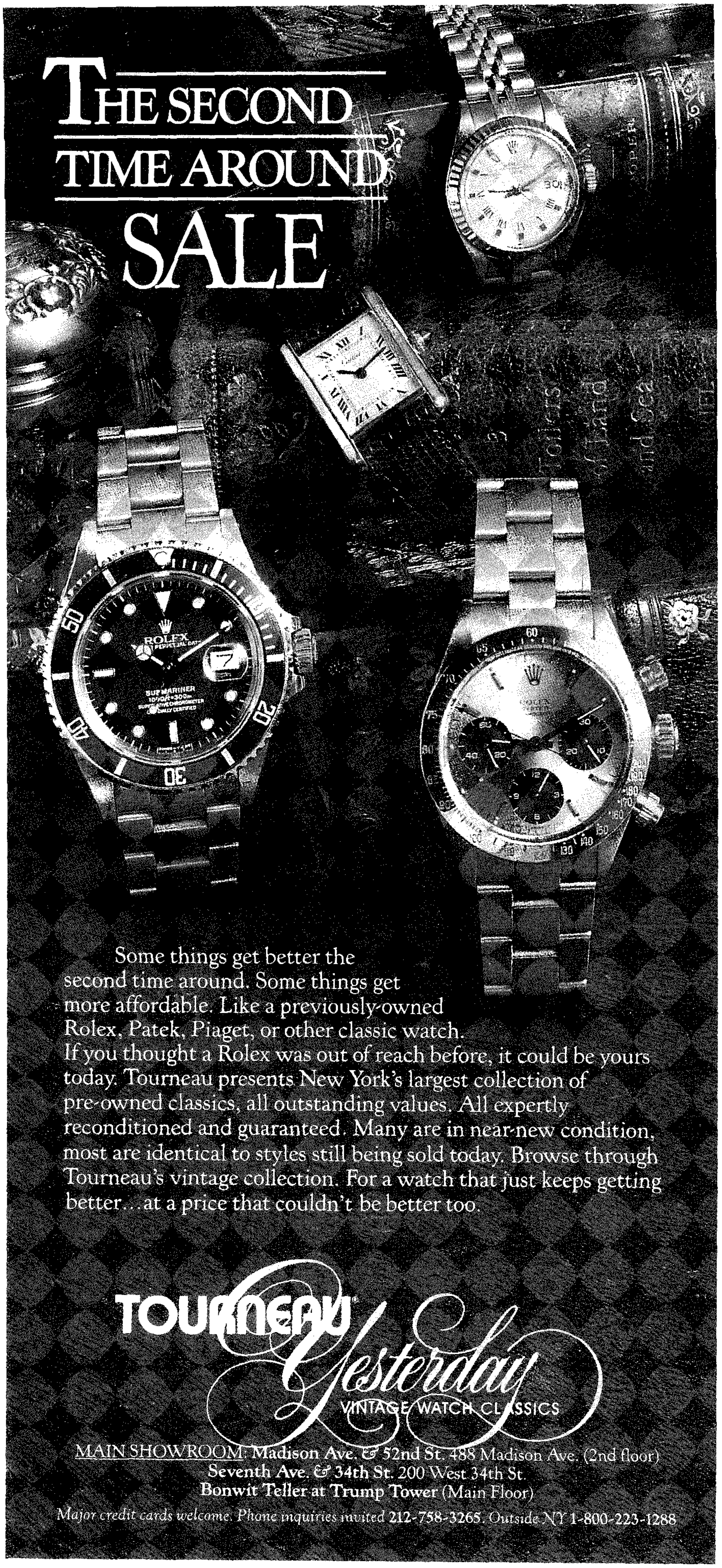
The crew, by and large, are not self-conscious about the sex they have ashore. You could not even call them candid, unless it is also candid to mention, say, that you took your car in for a job at Midas Muffler. In Lima, one crewman visits a prostitute who is also a certified public accountant but can't make ends meet as a C.P.A. In Buenaventura, he needs a new cliental arrangement, because his friend of two years is pregnant.

In the era of the Vietnam Sealift, the Merchant Marine had a much higher percentage of boozers and junkies than are now on the oceans under the American flag. Crews are reduced. There are few ships. The jobs that are now so hard to come by can be permanently lost: seamen can get on the "Do Not Reëmploy" list. "After Lykes, there aren't too many places to go anymore," Washburn remarked one day. "And if the company is tolerant of a drug-related incident the Coast Guard may not be."

When I said that I was not able to sense drug use in the house, the captain looked at the ceiling and threw lariats with his eyes. He said, "No doubt we have users around here. People who smoke a few things. I don't think we have any mainliners or anybody really strung out. You can't put this many people together and not have somebody using something."

The late Moore-McCormack Lines used to permit officers' wives to accompany their husbands on voyages. Generally speaking, that is not done in the United States Merchant Marine but is customary on European ships. The Lykes Brothers' Cygnus, which was built by Germans for their own merchant fleet, has a swimming pool, an exercise room, and related spaces that do not exist on American freighters and tankers. There are a few exceptions, but, as Bill Beach has said, "American ships compared to European ships are a disgrace. The design is better in European ships. They're like homes. There are bigger rooms. There are drapes and French doors in the lounge. This ship's equipment is antique compared with Japanese or German ships. Norwegian ships are immaculate. They have wine at dinner."

Andy's cabin, on the cabin deck, is nine and a half by fifteen feet, bathroom and shower included. Usually, second mates live in that space eighty-four days. If their wives were aboard, they would do well to bring their lawyers. On the other hand, the age of the seabag is long over. A mariner can get on the ship with five suitcases if he wants to. Some people bring their com-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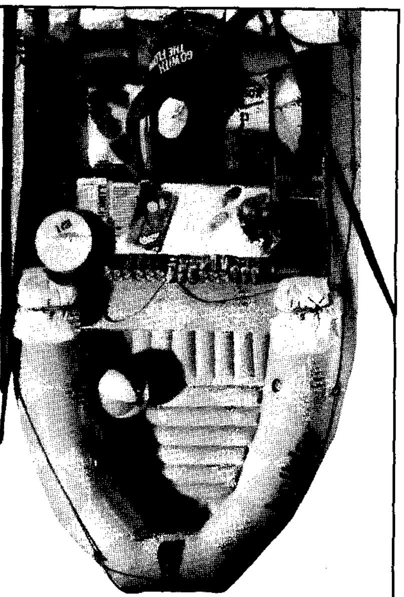

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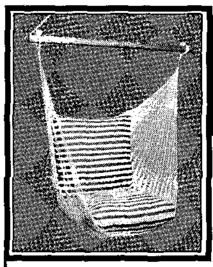

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puters. One flight down from the cabin deck is the upper deck, home of the unlicensed. The word “fo’c’sle” has gravitated to this part of the house. Mac and Calvin are in cabins side by side, each door marked “4-8 A.B.” Each man’s cabin is five feet six inches wide and fourteen feet deep, and has a desk with three drawers, a sink, and two more drawers under the bunk. The two cabins have a common bathroom, or, in Calvin’s words, “shower and commode with watch partner.” Around a corner of the narrow corridor is David Carter the demac. His cabin is seven by eleven, with a sink alcove. Above the pictures of his kids is a poster of a seminude woman who could be made of titanium. Every sailor has at least one porthole. David’s looks out at containers.

Some ships supply individual refrigerators in people’s rooms. On this ship, only the chiefs have them. Air-conditioning became standard on American merchant ships in the nineteen-seventies. There is a union rule that linen must be changed every day if the air-conditioning breaks down. “When you see Third World junkers,” Andy says, “all the portholes are open.” The quarters of the bosun are in the rear center of the house, the chief engineer in the left front corner, the chief mate in the right front corner, the captain above the chief mate, and Sparks highest of all—on the bridge deck, in crescent-shaped quarters within the false stack. There are four rooms for passengers, not all occupied. On many voyages they run empty. Carlos, the trainer of Dr. Sab, was in one. The author Alex Haley is noted for riding on merchant ships as a way of isolating himself from distractions and forcing himself to write. He could write a book called “Routes.” Our most durable passenger is Milian Engh, of Edinboro, Pennsylvania, who, with his wife, Gretchen, has travelled on merchant ships many times and has come now despite the inconveniences of an all-out battle with cancer. He has lost the roof of his mouth, and sometimes has to pinch his nostrils in order to achieve speech, but he achieves it, and then some, darting out in response to anything he looks upon as frivolous, inaccurate, or foolish. He weighs a hundred and five pounds. His all but fleshless arms are dark blue. Yet he has brought his canvases, his easel, his small wooden case of acrylic paints. His subject is the ship itself. He is painting her against a brooding jungle of his own invention.

A day or so ago, I heard John Shephard, the sailor who makes the officers’ and passengers’ beds, chatting up the Enghs about death aboard ship. Gretchen cheerfully recalled a thirty-year-old woman who had a cerebral hemorrhage during a trip they made to the east coast of Africa (“They said she was all right, but they carried her off dead”), and John enumerated many fatalities, including a four-hundred-pound seaman who proved to be a difficult fit in the ship’s freezer. Shephard, who is half belly and all tact, would weigh four hundred pounds himself if he were much more than five feet tall. Even his belly has a chip on it, but who could blame him? His listed next of kin is Billy Sweat, “a friend.” Shephard’s home is wherever Shephard happens to be. (“Georgia, Louisiana—wherever I’m at—I use a post-office box. I don’t have no address.”) He says he has slept on the streets and eaten out of garbage cans and dumpsters. He says, “It’s a rough life. Rough life. Go ashore, you spend your money, get kicked in the tail. Plenty of friends till the money runs out. A seaman smells like a rose when he’s got money, but when he has no money they say, ‘Fucker, get another ship.’ Friends gone—George Washington, Lincoln, all them other good buddies—you go to the union hall and sit and sit and sit. Might take a year. Five more years, there won’t be no more Merchant Marine. It’s going down the guts. You find yourself something else to do. I’m a mortician, I’m an embalmer. I don’t have a license, but I do the job. And I drive am-bew-lance. And I go second engineer on a porgy boat. Snapper boats. Out of work. No ship.” More than once, he has remarked that he finds things even less pleasant on shipboard. “Out chea, it’s a rough life.” He told me with irritation that on three separate occasions he had saved someone’s life at sea but since he did not get his name in the union paper he doubted if he would ever save anybody else. He looked over my shoulder at maps I have of the ocean floor. He said, “I didn’t know that was all that feet deep.” He asked if I had taken the pictures from an airplane.

The remarks about shipboard deaths

gave me a little shiver in the bones. When I worked for W. R. Grace & Company, in the nineteen-fifties, I was sent off on a Grace ship with a party of stockholders, one of whom was destined for the freezer. I was one of several precursive yuppies who, obeying orders, made an appearance as red Indians on the rolling deck of the Santa Rosa. With our skins painted bronze, with tomahawks in our hands, and dressed only in loincloths, we hopped in a circle, chanting, "Grow with Grace. Grow with Grace." The stockholder who died had had a choice location—a sort of crossroads cabin, close to the purser and much in the center of the fun. After her sudden death, it was thought that her cabin should be reoccupied at once, in order to dispel the pall it was casting. Two of us flipped a coin to see who would sleep in her bed.

FOUR P.M., August 20th, sixty miles south of the equator, this is one lovely day: air temperature seventy-four, relative humidity sixty-nine per cent, sea temperature seventy-seven. The air is so brilliant that only Vernon McLaughlin and the radar see the dense piece of apparent sky that solidifies as we pass near it—a dry and silvery pastel island. Across the wheelhouse, the captain paces and frets—head down, eyes on the deck, his thoughts so concentrated on the next hazard of the voyage that his mood is unrelieved by the present weather. In part to Andy, in part to the ship, he addresses remarks about the low-draft channel into Buenaventura, where the ship has to maneuver as if it were skywriting and the word it spells is "lawsuit."

It is no place for the inexperienced, he is saying. It is no place for unskilled labor. You wouldn't want to be going in there under a flag of convenience with a novice crew. You simply could not get in there with novices in the engine room:

"You can't get a demac down there that's cutting these fires in and out and changing tips, and watching the water in the boilers, and watching the air regulator on these high-pressure things—that only comes with time. When something goes wrong, all of a sudden you've lost the water and you have too much air or no air, you've got too much heat here, and that fire's gone out, and you're maneuvering. All of a sudden you're dead in the water. You can run away from more trouble than you can *drift* away from, you know. You can't *drift* away from trouble; you *drift* into trouble. Once you've lost the plant, your maneuverability—your ability to do *anything* to control the situation—is gone."

Nor could you get into Buenaventura with novices on the bridge:

"You've got to have somebody up here who can steer or, hey, you're accident-prone. If there's other traffic around, it's usually a good accident. You have plowed into another ship, or another ship has plowed into you. Or if you haven't put her up in the sand you've put her up on a rock. You can pull her off the sand, but if that rock has penetrated your hull you can pull all you want. That one little rock is just like a huge spike that's just got you nailed down there, and you can have *ten* tugboats out there pulling, and you can have your engines go full astern, and you just stay there."

Once, on the way in to Buenaventura, Stella shuddered and abruptly stopped. Captain Washburn remembers that he said at that moment, "Heavens to Murgatroyd, we're aground!" Whereupon the mate at his side went to the logbook, recorded the exact time, and wrote "Aground." The weight of this memory causes the captain to slap his forehead. He explains, "In this business, you don't write 'Aground.' You never write 'Aground.' You say, 'We have touched bottom.' If you hit a dock, you say, 'We touched the dock.' If the side is stove in and the hatches are buckling, you say, 'We touched the dock—I think.' "

In sequential turns, the mates write the logbook like monastic scribes, filling long columns with precise minutiae. A part of their job is to account for every mile steamed, every minute of the voyage. There are economic reasons for amassing data, such as computerized fuel efficiency. But the principal purpose of the endless ledger seems to be legal. The mates are floating law clerks. Voyage in, voyage out, a great deal of what they do serves no purpose beyond a thorough preparation for an appearance in admiralty court. Nowhere does the ship sail free of chimeric litigation. When we were inching at ten knots over the bar at the mouth of the Guayas, Andy recorded the exact hour, minute, and second that

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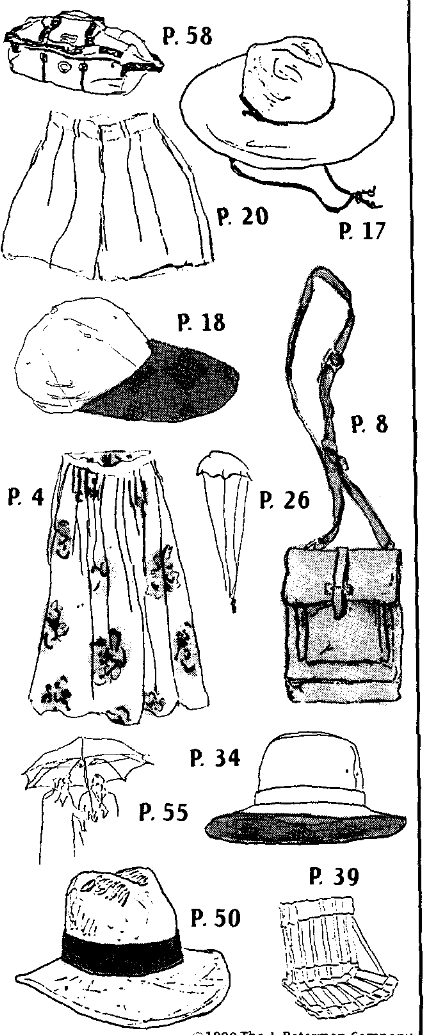

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we passed each of many buoys there—half a mile of buoys—in case we ran agr . . . in case we touched bottom. As the ship maneuvers in every port, he or another mate records many dozens of commands and the exact moment at which each is issued, thus extending the magnitude of the brief. Andy is respectful of these requirements. He has been teaching of late at Maine Maritime Academy; his course in seamanship and rules of the road deals with this subject. Captain Washburn remembers a second mate who was contemptuous of details. He confided to Washburn that, in effect, logbooks are playthings for Sea Scouts and maritime cadets. He said his last ship had had no logbook. Washburn said to him, "Just because they did it on the S.S. Neversink with the Whodunit Steamship Line, they're not going to do it here. Take your careless laid-back attitude and go wreck someone else."

In the chief mate's cabin is a gallery of photographs showing the present cargo—how and where it is secured and stowed. They are like photographs of residential interiors made to show the insurance company in the event of a fire. The chief mate's pictures—evolving and archival—are intended for a courtroom. The odds that they will be needed are shorter than one might think. They are less than thirty to one. The chief mate is in charge of the cargo, and that is why he so often works a twenty-hour day. If anything tumbles or spills, the Coast Guard will be looking for him.

There are strange, amphibious cases in the annals of admiralty law: the ship that hit the train, the ship that hit the Rolls-Royce. On December 25, 1984, Christmas took a place between Charybdis and Corryvreckan on the list of nautical hazards. In opposite directions, two Very Large Crude Carriers were rounding the Cape of Good Hope. Each captain altered course so the ships could draw close and the crews could exchange Christmas greetings. The ships collided.

Captain Washburn, who calls depositions "séances," has had legal functions to perform that cannot be called unpleasant. On the Cygnus, for example, he was once heading south toward the Florida Straits when a third assistant engineer requested permission to get married. His name was Alan Kane, and he wanted to be married aboard ship, with the captain officiating. The bride was in Maine. By radio, Captain Washburn and the town clerk of Tremont, Maine, united the couple even as the ship increased their separation. The steward of the Cygnus prepared a wedding supper. He baked a wedding cake. The ship was on its way to the Far East. The Kanes now have a daughter whose name is Sharon Cygnus.

The four-to-eight ends. The four-to-eight begins. Four A.M. in the cashmere blackness. We have entered Colombian water. Intently, Andy leans over the radar plotter, a disk of suffused illumination on the otherwise dark bridge, working with his wax pencil. Calvin, the helmsman, is leaning over the plotter, too. Andy is designing an oak table. He is designing it for Calvin. At home in North Carolina, Calvin has four oak four-by-fours that he will turn into legs, and he says he wants a two-inch top. Andy recommends a one-inch top.

We have entered, also, the doldrums. The lovely atmosphere has slipped behind us. Now even the night air is sticky. It is windless, and is moved only by the ship. Andy remarks that the skipper of a tall ship once told him that everyone should spend at least twenty-four hours becalmed, just to see what it is like. "You can sustain more damage in calms than in gales," Andy says. "A boat rocks endlessly back and forth with no wind to steady her. A ship flips back and forth, snapping things. The heavy air doesn't move. Everything is stuffy, muggy, and totally sticky below."

"That sounds like my house in New Jersey."

"Your house doesn't rock back and forth."

"Not anymore."

The horse latitudes, which shift seasonally and lie between prevailing winds, are also calm. Becalmed ships—completely out of corn, cereal, bread, hay, barley, oats, apples, and anything else a horse might eat—sometimes had to throw livestock overboard in the horse latitudes.

With daylight, the captain is in the wheelhouse, muttering, "One of these days, something amiss is going to happen in Buenaventura. A combination of current, bad pilots, little dock space, and so forth is going to ding a ship." At eighteen knots, we bring Buenaventura into view—a few mid-rise buildings among thousands of shanties compressed on a small peninsula in jumbled profusion, like laundry spread over rocks at the side of a stream. Bill Beach has described Buenaventura as "a cesspool of whorehouses and bars." Vernon McLaughlin has called it "*the* romance port." The River Anchicayá emerges from the jungle here. To get to our berth we must cross its bar and follow its sinuous channel. We are drawing twenty-four feet ten inches with our present cargo. The Fathometer shows no measurable gap between the hull and the bottom as we cross the bar. In front of the town, the ship describes an S in the channel. "We turn tighter to port because we have a right-hand screw," Washburn says. "From one ship to the next, you never know. I guess that's why they call them her and she, because they go any which way."

The berth we are headed for comes into view. It is the middle one of three beside a long wharf, and in the two other berths ships are tied up. The bow of the one and the stern of the other are separated by seven hundred feet. Stella will need ninety-five per cent of that space. A thirty-five-foot margin divides Washburn from a ding. The pilot's nonchalance is in inverse proportion to his experience. Reflected in the pilot's eyes Washburn can see a courtroom full of lawyers. Tugboats churn around the ship. They lack experience, too. Until recently, tugs were not included in the services of this port.

As Stella inches forward, the captain watches over the pilot as he might over one of his great-grandchildren attempting to ride a bicycle for the first time. And he says to the rest of us, "This ship probably handled better before it was stretched than it does now. They made it a hundred and fifteen feet longer, and they added greatly to the gross tonnage. So you're pushing a lot more ship and a lot more weight through the water. On top of that, you have the same propeller, engine, and rudder characteristics that she had when she was a smaller ship—not only smaller but with a different hull configuration, which means different power curves. With more ship and the same rudder, she probably does not answer the helm as quickly as she did when she was smaller. She still answers the helm well at high rates of speed. At low rates of speed—when you're maneuvering, dead slow, and slow, and when the ship is dead in the water, to pick it up—that's where she is sluggish, and that's where you'd like a higher degree of maneuverability. But you don't have it, so that is something that you take in mind when you are handling this particular ship. Also, she does not back down strong immediately. If you're approaching a situation and you're coming in too fast, you cannot count on your engines going astern to pull you out of it. You have to allow a little extra time. She backs down strong once she grabs, once she gets ahold of it. You have to take that into consideration when you're maneuvering or coming up to a dock. You cannot count on the engines to pull you out of it if you're coming in at too high a rate of speed."

"How long does it take her to grab?" I ask him.

"A minute or two. But a minute or two is a lifetime in this business. You're down to seconds sometimes. A minute can be an eternity. But when she does grab she will back down strong, and she will pull the ship astern. The thing to do is not to be going too fast in the first place, yet you have to keep a certain amount of way on her to have rudder control and maneuverability, because if you go too slow she doesn't answer the helm. There isn't a bow thruster on her, as there is on most modern ships. They didn't put one on when they stretched her."

When Washburn was skipper of the Sue Lykes, he found an overturned ship in Indonesian waters with her captain and four remaining crewmen standing on the hull, where they had been for eighty-four hours. Numerous ships had reached the scene, but the weather was so wild that no one could achieve a rescue. Washburn maneuvered for an hour, and docked his ship beside the upturned hull. For this feat he was later summoned by the United Seamen's Service to the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, where he was elevated to the honorary rank of Admiral of the Ocean Seas. Now, in Buenaventura, the admiral decides to dock the ship himself, to ignore the hurt feelings of the pilot, to keep at a safe distance the incompetent tugs and reduce their crews to spectators, to rely on his own eye and his commands through the engine-order telegraph to solve this problem in very tight large-scale parallel parking. As an automobile driver, he may not know where he is. To watch him as a golfer, though, is to notice that the closer he gets to the pin the abler and more precise he becomes. Which of these characteristics will predominate here remains to be seen. His commands fall like rain, and in the same steady rhythm, with no revisions. With a few adjusting motions fore and aft, he goes into his berth as if he were closing a drawer. Leaning over the bridge wing, he looks down at the dockside and sees fifteen inches of water. He straightens up. "Nice job," he says. "I couldn't have done it better myself."

WE brought very little cargo to Buenaventura, but we did bring the crew. We had eighteen thousand pounds of powdered graphite, twenty tons of used auto parts, ninety-one tons of polypropylene for making plastic furniture, ten tons of tiremaking-

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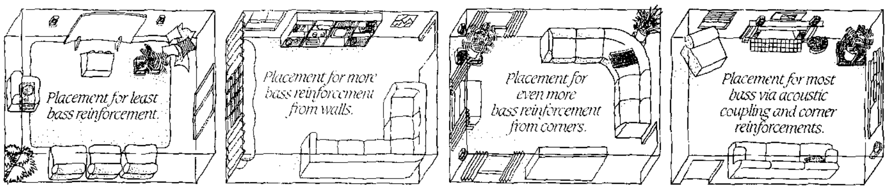
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machinery parts, and two Ford trucks, but scarcely was the first of it in the air and dangling from cables over the dock when the gangway rattled with springy feet and the streets were full of sailors and mates. Everyone was looking his best—clean clothes, scrubbed bodies, hair in place for the school prom. Buenaventura calls itself the Pearl of the Pacific. The crew were in a nacreous mood. An A.B. waved a happy hand. In it was a fistful of condoms.

Through the narrow streets, past tables of fruit, they homed in quickly on the Bamboo Bar, where the drinks were on them, the noise hung heavy, and attractive strangers took them away. Some came back to the ship with names and addresses. From North America they would send presents. Some came back with a passionate desire to learn Spanish. In New York they would buy Berlitz cassettes.

While the ship was berthed in Buenaventura, a woman appeared in the thwartships passage with glancing dark eyes that would melt wax. She was a slender mestiza in a green jumpsuit. She was so disconcerting that Andy later described her as tall and the captain called her "petite." The captain also remarked in praise of her, "Her jumpsuit wasn't sprayed on." Aided by the cargo boss, a port official, she had walked up the gangway past the deck watch and past Colombian guards. The smile she threw at Andy left his shadow on the deck. She had on her mind something like Eurodollars. She spoke through an interpreter (the cargo boss), and the cargo boss said to the captain, "I am here to service your every need."

The captain said, "I guess you've never seen it all."

The cargo boss said, "I am offering my services for the duration of your stay."

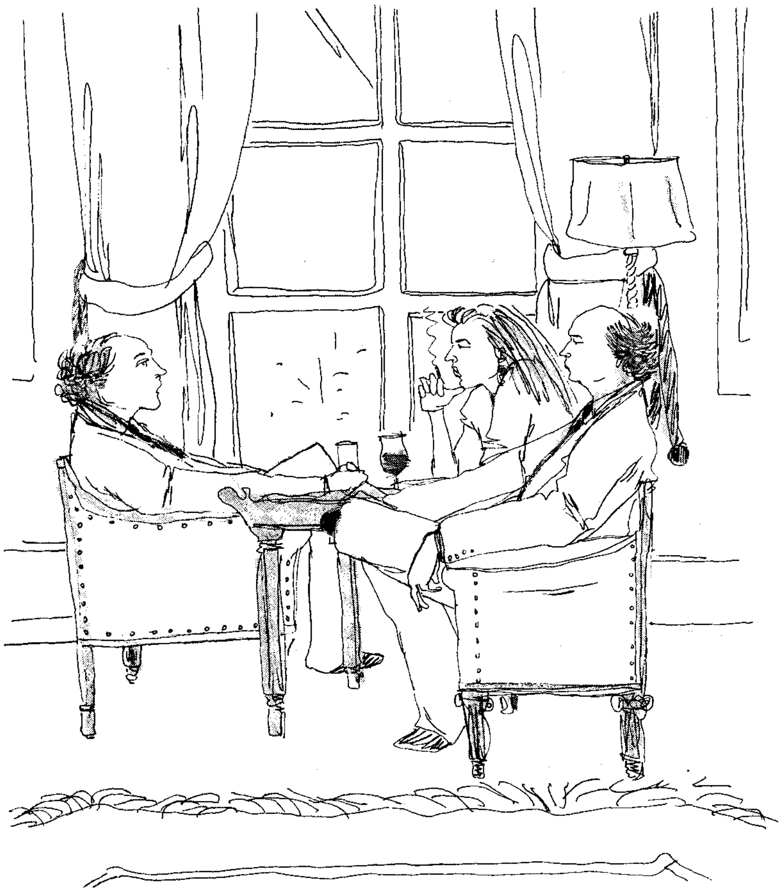
The captain threw her off the ship.

The log shows that one of the sailors returned to the ship in Buenaventura "in a state of utter intoxication, unable to walk or stand." The captain threw him off the ship, too. Second offense. Sent him home by air. "Give anyone a break once," said the chief mate. "After that, he's going to get what he's got coming to him."

When the sailor had returned to the ship, he sat on a chair near the top of the gangway and would not budge. Covered, as he was, with tattoos, he looked like a melting stained-glass window. The mate asked him what his trouble was, and he said, "My toe."

The mate said, "Let's go below and have a look at it."

The sailor refused, and kept on refusing until the mate gave him the choice of seeing a doctor or going to his cabin. The sailor chose the doctor but refused to move. He was carried down the gangway in a Stokes litter. An ambulance took him to a hospital, where he tried unsuccessfully to bribe a doctor to say that he wasn't drunk and to recommend that he not work for two days. Discharging himself from the hospital, the sailor walked the streets barefoot and shirtless, and eventually found the ship. He was "repatriated medically" by the captain, who thereby gave him a second break. People ashore seem to fall into two principal categories with respect to their awareness of the United States Merchant Marine: those who have no idea what it is, and those who look upon it as the main chapter of alcoholics anadromous. On the Stella Lykes, in the many weeks of the voyage, the story of the sailor in the Stokes litter was the only story of its kind. By Coast Guard rules, alcoholic drinks are "strictly forbidden on any ship of the U.S. Merchant Marine." It is probable that beer and booze are on every ship of the Merchant Marine, as the world would infer in months to follow after the ship of a drinking skipper was wrecked in Alaska. Who is drinking and when are separate and significant questions. On the bridge of the Stella Lykes nothing ever suggested that anyone there had been drinking, with a single exception: after a night's sleep after Lima, one of the eight-to-twelve helmsmen remarked that he had "the big head." Captain Washburn drinks fruit juice. He swills black coffee and is totally abstinent, afloat and ashore. When he loses his sense of direction in his own driveway, he is, among other things, sober.



"Sometimes I can't help wondering how Hilda and I will get on in a soft market."

David Carter and I hailed a taxi in downtown Buenaventura and took a four-hour ride into the mountains, where we were stopped at gunpoint, told to lean—palms flat—against the taxi, and frisked from ankles to armpits with no politesse at the crotch. Between Buenaventura and the high country, there are two roads, and one is an unpaved single track. We wanted to see the jungle rising to the Cordillera Occidental, and we chose the single track. It went up the Valley of the Anchicayá, crossing and recrossing the stream until the gorge walls became so high that we followed an edge of the canyon rim. We passed isolated houses surrounded with bananas. We passed a half-built dugout canoe. We did not see another car for an hour at a time. David said that we were riding in a Japanese vehicle made in Colombia and called a Chevrolet. Whatever it was, it did not have a lot of clearance. It kept pounding on rock in the middle of the road. David might have preferred his bicycle, which accompanies him on ships wherever he goes. He keeps it in the shelter deck and carries it down the gangway into seaports, where it masks his identity and creates a protective effect: "Any person on a bicycle is automatically a native." In Guayaquil, he bought brake pads and a Chinese bell.

With altitude, the country opened out into long Andean vistas, across the deeply dissected vegetal terrain. We went around promontories and into reëntrants, around more promontories, more reëntrants, and suddenly came to three soldiers—or men who were dressed as soldiers—waving us to a stop with Israeli-made automatic weapons. David recognized the guns as Galils. He recognized them from an eight-hundred-page catalogue he had picked up at Uncle Sal's gun shop in Miami and carries with him on the ship. When David was a student at Tulane University, in New Orleans, he drove to Auburn, Alabama, to see his girlfriend Betty There. (In New Orleans he had a girlfriend, of the same name, whom he called Betty Here.) On the way to Auburn, he experienced trouble with his car and stopped to correct it. A car drew up. Four men got out. David thought, This is nice of them to stop and help me. They were carrying tire irons, however, and they demanded his money. Obligingly, he pulled out from under his shirt a Colt .41 revolver, which his father—an electrical contractor with fifteen trucks—had given him with just such an emergency in mind. He pointed the Colt between the eyes of the man closest to him and said, "I'll give you ten seconds to get out of here before I start shooting. One . . . two . . . three . . ." As he counted, the robbers got into their car. When he reached ten, however, the car had not moved. As a way of starting it up, he shot out the rear window. The wheels screeched, leaving rubber on the road. David emptied the revolver.

"By now they were all on the floor," he said, telling the story. "I think they got the message."

Fortunately, the soldiers in the mountains were real. They were guarding a hydroelectric station that was out of sight below us. The mountains were full of guerrillas, attacking somewhere every day. Just as the guerrillas (or, for that matter, common bandits) could dress as soldiers, they could also travel as tourists in a Japanese Chevrolet.

After the incident, when I expressed annoyance at having been frisked by armed soldiers, David said quickly, "It's no different in Florida. If the police see a Mercedes or BMW moving under the speed limit with a black or Hispanic face in it, they call that a 'profile' and they pull it over."

The young Buenaventuran who was driving us was unfamiliar with the mountain valleys, and as more dirt roads began to converge in tracts of chocolate and coffee he became essentially lost. At that moment, the top of the gangway on the Stella Lykes—where the sailing board gave notice of an evening departure—seemed a thousand miles away, while in fact it was less than a hundred. We drove almost aimlessly for thirty minutes more and finally came to a sign:

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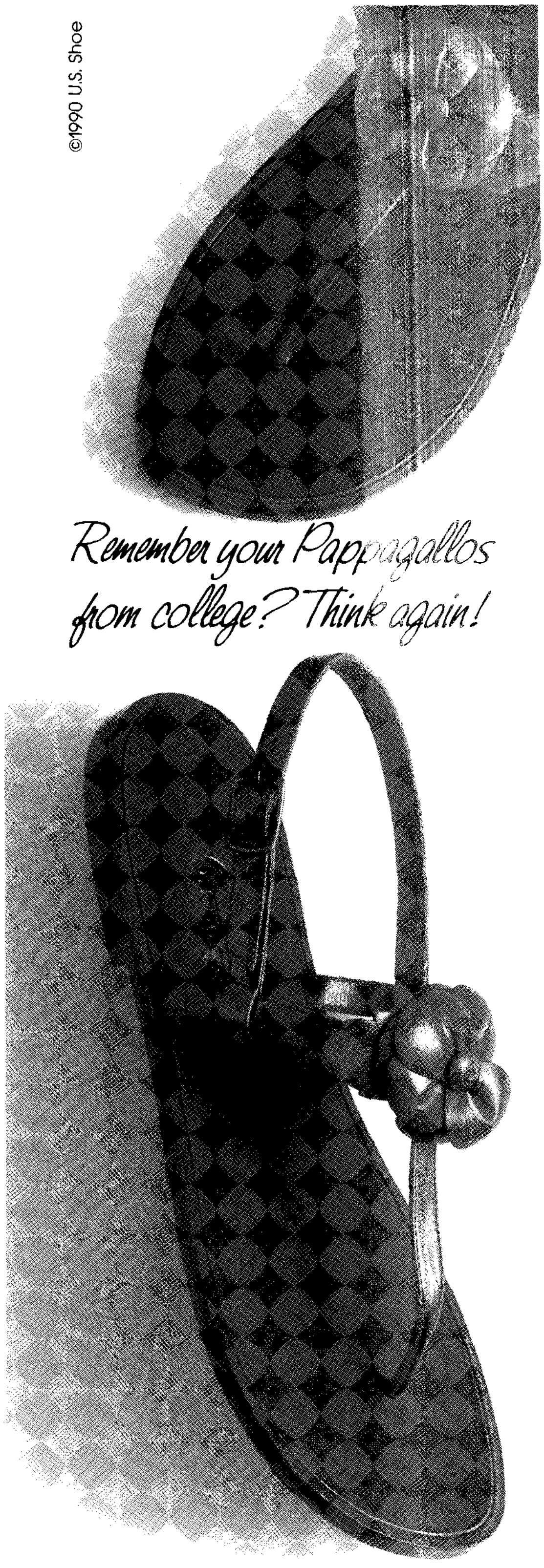
We had found civilization.

At a newsstand in Buenaventura, on our way back to the ship, we bought a copy of the Cali *El País*. The headline of the lead story said "GUERRILLA ASALTÓ 89 VEHÍCULOS." Guerrillas dressed as soldiers had attacked and robbed eighty-nine cars and buses in the mountains. But that was the day before.

In Buenaventura, we picked up one million one hundred thousand pounds of coffee, fifteen hundred cartons of lollipops, twenty tons of edible gelatine, and Andy's father, Epes (Dick) Chase, who had never gone through the Panama Canal and joined the ship to do so. We picked up four thousand cartons of Quaker Oats, four hundred and thirty-six cartons of glass Nativity scenes, eleven hundred and ninety-six bookcases for "tridimensional books," and a twenty-foot container "said to contain 13,770 pounds (net) of carded cotton yarn put up on cones knitting twist waxed with transfer tails." While all this was being loaded and stowed, a tall thin man in gray flannel slacks moved authoritatively among



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the longshoremen. He would be remembered as the man with the red plastic jug. No one in the crew quite knew who he was, but no one is tracking names or numbers when the ship is aswarm with longshoremen. No one saw the man with the red plastic jug lead three young men up the gangway and under the containers swinging high from cranes. It was just assumed, retrospectively, that that's what he did. The three young men went into an open hatch, and slid into spaces about a foot high on top of the flume tanks (where water is transferred back and forth as an anti-rolling device). When the last of the lollipops had been stowed and lashed, the hatch cover—a huge rectangular steel lid—was secured and the ship was searched, as it always is, for contraband and stowaways. Hatch by hatch, Andy and the chief mate spent thirty minutes searching the hold. Then eight Colombian police-academy cadets, each with a flashlight, went over the same space, searching the ship from bow to stern. Every searcher went past the flume tanks. The police cadets left the ship. The booby hatches (something like manhole covers, and meant for human access to the hold) were dogged and padlocked. The mate wrote in the log: "2200: search conducted in all holds, compartments, lockers, living areas and about the decks for: stowaways, contraband and narcotics; none found." Stella sailed to Panama.

At the dock in Balboa, Peewee and Jerome Pope and Victor Belmosa walked up the deck to run a cable to the jumbo crane. They thought they heard a noise of pounding, thumping, somewhere in Port Hatch No. 4. "What's that?" Belmosa said.

Pope said, "The second mate."

Andy was nearby, checking lashings. Belmosa asked him if he had done anything that would cause such a noise.

Andy said he had.

The sailors were about to continue with the cable when the sound came again. Belmosa said, "Did you hear that?"

Andy said he had heard not only a banging sound but also a yell. Andy opened the booby hatch. The three Colombians were just inside it, at the top of a ladder. The temperature in Balboa was not exceptional. It was eighty-seven degrees at the time. The relative humidity was only sixty-four per cent. But the air that came out of the booby hatch could have been rising from a geothermal spring. As the stowaways came out, one of them doubled over with cramps and fell to the deck.

On a transceiver the chief mate called the captain and reported the discovery.

The captain said, "Where are they now, and where were they?"

"They *were* in No. 4."

"Where are they now?"

"They're standing out on deck."

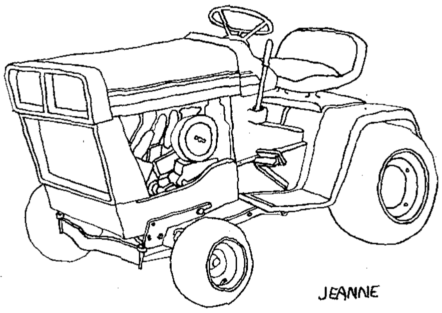
That disquieted the captain. He would have left them in the hatch. From the deck they could jump overboard and swim. He said, "Make sure that they do not get away."

The mate said, "Look, they're dehydrated. They can hardly walk."

The captain said, "That don't make any difference. You put them where they can't get away. If they look like they want to run, I'll be down there with the handcuffs and the gun. They aren't going anywhere."

The stowaways were put in the checker's room, a small space near the top of the gangway where stevedores administer the work of longshoremen. The door, left open a crack, was chained and padlocked. (When the ship is in Port Newark, the checker's room is often filled with longshoremen chattering in Spanish.)

Barring escapes and other complications, the repatriation of the three stowaways would cost Lykes Brothers as much as a hundred thousand dollars. This fact further desensitized whatever tenderness the captain might have felt toward them in memory of his vagabond youth. "They are criminals and I'm the victim," he said. "They have come into our house and caused all kinds of legal problems just like they came in here and stole something. They have illegally entered here, they have trespassed. They may be dehydrated and thirsty and hungry, but when a guy breaks into your house you don't sit him down and treat him with courtesy until the police get there—feed him and water him and tell him that he did good, that you understand that life is tough and he has a perfect right to do this to you. I understand the system from which they flee, but they're criminals and I'm the victim. They've broken a multitude of laws. Ships have been stuck with stowaways for years. You have to be able to identify them. If you don't know where they come from, how are you going to repatriate them? I have to make sure that they don't escape. If they escape into Panama, the thing multiplies. It's our responsibility anyway. It's double our responsibility if they escape."



The three men in the checker's room were still carrying their Colombian citizenship cards, identifying them as Pedro Antonio Moreno Hurtado, Luis Eduardo Mosquera Yepe, and Miguel Enrique Bonilla Sinisterra. They were twenty-seven, twenty-four, and twenty-two years old. The mate went into the No. 4 hold, found the red plastic water jug, and remembered the man in the gray flannel slacks. He had probably sold his services. He was probably a travel agent for stowaways. The mate said regretfully, "I would have bet my home that no one was down there."

Past the chain and padlock, through the slightly open door, people on the deck could observe the prisoners. One was short and chubby. The others were slim and hawklike. As I peered in, one of them came near and pointed with anguish at his stomach. I asked him if he was sick or just hungry. He said he was hungry and no longer sick.

Scarcely had I turned to ask Andy what might be done about the stowaways' hunger when Victor Belmosa appeared on deck with rolls and bread. In large gulps, the three ate the rolls and the bread. Andy went down to the galley for more bread and a jar of jelly. The port police arrived, with a slogan on their car that said "1995—NOT A STEP BACKWARD." Handcuffed together, the stowaways were taken down the gangway carrying a bag of bread.

Duke Labaczewski said, "My grandfather on my mother's side and my grandfather on my father's side—that's how they came to the United States."

Victor Belmosa looked gently at Duke. Victor had also entered the

United States as a nautical stowaway. At the age of seventeen, he had left Trinidad hidden in a Moore-McCormack ship bound for Alabama, he said. Mormac caught him. "A Mormac man in Mobile chewed me out. Then he helped me get a job. That's how I got here."

IT could be said of our poor stowaways that they picked the wrong Merchant Marine, for in a sense their presence was betrayed more by the age of the ship than by any other factor. It is less than a day's voyage from Buenaventura to Balboa. I imagine them relatively cool and confident at 4 A.M. that morning, successfully stowed away, feeling the ship's great momentum as a venturous rush, up the dark Pacific. Not far away, in the engine room, David Carter has been checking the pumps, the generators, the air-conditioning. With Karl Knudsen, he has started to transfer fuel oil. He checks the pressures of the gland steam, of the high-pressure steam chest, of the high- and low-pressure bleeds. He checks the temperatures of the bearings (around a hundred and forty-five degrees), the temperature of the desuperheater outlet (five hundred and ninety-five degrees), the temperature of the main steam at the throttle (eight hundred and forty). He and Knudsen change a couple of burners, noticing certain inconsistencies in the fuel-flow apertures, which make no sense to them, so they study the boiler manual. They read it standing together, as if they were sharing a hymnal.

They blow tubes, getting rid of carbon. Blowing tubes is chimney sweeping on a violent scale. Red lights blink on the flame scanners, yellow lights over the burners. Knudsen puts the burners in manual override, so they won't trip out. Otherwise steam could extinguish the flames. If the flames go out, the engine stops. You have lost the plant.

Over the bridge, a cloud of cinders leaves the stack, smudging, for the moment, the diamond colors of Sirius, the bright light of a full Venus. The air clears. The sword of Orion is studded with nebulas. The Pleiades hang like grapes. We have a big papaya on the bridge, and wedges of fresh lemon. This does not tempt Calvin. As an eater, he does not soar above all prejudices. Calvin, at the wheel, looks boneless and destroyed. He is again rest-broken, after another arduous day. Dawn arrives, and Mac, relieving Calvin, comes on angry. While still on the port watches that were set in Buenaventura, the ship sailed in late evening, and sea watches were not restored until midnight. This was a violation of a long nautical tradition: sea watches are set in the first minute of a day of departure, not the last. The core of Mac's complaint is not that he worked eighteen hours and then went on lookout after three hours' sleep. He is used to that. The core of his complaint is that no part of the effort was voluntary. "Your privilege has been taken away," he explains, in a voice loud enough to go through the steel deck. "Setting sea watches *after* you sail. Lord Nelson would roll over in his grave." A slice of papaya helps Mac to calm down. Papaya is alkaline and very soothing. Papaya will pacify an incandescent stomach.

After breakfast, Phillip Begin, the chief engineer, stops by the captain's cabin. He is thinking of drawing fuel from the No. 1 After Deep Tank, which has not been used in some time. In Buenaventura, as containers went on and off, there was a net loss of weight in the stern. In one port the bow comes up, in another the stern comes up—a ballasting problem that in part can be corrected by the use of fuel. Because a sloshing tank can be dangerous to a ship, you must generally take all or nothing, and that complicates planning. The capacity of the No. 1 After Deep Tank is thirty-five hundred barrels, or six hundred tons, of fuel. The tank is below the No. 1 hold, at the forward end of the ship. The captain, agreeing, says to Phil Begin, "Thirty-five hundred barrels burned up front will lift the bow eighteen inches and put the stern down six inches."

Within two hours, alarms and sirens are resounding all over the ship. The scent of bunker fuel rises through the house. The lights go out. The stairwells are dark. The rest of the house is in twilight. With a devastating surge, the emergency generator cuts in. It dies. It starts again. Cool, conditioned air rapidly warms. The three-centimetre radar is down, the gyro is nonfunctional, the SatNav is inventing bizarre facts. The steering system is out of control, the rudder irretrievably at hard left. The ship makes an arc in the

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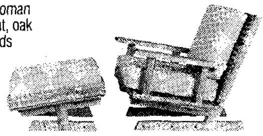

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water as she loses her momentum. The alarms are strident, and they do not stop. What must the stowaways be thinking?

The engineers of the idle watches get out of their bunks and go below. Between the fireroom and the control platform, they crowd the engineers' flat. Engineers famous for doing nothing stand to the side doing nothing. The rest are participants in an orchestrated frenzy, following the orders of the chief. As one and another break from the huddle, they go off running. Begin stays by the throttles. He dispatches his engineers to open valves, close valves, start pumps, stop pumps. They splash through water, ankle deep, that has spilled out of the evaporator. The temperature of the engine room steadily rises, in the absolute humidity of escaping steam.

Very evidently, the burners have gone out because water is in the fuel oil. It is Begin's surmise that a heating coil has sprung a leak. Bunker fuel is somewhat gelatinous and has to be heated to help it move. In various places, it is heated by steam in coils—first in the original tank and then in settling tanks, which in this vessel are near the stern. From the No. 1 After Deep Tank the fuel has travelled five hundred feet to the settling tanks, then two hundred feet back to the burners. The water may be in it anywhere or everywhere. "You don't know you have water in fuel oil until it hits the boiler," Begin says. So the length of his dilemma is seven hundred feet.

The fuel-oil pressure drops to nothing. The fires are out. The emergency diesel generator can supply only a low percentage of the ship's routine electrical demands, and of the blowers that bring fresh air to the engine room only one is working. Every engineer is wetter and hotter than he would be under a shower. As the engineers move, they sway a little. They wonder if they are suffering heatstroke. In David Carter's words, "We are not exactly tense, we just don't want it to get worse. Our adrenaline is up, but Begin knows what he is doing." The coolest places in the engine room now exceed a hundred and fifty degrees. What none of us know is that the rising heat in the No. 4 hold is cooking three stowaways and closing their adventure.

On the bridge deck, in the all but unstirring tropical air, Bill Beach says of the engineers, "This is when they earn their money." He tells of a Dutch ship some hundreds of miles off California at the end of December with no power. Her engine room was flooded. The ship that Beach was on circled the Dutch ship while she waited for an oceangoing tug. For forty-eight consecutive hours, Beach had no sleep as he kept messages passing between the two ships. Finally, he went to bed. While he slept, a message came from the Dutch. Beach was awakened to decipher it. They were saying "Happy New Year."

In the wheelhouse, sitting in his swivel chair and staring forward into a stack of containers, Captain Washburn is talking to himself. "The problem is water," he says. "It doesn't burn well."

As he muses on, his preference for steamships (over the more recent generation of diesels) is not eroding. When a steamship is sinking, the last thing that happens is that seawater going down the stack explodes the boilers, he says. Otherwise, safety devices are adequate, and boilers don't blow up. Yes, in the Red Sea in 1977 the main crossover from the high-level to the low-pressure turbine on the Waterman ship Robert E. Lee blew itself to pieces, severing lines and pipes and sending shrapnel all over the engine room. The ship had to be towed back to the United States. But, hey, while Washburn was the skipper of the diesel Cygnus the ship lost the plant nineteen times.

What everyone seems to sense but no one specifically knows is that the predicament of the Stella Lykes is far more fundamental than a ruptured coil in a fuel line. As things will turn out, that is not where the water has come from. In Port Newark, an iridescent film afloat beside the ship will lead to an inspection that finds a break in the hull. Our trouble is not as trivial as leaking internal steam. The ship has cracked. And the No. 1 After Deep Tank has cracked with it—admitting from the outside a steady flow of green sea. The captain has been running this old ship slowly—not exceeding eighteen knots—to keep her alive, to keep her active, to save her from the breakers, to avoid straining the plant. In the aging atrophy of the Merchant Marine, there is nothing to replace her.

The metal railings on the stairway leading down into the engine room are now much too hot to grip. Gradually, Begin and the others clear the seven hundred feet of pipe. Then, after igniting one burner, they bring one boiler to pressure range. Then they start one turbine, and, in turn, one generator, to send electricity to the main switchboard. Begin describes this as a balancing act. Twice, he loses the balance and has to start again. Hour after hour in the volcanic heat, the work continues.

Meanwhile, from the halyards of the uppermost mast two black balls are flying. Andy calls them "Panamanian running lights." They are six feet apart, and each is not less than two feet in diameter. From two miles away, they are meant to stand out. They look like death lanterns. They punctuate a message. To the ships of the world—Liberian, Haitian, Russian, or Greek—they say "Not Under Command."

An impatient albatross circles the bow. Sirens and alarms continue. From under the stern comes an occasional thump, presumably from the rudder. Maybe it's a fish. Duke the bosun has tied a white rag to a 5/0 fishhook and put it over the stern on an orange nylon line of quarter-ton test, hoping for a giant fish. The clouds are very dark off the starboard quarter. With our lemons and lollipops and terry-cloth towels, our three thousand cases of wine, with our ninety drums of passion-fruit juice, our onions, umbrellas, bone glue, and balsa wood, our kiln-dried radiata pine, with our glass Nativity scenes and our peach chips, we are dead in the water. —JOHN MCPHEE

*(This is the third part of a three-part article.)*

•

## RAIN TRAVEL

I wake in the dark and remember
it is the morning when I must start
by myself on the journey
I lie listening to the black hour
before dawn and you are
still asleep beside me while
around us the trees full of night lean
hushed in their dream that bears
us up asleep and awake then I hear
drops falling one by one into
the sightless leaves and I
do not know when they began but
all at once there is no sound but rain
and the stream below us roaring
away into the rushing darkness

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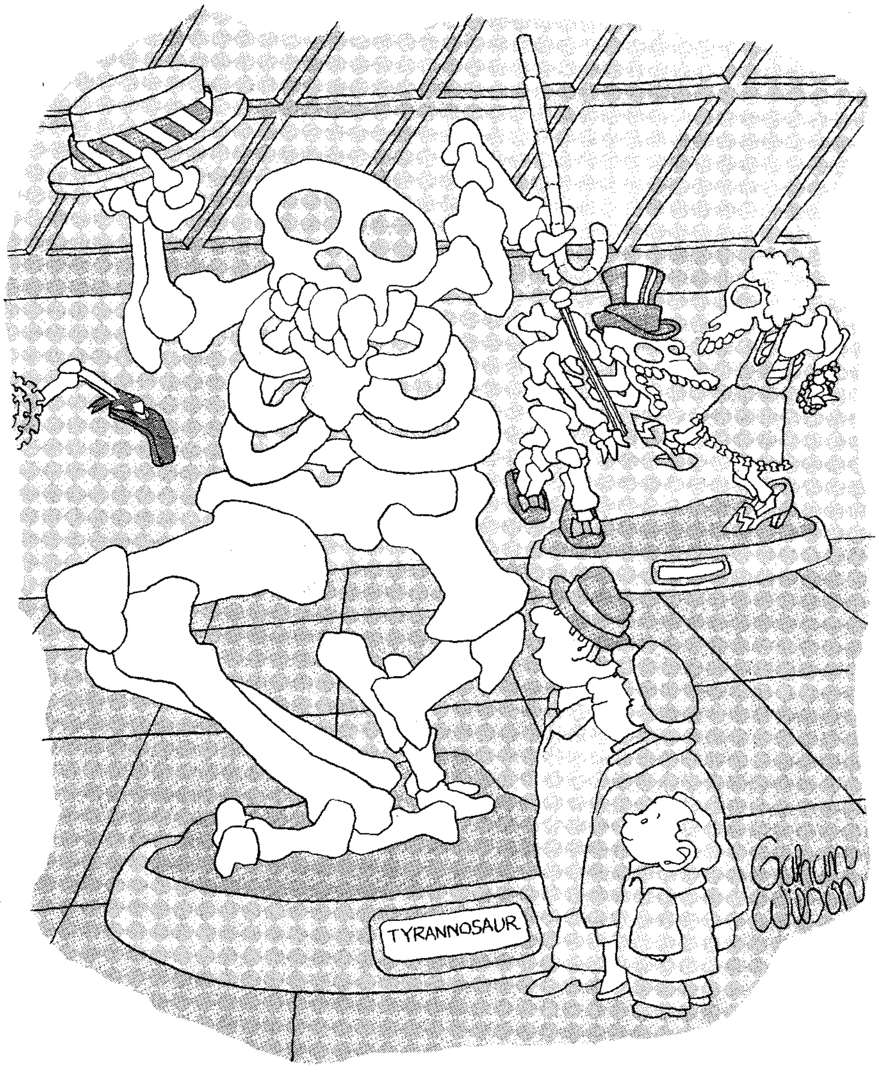
# THE THEATRE

## *To the Ladies*

"LETTICE & LOVAGE," a comedy that Peter Shaffer wrote for Maggie Smith, is now at the Barrymore, and is a source of continuous delight, which makes criticism appear either irrelevant or churlish. If I never stopped laughing, how can I say, for example, that the third act slides into a foolishness that strains even my own loose suspension of disbelief? Miss Smith (now Dame Maggie) plays Lettice Douffet, a professional guide to stately homes, and at the opening we see her on the grand staircase of one of them, a gloomy pile called Fustian House, reciting a description of its architectural contents to a group of tourists who are restless or listless with boredom. The lights dim for a moment and then go up on a new group (same actors, of course, with slight changes in costumes or accessories), but Lettice's patter has changed: it has become more romantic and dramatic and dishonest. This happens several times, with increasing outrageousness, until a modest figure of a woman makes herself known, *bristling with indignation.* She is Miss Schoen (in the person of Margaret Tyzack), representing Lettice's employers, Preservation Trust. Lettice is fired. After a few months, Miss Schoen comes to check up on her at her flat, in Earls Court, and there, as the ladies disclose themselves, a friendship begins and ripens.

Lettice, dedicated to the theatrical, is the daughter of an English actress who performed Shakespeare in French translation, non-stop, through the Dordogne, with her daughter by her side. "Enlarge, enliven, enlighten!" Lettice shouts—every inch, one assumes, her mother's girl. Miss Schoen, once an architectural student, is dedicated to the truthful and the factual. Lettice deplores the dwindling of England's glory to the "mere"; Miss Schoen detests the hideous modern architecture that is replacing England's beautiful old buildings. It is their common hatred of the dull and the shoddy that ignites them, and leads to Lettice's suggestion that they drink a toast of a traditional brew of hers, which she calls a quaff—part mead, part lovage, and a very generous part called vodka. The toast leads to an unbroken game of historical charades, and that leads—well, that leads to the rickety third act. It occurred to me that the play is as much a celebration of the eccentricities of English spinsters—always a safe subject—as it is of the quicksilver Maggie Smith.

Don't let this prosy synopsis fool you. I guard Mr. Shaffer's funny secrets, and also the secrets of Michael Blakemore's brisk direction, which enhances every movement and joke. The architectural protest is no joke, by the way; Mr. Shaffer means every word of it. But then one would hardly expect the author of "Equus" and "Amadeus" to be entirely frivolous. As for the acting, Miss Smith's style in every word and gesture—plentiful gestures indeed—becomes indelible, and Miss Tyzack, with a depth and humor of her own, is a full partner, never a supporting player. By a marvellous feat of legerdemain, the second-act curtain is hers. The splendid Paxton Whitehead is a stuffy (and perplexed) lawyer, booked to defend Lettice (Act III); Bette Henritze is a fussed and fussy secretary. The fine settings were designed by Alan Tagg and lighted by Ken Billington.



*"Well, they certainly have brightened things up around here!"*

AARON SORKIN'S "Making Movies," at the Promenade, is more an assemblage of lines than a play. When it comes to plot, conflict, climax, and the other appurtenances of drama, it barely makes an actor's exercise. Conversation piece is more like it, set first in a movie studio and then on location. It must be said that a lot of the conversation, especially in the first act, is quite entertaining, much to the credit of the conversers—Michael Countryman (movie director), David Marshall Grant (scriptwriter), and Sharon Schlarth (producer)—and much to the credit of Don Scardino, the last-minute director.

—EDITH OLIVER

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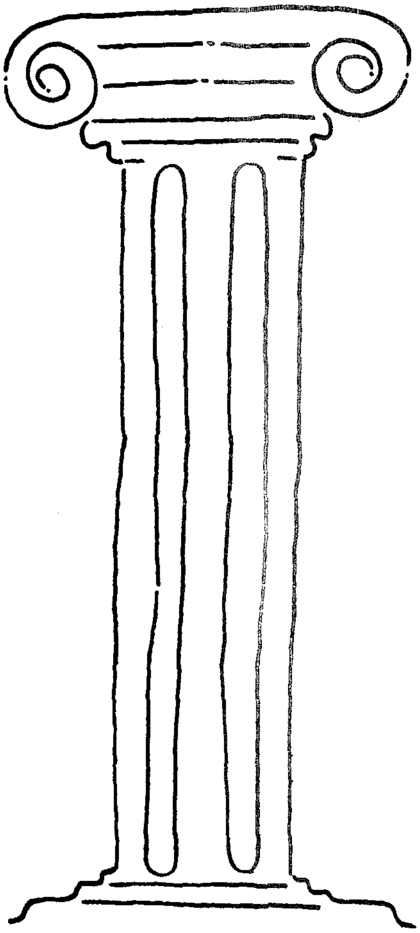

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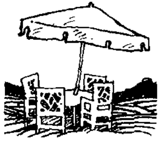

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *New Music*

ONE of the most ambitious programs of the season was that heard at a Group for Contemporary Music concert last week, presented by the Ethical Culture Chamber Ensemble and given in the hall of the Society for Ethical Culture. It consisted of four very demanding—and rewarding—string quartets: by Jonathan Harvey, Wayne Peterson, David Felder, and Stefan Wolpe. The players were Benjamin Hudson, Carol Zeavin, Maureen Gallagher, and Joshua Gordon. The first three are well known, and the young cellist, Mr. Gordon, is a find: a precise, poetic artist with excellent tone and lyrical utterance. The concert was thoroughly prepared and vividly played. The four works were very different one from another: in idiom, technically, emotionally, in musical purpose. But in common they demonstrated the continuing vitality of the medium to which for more than two centuries composers have entrusted some of their highest, strangest, noblest thoughts.

The Harvey quartet, which was introduced by the Arditti Quartet in 1979, was receiving its New York première (although an Arditti recording, on RCA, has been around for a while). It is a remarkable piece by a remarkable composer, now fifty. In brief—since I have written about Harvey fairly often, as "Bhakti," "Song Offerings," "Tendril," and other works turned up on New York programs—he is a composer at once passionate and prudent, a transcendentalist who has learned from Stockhausen, from Babbitt, from Boulez and IRCAM while quietly, steadily pursuing his personal musical visions. He has said, "Music must take you beyond an experience you recognize or are comfortable with. That's what's exciting about it. But if that's done by extending and building on what you know then it tends to take you with it." And, "Serialism and electronic music, with its ability to get into unknown sorts of sound, both suggest a new world which could be called spiritual. . . . Of course, there's no magic in making new sounds—anyone can do it with a toy synthesizer. The magic is in the composer inviting people to expand their individuality into a new region and thereby experience selflessness, egolessness, without losing the sense of a connection."

The String Quartet, a one-movement work lasting about twenty minutes, has been described as the "psychoanalysis" of a melody. It opens with a long "analysis" of the note D (on which the melody later begins) in its string manifestation: a glistering, whispering, mysterious web of harmonics spun from the fundamental. Many works have a sustained single-note start—the "Ring" grows from an E-flat, "Bhakti" from a G—but this preparation, subtly and exquisitely fashioned, is a strange new creation: the harmonics build the intricate sound world that is later explored. Other striking moments occur when four independent "mobiles," one for each instrument, gradually settle into synchronous motion; and when a sudden—and, in the context, unnerving—chord of A major points to a resolution that is still far off. Harvey has been a professional cellist, and his string writing presumes a mastery of modern virtuoso techniques. I thought the Group performance even more beautiful, more ethereal, than that of the Arditti. A study score is published by Faber.

Peterson (born in 1927) and Felder (born in 1953) are American composers unknown to American Grove but not to American audiences; and Felder and John Cage were the American composers honored at last year's Huddersfield Festival. The Peterson quartet was given its first performance, by the Columbia Quartet, at a Group concert seven years ago. Last week's revival was welcome,

"Let's face it—I'm a bit of a control freak."

for this is an energetic piece, rhythmically alert, arresting in its progress. Felder's quartet, entitled (without explanation) "Third Face," was given its first performance, by the Arditti, at the 1988 Buffalo new-music festival. I was struck by it then; after further hearings I admire it even more. It is lucid, but with a controlled wildness in its making. Written for virtuosi, it challenges them by presenting its fierce, fertile ideas with almost reckless rhythmic and dynamic exuberance. A facsimile score is available from Wesleyan. The Wolpe two-movement quartet, which was composed for the Juilliard Quartet, in 1969, and has been recorded by the Concord Quartet (on Vox), closed the program with what sounded almost like an American classic, at once logical and quirky, in Wolpe's Haydnish way. Less extravagant in its sonic demands than the three other quartets, it is exigent in its dialogues of statement and counterstatement. The performance was masterly, even if the work was a shade less sharply projected than the other quartets had been.

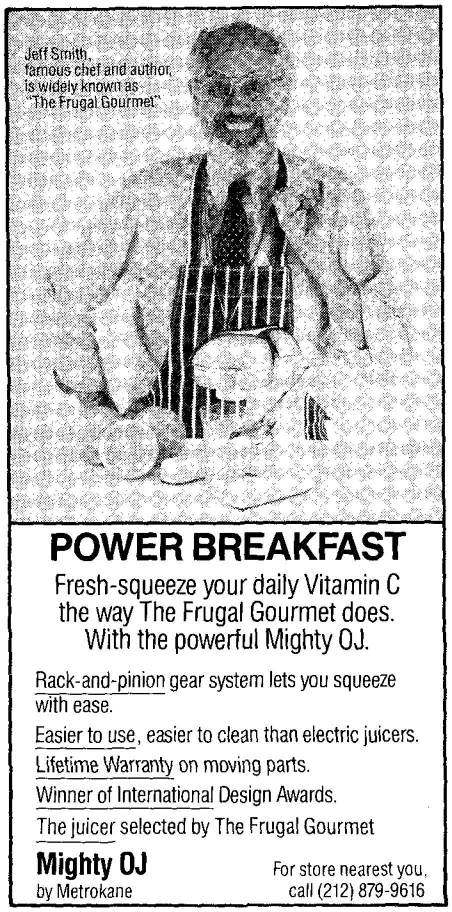
The Society for Ethical Culture hall, built in 1909, is on Central Park West at 64th Street, a step from Lincoln Center. A spacious chamber, it holds over eight hundred people in comfortable, padded pews, raked and angled to provide good sightlines and hearing lines. This was my first visit to the hall, and it seemed to me the best home for chamber music in the area, with warm, full, clear acoustics, less dry than Merkin's. It might also be an deal place for song recitals. Although n occasional noise broke in from the world outside—one pitched toot made rude comment on a fine-spun Harvey pisode—such passing distractions are ess pernicious than persistent interior oise: the whine of draft through oors which has spoiled recent Tully nd Merkin recitals, the mechanical um that accompanied "La Finta Giardiniera" in the Brooklyn Majes-ic. The sound may be different when he hall is full. Although admission to he Group concert was free, the audience was small.

THE Washington Square Contemporary Music Society has moved uptown from its titular haunt and drawn larger audiences. Its Weill Hall concert last month, with a program containing a première and four New York first performances, was well attended. The new work was a Sonata for Cello and Piano by Louis Karchin (born in 1951). It is a substantial (twenty-minute), three-movement addition to the repertory, with a kind of fearless eloquence in its gestures that promises well for the opera, "Romulus," on which Karchin is engaged. He is unafraid of clichés, such as diddledy-diddledy triplet ascents, when they can still serve a purpose, and his harmony moves powerfully. Fred Sherry, for whom the sonata was composed, and Alan Feinberg gave a cogent performance.

Two works were for soloist and tape. "Alborada," by David Olan (born in 1948), pitted an oboe—it was well played by Peggy Pearson—against ringing sounds suggestive of bowls or bells, and sustained a captivating dialogue for about seven and a half minutes. "Over the Edge," by Eric Chasalow (born in 1955), surrounded a flute with, in the main, flute-inspired tape sonorities that seemed sometimes to turn the instrument into an ensemble, until it became hard to tell which line sounded from Patricia Spencer—an inspired soloist, who had the music by heart—and which lines were electronic. At other times, the tape added wondrous resonances to the live instrument.

Peterson's "Labyrinth" (1987), a quartet for flute, clarinet, violin, and piano, is thirteen minutes of mercurial rhythmic interplay, an eventful journey along (in the words of the composer's note) "a road that contains many unexpected turns and sidestreets." Wuorinen's Horn Trio (1981), followed by the New York première of his "Horn Trio Continued" (1985), should have crowned all: the Trio, as I wrote after its first performance, is a work of exceptional dexterity and felicity; and the sequel, which takes up some of its ideas to make new play with them, is a worthy successor. The performance was proficient but more strenuous than charming: Mr. Feinberg hit the Steinway very hard, Mr. Hudson played his assertive *tricolore* violin, and William Purvis's horn sometimes brayed.

WASHINGTON SQUARE'S previous concert was a piano recital in Merkin Hall, given by Robert Taub, that most poetic of contemporary virtuosi. It included the American première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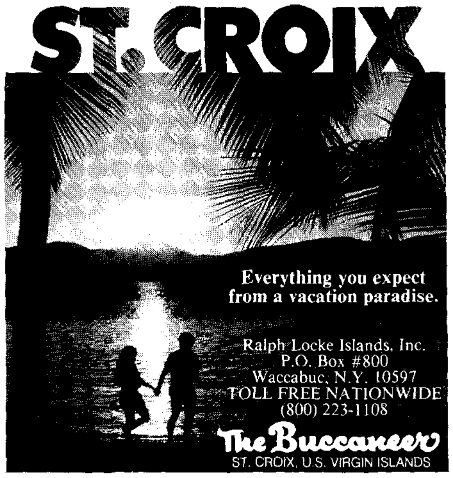
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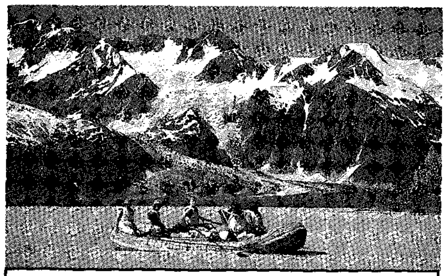

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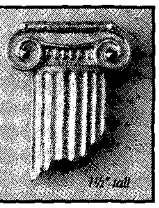

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of Babbitt's "Emblems," which Mr. Taub (for whom it was written) had already played in London. The subtitle is "Ars Emblematica," and a program note referred to the "device . . . used by Spenser, Donne, Shakespeare and others in which a *motto* (a word) is presented, followed by an *explicatio* (an image or series of images or connotations suggested by the word)." "Emblems," a ten-minute, one-movement piece, has six sections, and each of them does begin with a *motto*—a musical gesture of sharp-cut outline—apparently followed by its *explicatio*. But the structure is not as simple as that: for one thing, imagery jumps from section to section, like words in Roget that pop up under various rubrics, and the whole piece becomes one enchanted dance of lively ideas. Analytical accounts of music, however detailed and perceptive, seldom amount to more than process reports. In a new book about Brahms, Ivor Keys accurately relates what happens in a passage of the G-major Sextet, and adds, "One describes a piece of sheer poetry, and it sounds like a knitting pattern!" (Yet analyses do have practical uses: in a crowded subway car last week, my companion admired a fellow-passenger's elaborately cabled and columned yellow sweater and "analyzed" its facture so that she could re-create it—with modifications matched to her own ideas—under her own knitting needles. Composers, I imagine, do much the same.) Most—not all—of the technical writing about Babbitt's music is rebarbative, but the music itself, when it is played with joy, enthusiasm, and technical mastery, leaps to excite and delight a listener's ears, as "Emblems" did in Mr. Taub's performance.

Before it he played Seymour Shifrin's enigmatic but elegant "Responses" (1973), which he has recorded on CRI. And before that he played a Scriabin group: the Five Preludes, Opus 74, Scriabin's last compositions, and the "Black Mass" Sonata, No. 9, all of which he has recorded on Harmonia Mundi. I have long resisted Scriabin, emotionally and intellectually, but Mr. Taub induced me, as even Horowitz could not, to put self aside and enter, if only for a while—and feeling afterward in need of a good Handelian bath and scrub—into Scriabin's eccentric, egocentric, perfumed world. He did so through beauty of sound. He is a pianist with an exceptional ear, who can transform shifting chords into a play of colors. He played not Merkin's regular instrument but a different Hamburg Steinway (No. 126), responsive and seductive, and had mastered its registers with the sort of skill that great singers bring to expressive mastery of their vocal registers.

The command of register, which is important in Babbitt, helped to make "Emblems" memorable. The second half of the concert was a performance of Beethoven's last piano sonata, and here all Mr. Taub's merits were brought into play: that command of extreme registers; insight into the potency of gentle trills; intellectual and digital vigor combined with grace; and, beyond that, qualities of imagination and understanding easier to commend than to describe. Mr. Taub has recorded Opus 111, for Harmonia Mundi, and it is a stirring performance; this Merkin performance was even more stirring.

I CAN hardly be alone in having observed David Del Tredici's development—from lyrical adventurer to popular entertainer and gifted pander to symphony audiences' lower tastes—with dismay. Strong words? The dismay prompts them: dismay that s gifted, so generous, and in many way so likable a composer—and now a important, inspiring teacher—shoul have renounced serious endeavor should wallow gleefully, exultantly, i the sort of music he has lately bee writing. A pamphlet about the com poser from his publishers, Boosey & Hawkes, cites a declaration by Aaro Copland:

> Del Tredici is that rare find among composers—a creator with a truly origina gift. I venture to say that his music i certain to make a lasting impression on the American musical scene. I know of nc other composer of his generation [he was born in 1937] who composes music of greater freshness and daring, or with more personality.

Copland said that about twenty years

ago. It was true of the sixties Del Tredici, the composer of Joyce settings: six songs for voice and piano and, for voice and ensemble, "I Hear an Army," "Night Conjure-Verse," "Syzygy." It was true at the time of his first Alice pieces, which began in 1968. But as the immense Alicead, which occupied him for nearly twenty years, progressed, he became increasingly self-indulgent, louder and louder, readier and readier to revel in Victorian harmonies, vain repetitions, and excess. I have nothing against Alice; on the contrary, I am inclined, like W. H. Auden, to regard her as "an adequate symbol for what every human being should try to be like." Curious, intelligent, and well-mannered, "she has learned self-control, has acquired a sense of her own identity, and can think logically without ceasing to be imaginative." But Del Tredici's Alice, a brat screaming through electric amplification, has nothing in common with Carroll's admirable heroine. She is ill-mannered, uncontrolled, tasteless, and insistent. Deserting her and her companions for a while, Del Tredici composed "March to Tonality" (1985), "Tattoo" (1986), and now "Steps," which was written for the New York Philharmonic, where he is composer-in-residence. It was played by the Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, last month. "Steps" is a half-hour piece for very big orhestra—exuberant, extrovert, and, I hought, empty. Let some words and hrases from the composer's program ote describe its main features: "masive and grandiose, violent and rauous . . . clattering . . . the image of a uge machine moving relentlessly forard . . . obsessive rhythmic repetition, etallic orchestral textures and highecibel sonorities . . . dissonance as deroyer, dissonance as chromatic infecr, dissonance as tonality-devouring othra . . . Godzilla battling Mega- n." There are four sections: "Giant teps," "The Two-Step," "Giant Gint Steps," and "Stepping Down." anal themes are banged out or are anged against one another. The hirling wind machine has a proment role. A siren shrieks. Perhaps we hould be grateful to be spared the ndes martenot, which, as Messiaen as demonstrated, can outscream all he traditional instruments in massed ry.

—Andrew Porter

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *One Thing After Another*

ON the face of it, the idea of David Lynch's creating a series for network television sounds like a joke. His movies, which include "Eraserhead," "The Elephant Man," and "Blue Velvet," are everything that American television isn't: adventurous, disturbing, erotic, visually exciting, and absolutely personal. What could he possibly do for the bland, timid corporate medium of prime-time television? And what could it do for him (other than make studio moviemaking look liberating by comparison)? Next Sunday night, April 8th, his series, "Twin Peaks," is having its première. The first episode, two hours long, is directed by Lynch, from a script he wrote with Mark Frost (who worked on "Hill Street Blues"), and it's miraculously good. It has both the insidious weirdness of Lynch's best movie work and the weird insidiousness of top-of-the-line TV trash. In form, it's a multi-character, multi-plot continuing narrative: a soap opera that, like "Knots Landing," is named for its small-town locale. Lynch uses the conventions of the genre with startling ease—giving them a bit of a spin, of course, but never really violating them. He heightens all the distinctive elements of soap opera: the outré names, the cozy familiarity of the characters, the absurd financial intrigues, the guilty secrets, the constant spying and eavesdropping, the earnest telephone conversations, the sudden outbursts of emotion, and the unscrupulous arbitrariness of the plotting. Everything that happens in "Twin Peaks" is in the normal range of TV serial drama, yet this ordinary stuff is treated with an imaginative intensity that makes it strange and new. It's as if Lynch didn't recognize any difference between the highest movie art and the lowest television craft. The story is banal, but the images grip us with as much power as anything we could see on a big screen (and the score, by Angelo Badalamenti, is lush enough to fill any theatre). Lynch hasn't just adapted himself to the peculiar qualities of the medium; he actually seems to thrive on them. This all-American surrealist takes to television like a parasite to an especially nourishing host.

In a sense, "Twin Peaks" is a smoother, less upsetting version of "Blue Velvet." Just as the series based on Robert Altman's "M*A*S*H" gently purged the movie's four-letter words, blasphemous humor, and grisly medical detail, this show does without the overt shocks of "Blue Velvet": the outrageous degeneracy of the characters played by Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell, the explicit voyeurism, the unnervingly intimate violence. "Twin Peaks" does not put a naked, bruised woman in our living rooms. The nude female body in the first scene of the series is wrapped, discreetly, in plastic, and is dead; it is found on a riverbank by a middle-aged fisherman. The corpse—which proves to be that of Laura Palmer, the local high school's homecoming queen—has blue lips and ratty, straggly hair. It's the deadest-looking thing you've ever seen on television—a medium that, over the years, has repeatedly demonstrated its expertise in making human beings look lifeless. We recognize this body as the device that will set a plot in motion: the jarring element in a calmly beautiful Pacific Northwest landscape, the object that will, in classic soap-opera fashion, reveal the passions seething beneath the surface of an apparently placid community, or something like that. But there's nothing mechanical about the way Lynch gets his story going. He fills this expository scene with luxurious details, delicate traces of mysteries within the mystery, hints that there may be things about Twin Peaks which will remain elusive, unexplained: we see a lovely Oriental woman (Joan Chen) gazing at herself in a mirror and humming; merging with the barely audible melody is the sound of a foghorn in the distance; the fisherman, just before he comes upon the body, mumbles, "The lonesome foghorn blows"; the light on the mountainous landscape is soft and gray; the faint sounds accentuate the early-morning quiet; and every movement (including the camera's) is eerily deliberate. We'll surely find out, in some later episode, who killed Laura Palmer; but we may never learn what song the Oriental woman hummed, or what made the fisherman voice tha ironic, self-conscious remark about a sound h must hear every mornin —or why this idyllic setting fills us with suc apprehension. Within fiv minutes of the openin of "Twin Peaks" w know we're in Davi Lynch's world—unmistakable even on the smal screen, shocking an beautiful even whe wrapped in a plasti shroud.

And he holds us there, right up to the final blackout. He introduces a slew of characters, establishes their tangled relationships, shows us the terrain, scatters clues to the

*Mother and Children*

murder, revs up a fleet of subplots, hints at an appropriate number of dark secrets and obscure motivations, throws in plenty of goofy jokes—and does it all seamlessly. He varies the tone, sometimes radically, but he never breaks the odd, hushed mood, which is as overpowering and immutable as the neutral sky. Although terrible things happen, or seem about to, in Twin Peaks, it has the air of an enchanted place, a fairy-tale woodland. As ominous as it is, we don't really want to run away from it—we want to remain enveloped in this dreadful forest, to learn how to see in the complex darkness.

Besides, the show is tremendous fun. Soon after the discovery of the body, Lynch goes to a bizarrely funny scene in which an associate of the victim's father is making a business presentation, trying to persuade a roomful of visiting Norwegians to buy Twin Peaks' resort lodge: all the dumb jokes and excruciating clichés that come out of his mouth ("Health and industry go hand in hand") linger in the air for a few seconds while they wait for the simultaneous translation, and the effect is hilarious. The investigating authorities here include a deputy sheriff who always bursts into tears at crime scenes, a young sheriff whose name is Harry S. Truman, and an F.B.I agent (played by Kyle MacLachlan, of "Blue Velvet"), who's entirely on his own wavelength. Agent Cooper is a glittery-eyed Boy Scout type who chatters constantly into a microcassette recorder; he records not only important facts about he case but also the details of that day's unch, the qualities he looks for in a hotel—all kinds of mundane trivia. He oves to know the names of things: Douglas firs, snowshoe rabbits. His mercurial alternation of ferocious concentration on the investigation and equally intense absorption in pure irrelevancies makes for some wild, original comedy. It also expresses the spirit f the whole enterprise: in "Twin Peaks" even the tiniest things matter, and there are moments when the sheer unfamiliarity of what we're seeing hits us in peculiar ways—when a sombre, frightening scene produces a sudden access of delight.

For all the digressions and lush atmosphere and unpredictable laughs, though, "Twin Peaks" does a sensational job of storytelling. It has extraordinary momentum—you can't wait for the next episode. (The series will continue on the Thursday following the première, with Lynch and Frost, as executive producers, supervising the remaining episodes. Seven hour-long installments are scheduled; the show could return in the fall as a weekly series.) But it almost doesn't matter whether the rest of the series is any good. Even with the narrative unfinished, these first two hours are thoroughly satisfying. Stories just go on and on anyway, until someone says the hell with it and stops them. There's a great freedom, if you know how to use it, in the one-thing-after-another arbitrariness of open-ended forms like soap opera. The early surrealists loved the nonsensical, interminable inventiveness of pulp serials (like the books and silent movies about the arch-criminal Fantômas). David Lynch's sensibility works the same way: he just wants to show us one astonishing thing after another, and quit when his time's up. Looked at as a surrealist work, the chunk of "Twin Peaks" that's on view this coming Sunday is no more unresolved than Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," in which the characters, after a bunch of ludicrous and dreamlike adventures, are last seen striding purposefully down a deserted country road. They could be going anywhere; if Buñuel had turned the movie into a TV series—some sort of demented, absurdist "Route 66"—we'd find out where, but we don't really need to. Works like Buñuel's and Lynch's derive their force—even their narrative force—from the swift movement of the artist's mind, a strong current of ideas and imaginative energy. Lynch's talent flows freely in "Twin Peaks," and carries us into unmapped territory. It's an exhilarating ride, at once scary and mysteriously tranquil, like the children's nighttime journey down the river in "The Night of the Hunter." Lynch sets us drifting through a vivid dream of American life, and wakes us, two hours later, with the message that all dreams (and all soap operas) imply: To Be Continued.

LIKE Lynch, John Waters first made his mark with a weird low-budget movie that attracted a cult following at midnight screenings. And Waters, too, has been trying to adapt his outsider's sensibility to mainstream entertainment. That midnight-movie hit, "Pink

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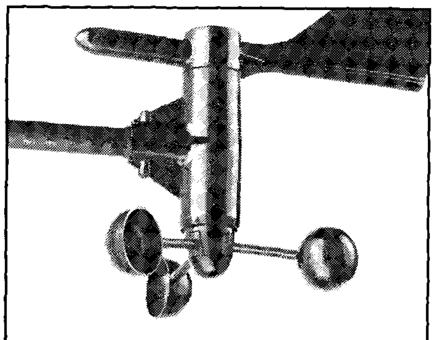

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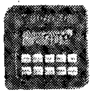

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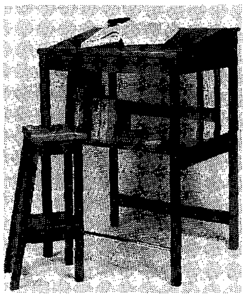

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Flamingos," was a crudely shot comedy about a feud between two Baltimore families competing for the distinction of being "the filthiest people alive"; it's a nip-and-tuck contest all the way, *an escalating series of gross*-outs, until, in the movie's notorious last shot, the heroine, played by the massive transvestite Divine, clinches the title by eating— Well, never mind, but it involves a dog. This is, clearly, not the same sort of midnight movie as Lynch's nightmarish, suggestive "Eraserhead." There's nothing poetic or dreamlike about John Waters' movies: he's Mr. Out There. He peoples his films with the most extreme types he can round up—the fattest, the ugliest, the meanest, the craziest, the most perverted—and then turns the camera on and watches them do their outrageous thing. His pictures have zero atmosphere and not much movie technique: the camera rarely moves, and the lighting is mercilessly garish. Every Waters film looks like a Halloween party at a 7-Eleven. It's deliberate; it's an aesthetic, kind of. Waters' belief in bad taste has a nearly religious fervor. (In his writing he frequently emphasizes his Catholic upbringing.) He worships the disreputable in all its manifestations: sexual oddity, tabloid journalism, exploitation movies, mass murder, poor grooming. Like Warhol (but with more of a showman's energy), Waters makes movies so he can bring freaks and outcasts to center stage, where he feels they belong, and turn them into stars.

There's a sort of charm in this approach. If you're going to be different, you might as well be defiantly different, and get some fun out of it. This is a very adolescent attitude, so it's not surprising that Waters' most recent movies, "Hairspray" and the new "Cry-Baby," have been about teenagers. "Hairspray," which came out a couple of years ago, was a skewed version of an early-sixties teen musical. Its heroine is a really fat girl who dances her way to fame on an "American Bandstand" type of program in Baltimore; her mother is Divine. The movie was an unexpected success—bouncy, good-natured, cheerfully original—and Waters seemed to have found a way to be himself without making the general public gag or run for the exits. "Cry-Baby," set in 1954, is an attempt to repeat the "Hairspray" formula, but it's a much less enjoyable picture. Like all Waters movies, it's about a battle between the good, disreputable people and the bad, conventional ones—in this case, a group of juvenile delinquents (called "drapes"), whose leader is a handsome rock and roller known as Cry-Baby (Johnny Depp), versus "the squares," represented by just about everybody else in town, but most vividly by an obnoxiously clean-cut singing quartet called the Whiffles. Cry-Baby, a sensitive sort (he lost both his parents to the electric chair), falls in love with a square girl, Allison (Amy Locane), and the movie devotes itself to exploring the profound and cheesy question: Can their forbidden love survive in a world that just doesn't understand? (Can't the adults see that these mixed-up kids are the cutest people alive?)

Unfortunately, almost everything in the movie feels flat and enervated. It's indifferently, mechanically paced; the musical numbers are ineptly staged; and Depp isn't a very exciting presence. Waters seems to be going through the motions: "Cry-Baby" is all attitude, a rote recitation of mildly naughty jokes he's made before. Maybe cute people don't inspire him. As if to compensate for the prettiness of his leads, he really goes to town on grotesque supporting players. There's a spectacularly ugly girl called Hatchet-Face (Kim McGuire), and Waters zooms in on her mug at every opportunity. The trampiest member of Cry-Baby's gang is played by a former porn queen namec Traci Lords. Tiny roles are filled b decaying fan-magazine icons like Tro Donahue, Joey Heatherton, and Davi Nelson (whose wife is played by celebrity ex-con Patty Hearst). Worst c all is the always appalling Susan Tyrrell, as Cry-Baby's redneck aun It's terrifying to think that Tyrrel screaming and contorting her face i closeup, is Waters' idea of a replacement for Divine, who died ju after the release of "Hairspray." Divine was a unique performer, often brilliant one: he had the unusual gift o being able to do revolting things on screen with innocent, sweet gusto. In his absence, the bad-taste touches ar sourer than usual; in this picture we feel there's something a little masochistic about John Waters' fascination with the grotesque. Somehow, the fun has gone out of his outrageousness.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

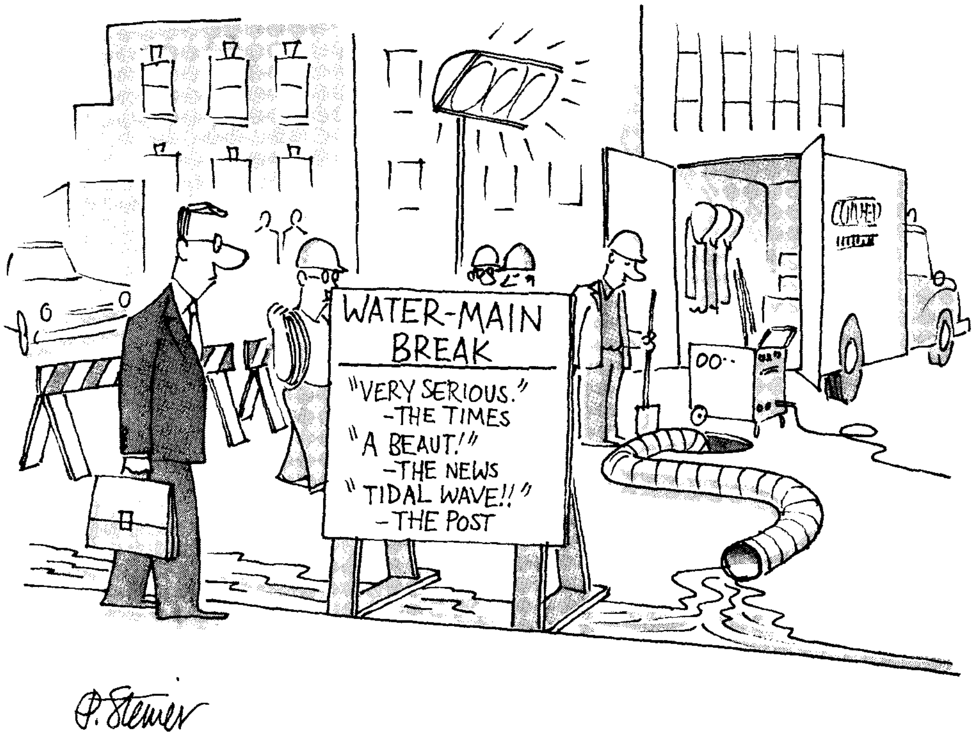
# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 29

THE issue of reforming the system by which we finance political campaigns has forced its way onto the agenda, giving Congress an opportunity to lift itself somewhat out of the muck into which it has been sinking. Though the system of legalized corruption by which our politicians seek and use office has been a scandal for some time, it had become a truism here that it would take a very big scandal to get action. Whether or not that is the case, a number of things have come together to give campaign-finance reform its best shot in a long time; but how good a shot, given the political stresses on any campaign-finance reform proposal, is in question. The issue had taken on sufficient ripeness, if not odoriferousness, that the Senate seriously considered reform legislation two years ago, but the Democrats were unable to break a Republican-led filibuster. And last year the President made proposals for campaign-finance reform—albeit ones that missed the point and, if anything, would have made the problem worse. The difficulty in getting anything real done is that each political party views each proposed change in terms of what would be to its advantage or disadvantage. Sometimes these estimates shift—at first, Republicans energetically encouraged, and loved, the development of political-action committees PACs), but then the Democrats figured out how to persuade PACs to make the larger investment in their party's control of the Congress—and the challenge is to find enough bipartisan agreement to overcome filibusters and vetoes and still achieve serious reform. Members will have to be persuaded that the public is truly aroused, and that phony reform will be seen for what is. Even then, getting real reform will be difficult.

Two other things have spurred the movement toward reform this year. One is the growing disgust on the part of many members of Congress with what they have to go through to raise the money for their election. Nowadays, the money-raising never stops. As the price of winning—or even running a respectable race—increases exponentially, so does the amount of time a politician has to devote to what one former member of Congress calls "panhandling." The average amount of money spent by winners in Senate races has nearly doubled (to almost four million dollars) since 1982. The average amount spent by House winners has risen by about thirty per cent, to nearly four hundred thousand dollars (a tough race can cost a million dollars)—but few House members are under real challenge. No sooner does a senator win election to a six-year term (the six years are supposed to buffer the senator against the immediate pressures of the day) than he or she starts raising money for the next election. And a great deal of the money—most of it—comes with a price. Some contributors may give because they like the recipient, but most want something in exchange. At the least, they want access, and they get it; more attention is paid to them than to other constituents. Of course, the donors may not be constituents at all; one of the major problems with the current system is that large rivers of money can be directed to a state or congressional district from sources that have little or nothing to do with what is going on in that state or district—thus taking us some distance from the idea of representative democracy. Groups in Washington, on both sides of the political divide, gather to decide whom to try to elect and to defeat according to their own economic or philosophical interest (mainly economic). But the politician sells more than access: though the quid pro quos may never be discussed, the money changes hands with certain understandings. The contribution may lead to a vote cast in subcommittee, committee, or on the floor of the Senate or House; it can also lead to a vote not cast, an argument not made, or to quiet deals among colleagues. The prospect of money coming into a race for or against a member of Congress can determine that member's behavior on certain issues. Everyone on Capitol Hill knows this—as do the interest groups around town and the big-money people around the country. The price, in terms of public policy, is high—it runs throughout the budget (and has a lot to do with the inability of Congress to come to grips with the deficit) as well as throughout federal laws.

The second thing that makes reform more likely this year is that we now have a specific big scandal that people can understand. Five senators—Democrats Alan Cranston, of California; Donald Riegle, of Michigan; John Glenn, of Ohio; and Dennis DeConcini, of Arizona; as well as one Republican, John McCain, of Arizona—are under a large cloud for having intervened with federal bank examiners on behalf of Charles Keating, the chairman of the Lincoln Savings & Loan Association: all five senators had received substantial contributions (and, in McCain's case, corporate gifts in the form of vacations) from Keating, his



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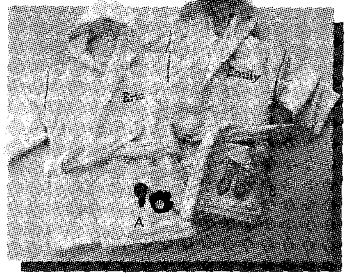

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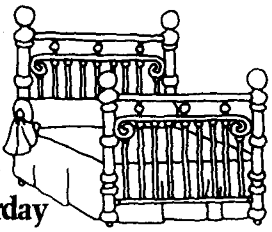

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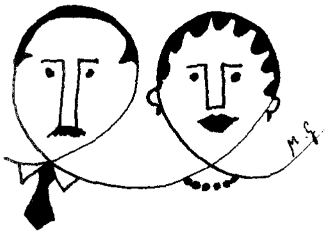
company, his family, and other associates. Ultimately, Lincoln was taken over by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board last year. The senators' intervention in the regulatory case involving Lincoln is believed to have caused a two-year delay in the resolution of the case, at a cost of about $1.3 billion to the taxpayers. This people could understand; in a memorable scene before a House committee last November a California woman tearfully told of losing her life's savings at Lincoln. (It's widely believed in California that Cranston, the largest recipient of Keating's beneficence, is a dead duck for reëlection in 1992; an ad with the weeping depositor is a certainty.)

The five senators' cases are before the Senate Ethics Committee, and though their colleagues believe that there are differences in culpability among them (depending on how aggressive they were on Lincoln's behalf), there is a strong belief, especially among younger members, that these senators crossed a line—that their activities went well beyond the normal, and acceptable, "constituent service." According to this view, the transgressions were twofold: though there are many things that members of Congress might do for their constituents, from tracking down a Social Security check to trying to help obtain a government contract, intervening in a federal regulatory process is verboten, and, beyond that, these senators intervened knowing that they had received large donations from Keating and his associates. One member of the Senate told me that he might write to a regulatory agency but would never, as these senators did, try to intimidate federal regulators. In one meeting, four of the senators met with a regulator (no staff was allowed), and in another, a week later, all five met with federal bank examiners. The presence of four or five senators in a room (this is not an easy thing to arrange), even to express interest in a matter, sends a powerful message.

People intent on reforming the campaign-finance system looked upon the Keating case as a gift. Two other senators have cases pending before the Ethics Committee: David Durenberger, Republican of Minnesota, has been accused of evading the Senate's limits on honoraria for speeches by taking payments for promoting a book; and Alfonse D'Amato, Republican of New York, has been accused of violating federal law and Senate rules by using improper influence with the Department of Housing and Urban Development on behalf of contributors. Numerous senators feel that in the face of all this they cannot afford to do nothing about campaign-finance reform.

THE Senate will shortly take up a bill that would make some reforms in the system, and negotiations are going on behind the scenes. Whatever results, it won't go as far as it should, because even the Senate proponents of reform have given up on the idea of public financing of congressional campaigns. Some form of public financing (with private donations still playing a role), coupled with limits on spending, would go the farthest to clean up the system, but Republicans won't accept it because of their own advantage in raising money and because of the presumed advantages that incumbency gives the Democrats, who control both chambers. (Besides, many Republican incumbents, like many Democratic incumbents, prefer the status quo, since it has worked for them.) A misguided Supreme Court decision in 1976 held that without public financing there cannot be limits on what candidates may spend (on the ground that this would deprive them of free speech). Also, given the low esteem in which Congress is hel (though people tend to like their ow congressman), and the enormous bud get deficit, the case for public financin of congressional campaigns is a har one to make (though such a syste would probably save the taxpaye money). Still, an increasing proportio of the public says it supports such a sy tem. But without effective limits o campaign spending the cycle of eve expanding expenditures will go o Some Republicans fed up with the cu rent system are willing to accept limit but there aren't enough of them t withstand a Presidential veto.

Negotiations now going on amon key senators have produced a tentativ compromise on spending limits. Unde this deal, candidates who accepte spending limits would receive in retur lower-cost or free airtime for ads, lower postal rates, and full tax credits for small contributions (how small will be subject to further negotiation) from within their state. Under the tentative deal, if one candidate accepts the spending limits and the other doesn't, the candidate who does would receive some funds from the federal income-tax checkoff system, which would be expanded to cover Senate and House as well as Presidential elections. In addition, there would be some limit on how much candidates could accept in the aggregate from PACs, and perhaps on how much a PAC can contribute. (As of now, a PAC can contribute five thousand dollars in a primary and five thousand dollars in a general election, compared with a thousand dollars from an individual for a primary and another thousand dollars for a general election.) But too much can be read into any change regarding PACs: some members of Congress who piously say they don't accept PAC money accept a large number of contributions from individuals in a given industry, or company, which amounts to the same thing in terms of gratitude induced. David Boren, Democrat of Oklahoma and the prime backer in the Senate of campaign-finance reform, is negotiating with other senators, including Republicans who feel that their party cannot remain so recalcitrant on the issue and who didn't particularly like being represented by Senator Mitch McConnell, a reshman who defiantly led the filibuser. By getting a bipartisan agreement efore the debate begins, Boren hopes o avoid filibusters and keep certain nfluential people from getting dug into ertain positions. (The changes would e made on a bill that has already been pproved by a Senate committee. Ineasingly, as in the case of the cleanr bill now being debated, the Senate is orking this way: get a bill, almost any ll, reported out of committee, and en start dealing with a wider group n order to get a consensus.)



Boren has struck an alliance with enator John Danforth, Republican of Missouri, who in a Senate speech earlier this month said that the most important campaign-reform issue was “sleazy” political ads, which “turn the stomach of the average voter,” and pronounced himself “up for grabs” by any senators interested in campaign-finance reform. Boren pounced, and some of Danforth's ideas have been incorporated in the tentative compromise: to lower the costs of campaigns, a certain amount of non-preëmptable airtime would be given to general-election candidates either free or at a deeply discounted rate; the candidates would have to fill blocs of two to five minutes, so that they would presumably have to actually say something; and candidates would have to expressly take responsibility for their ads. The largest single cost of campaigns (about fifty to sixty per cent) is for advertising; but any diminution of that cost only makes sense, in terms of the amount of money that must be raised and how it is raised, if the money thus saved can't be spent elsewhere—which gets back to the subject of limits. Broadcasters will of course object to giving free or low-cost airtime for politics, but they can well afford it. (Boren says the free time might be paid for out of the public funds raised by the checkoff.) And the proposal may underestimate the political advertisers' capacity for sleaze of any length. The only thing that may stop such ads is a conclusion by the politicians and the consultants that they don't work—a conclusion that politicians say is unlikely.

Another highly contentious issue is that of “soft” money—large individual donations and corporate or union donations that are illegal in Presidential or other federal campaigns but have worked their way into those campaigns through a loophole first effectively exploited by the Republicans in 1980. The pretense was that such money could be given to state parties for “party-building activities”; the reality was that the national campaigns collected and disbursed the money to the states in order to help their Presidential candidates. (In this case, the Democrats had first pushed through a change in the election law that they thought would help them by allowing them to use union money to get out the vote in federal elections, only to find themselves outraised and outspent by the Republicans.) Since 1982, when I first described in these pages the new development called soft money, its use has also grown substantially. In the 1988 campaign, both parties went all out to raise soft money, and are believed to have together raised about forty-five million dollars. (No one can be sure,

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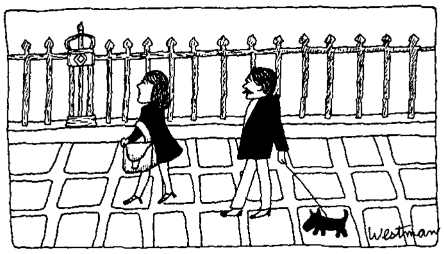
because the money doesn't have to be reported.) The soft-money channel makes a mockery of the public-financing system for Presidential campaigns, and has taken us back to the buying and selling of ambassadorships—and who knows what else—that the public-financing system was supposed to eliminate.

In the compromise, there would be limits on the amount individuals could give to the state parties for party-building activities that affect federal elections, and on the amount the state parties could spend on such activities. Funds from unions and corporations would be barred (but not from strictly state and local races). The Democrats are divided on the subject: while some senators are perfectly prepared to do away with soft money, officials of the Democratic National Committee, starting with the chairman, Ronald Brown, want to see this loophole kept open, because of their dependence upon contributions from labor and their concern that if all the funding had to go through the "hard," federal channels they would be vastly outspent by the Republicans. The intra-party argument is now over whether new limitations on soft money would have any real meaning. Republicans are largely sitting back and enjoying the Democrats' squabble, and are prepared to enjoy the fruits of their counterparts' efforts to water down any new limits on soft money. Boren says, "Democrats are mistaken to want any source of money that's unlimited." There will be changes in the compromise before it emerges from the Senate, if it does, and then the House, which in the past has been even less hospitable to campaign-finance reform, will go to work on the subject. Of the pending compromise Boren says, "It's not perfect, but it's a big improvement over the current system." But even that may not survive the handiwork of the politicians.

THE Democrats have faced some excruciating, and embarrassing, dilemmas recently as the Party has struggled with proposals made by prominent members of Congress to, on the one hand, cut taxes and, on the other, raise them. The whole episode both shows that the heterogeneity of the Party is often its undoing and suggests to numerous observers that the Democrats still haven't figured out how to be an effective opposition party. And, as is usually the case, personality traits and conflicts have had a lot to do with what's happened. When we last tuned in, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, had proposed rolling back the recent increases in Social Security taxes and stopping the counting of the Social Security "surplus" against the Gramm-Rudman deficit targets. (The surplus doesn't actually exist, since it's spent for other ongoing federal programs.) Moynihan also made an effective argument that, because of increases in Social Security taxes, the middle- and lower-income people in the last decade have seen their taxes go up while those for the wealthy have dropped considerably. But other influential Democrats, concerned about the effect on the budget deficit of rolling back the Social Security taxes, at a cost of sixty-two billion dollars over two years, demurred. In the House, Majority Leader Dick Gephardt, who was egged on by a group of younger members who wanted the Party to confront the President on the issue of tax equity, was put in charge of a task force to try to figure out a less expensive alternative to Moynihan's proposal, and he has been in irons for weeks. The problem is that the Democratic leadership and other powerful figures, being responsible (and some of them having direct responsibility for coming up with a budget resolution laying out the Congress's method of reaching the Gramm-Rudman target), have insisted that any tax cut be offset by other revenues, so as not to add to the budget deficit and make it more difficult to reach this year's target (a deficit of sixty-four billion dollars). The difficulty for Gephardt has been in finding sufficient revenues to pay for a tax cut (of some kind) for the middle class substantial enough to be noticed. What the Democrats didn't seem to have figured out is that being "responsible" and producing a budget resolution doesn't preclude them from staking out (at least for a while) politically attractive positions.



Some Republicans, among other people, are amazed that the Democrats missed an opportunity to do so with Moynihan's proposal. Having been fiscally irresponsible themselves for so long—and to such good political effect—Republicans find the Democrats' "responsibility" pathetic. An important Republican figure says, "I can't believe the Democrats blew this. I had goose bumps for two weeks after Moynihan made his proposal. About their argument that they shouldn't get behind Moynihan because it's irresponsible—they should have been consoled by the irresponsibility of the Reagan deficit in the first place. They should have understood the political salience of this, even for a few weeks while they got their message out. Then they could do their legislative machinations and do the responsible thing." It was, this Republican says, "the only opportunity to expose the human effect of the deficit"—the way it is jeopardizing future Social Security benefits, the problem of health-care costs' getting beyond people's reach. The Democrats could have emphasized, this Republican says (and many Democrats sorrowfully agree), that while rising Social Security taxes are hurting the middle class, "all Bush wants to do is help the rich" through a cut in the capital gains tax. Some Democratic operatives also argue that the congressional Democrats failed to see that they could be effective partisan first and responsible legislators later Frustrated Party officials and consultants tried to make this case to th congressional leadership.

For some time, New York Govern Mario Cuomo has argued that Dem crats should line up behind Moyniha and, when asked by Bush where to fi the revenue to make up for the Soci Security tax cut, should ask what tax "worse than this one." Like Moyn han, Cuomo saw backing the tax cut a means of forcing the White Hou into negotiating a "grand compr mise" on deficit reduction, one th would include tax increases. Cuomo state Democratic chairman and Ronal Brown, the national chairman, col luded to get the Democratic Nationa Committee to go on record last weekend as supporting the Moynihan proposal. (The Democratic Leadershi Council, a group of moderates, went o record last weekend as supporting some reduction of "the payroll tax burden on average American families"—but didn't endorse the Moynihan proposal per se.) Brown says that the Moynihan proposal is "good policy and wonderful politics." Some of the younger, more restive House Democrats want the House to accept that part of the Moynihan proposal that would remove Social Security from the Gramm-Rudman counting right away, to create what is termed on Capitol Hill a train wreck—a budget crisis so awful that the President would have to seriously negotiate, and yield on taxes. But some of the elders—and this includes Gephardt—aren't convinced of the wisdom of this approach. Gephardt says, "The thing nobody can figure out is what you do after the train wreck. We'd all be in the train wreck. That's the anomaly of being the opposition and the majority in the Congress." Gephardt's latest scheme is to move Social Security out of the Gramm-Rudman counting and adjust the law's targets—taking longer to appear to eliminate the deficit—and give Social Security recipients some sort of tax cut. Gephardt explains that since Social Security won't be counted for Gramm-Rudman, a tax cut won't affect the deficit. This is very creative thinking, but it still leaves the government with less revenue.

WHILE the Democrats in Congress were stewing over what to about the Moynihan proposal or riations thereof, up stepped Dan stenkowski, the hefty Chicago mocrat who is chairman of the ays and Means Committee, with a eping proposal to eliminate the get deficit over the next five rs. Declaring his frustration with piecemeal and largely ineffective cit-reduction plans that Congress been enacting (and acknowledging own role in ducking hard decis), Rostenkowski called for an inse in the consumption taxes on hol, tobacco, oil, and pollutants, a rise in the marginal tax rate on highest income; a one-year freeze all federal spending, including costliving increases in such programs as cial Security (exempting programs the poorest citizens); a one-year eze on inflation adjustments of the x code; a cut in the defense budget by out a hundred and fifty billion dolrs over five years (or three per cent a ar); using all the savings for reducg the deficit; and a rejection of all

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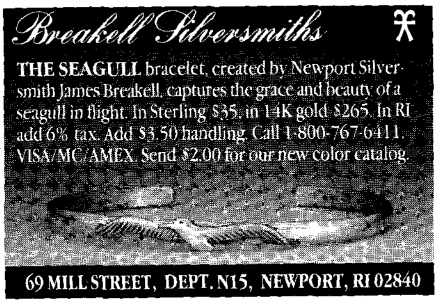

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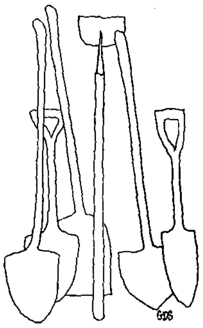
tax-cut proposals. Some Democrats, including Senator Lloyd Bentsen, of Texas, who is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, want to expand Individual Retirement Accounts for the middle class, while a number of Democrats have been suspicious that the Republicans would spring a tax-cut surprise, and Rostenkowski, whose committee has to raise revenues to cut the deficit, wanted to head off a tax-cut derby. (Bentsen is now considering a rollback of the first year's Social Security taxes, at a cost of seven billion dollars—much less than the second year's fifty-five billion—plus an expansion of IRAs, in exchange for some cut in the capital gains tax. This would take care of each economic class, but end up being costly.) Besides, Rostenkowski is known to have no particular affection for Gephardt, and numerous House Democrats saw Rostenkowski's move as aimed at preëmpting Gephardt. Rostenkowski didn't have a good year last year; he was overturned in his committee and on the House floor on several issues, including a capital gains tax cut and repeal of the catastrophic-illness health-insurance program. And he is undoubtedly tired of being the caboose in the budget process—the one who has to find the revenues decreed in the budget resolution.



Other Democrats, while publicly praising Rostenkowski (he may have had a bad year, but he still has a lot of power over matters of importance to his colleagues, such as little tax changes hardly anyone knows about) for offering a "positive" or "constructive" proposal, stepped around his proposal as if it were a live wire lying in the street. Rostenkowski was generally understood to be trying to set the stage for a comprehensive negotiation with the White House, but from the top on down his Democratic colleagues privately said that it was out of the question that the Democrats have as their opening position so many politically unappetizing proposals—especially tax increases and a freeze on Social Security. A key congressional Democrat said to me, "There's too much pain in that package; it's going nowhere." Publicly this person was praising Rostenkowski for his "positive" proposal. Other Democrats have other ideas for how to spend any "peace dividend" that comes from cuts in defense spending—but given the current fiscal and political realities, almost all of them want to put some part of any dividend toward reducing the deficit. Various Democrats also privately criticized Rostenkowski's idea of using an increase in the gasoline tax (which several of them favor) for reducing the deficit rather than for rebuilding our decaying infrastructure. After all, many of them had only recently been quite critical of Bush for proposing a broad transportation policy that provided no new federal funds (actually, federal spending would be reduced) but left it, as he often does, to the hard-pressed states and local governments to come up with additional funds. The Bush Administration has adopted the philosophy that if the states and local governments have to raise taxes to deal with national problems, that's not a tax increase.

The White House's words of praise for Rostenkowski for making his proposal—if not so much for the proposal itself—made other Democrats all the more wary. Several figured the Administration was trying to lure them int
an exposed position of backing unpop
lar things—and then it would attac
Knowing that Rostenkowski and Bu
are friends, they suspected collusio
and a trap. There doesn't appear
have been much collusion—Ro
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Office of Management and Budget
information—and the Democrats'
action was a sign of how unheal
things have become here when it co
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in praising Rostenkowski, commi
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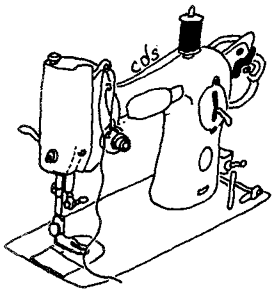
he said, "I don't want to appear tota
inflexible." For Richard Darman, t
director of the Office of Manageme
and Budget, who tends to think eig
teen steps ahead, even if the steps som
times exist only in his own mind, Ro
tenkowski's proposal offered a potenti
opening toward the kind of grand co
promise he has been desiring, an

seemed to perform the auxiliary service of helping to undermine Moynihan. (Rostenkowski's plan, as Moynihan indignantly pointed out, would continue to spend the Social Security trust fund in order to lower the deficit.) By building up Rostenkowski, Darman and other officials hoped to make him a more prominent figure in any budget negotiations that may take place before the year is out (and some undoubtedly will), and at the same time to undercut less favored Democrats, including Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell; Senate Budget Committee Chairman James Sasser, Democrat of Tennessee; and Gephardt. But Rostenkowski, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, would play an important role anyway.

The Administration's unloading on Gephardt recently, right after he made a speech criticizing the President for not showing leadership, for governing by polls, and for doing too little to help the newly liberated Eastern European countries and the Soviet Union, was telling. Gephardt was, as he tends to be, a bit shrill, but much of his analysis is widely shared, even by some Republicans, and his proposal to give the Soviet Union direct food aid may not have fit the assumptions of the time but it wasn't beyond the pale. (The standard argument against direct food aid, assuming one approved of any direct aid to the Soviet Union, is that that ountry's problem is not o much lack of food as failed distribution ystem.) Yet the Bush White House seems to nd any display of emocratic partisanship ocking, and it slugs ack hard. Bush, who arbors resentments and as complained about ephardt's partisanship before, doesn't ee Gephardt at all. When Senator lan Simpson, Republican of Wyoming and Presidential friend, a most greeable man with a savage streak, went after Gephardt on the Senate oor and on television in unusually personal terms, accusing him of "suffering from burning-bosom syndrome," he was reflecting the White House's actual view—that Gephardt, despite his disavowals when he became Majority Leader last year of another run at the Presidency in 1992, is setting himself up to make the race. Some Democrats agree with this view. A high Republican operative advised the White House to ignore Gephardt—not to build him up by drawing attention to him—but his advice was dismissed.

In welcoming Rostenkowski's proposal, the White House was also making mischief among Democrats. In unattributed comments, White House officials said, Let's see how much Democratic support Rostenkowski has—and it shortly became clear that he had virtually none. In a White House meeting of the President, his top advisers, and Republican congressional leaders shortly after Rostenkowski made his proposal, the congressional Republicans were admonished not to criticize the proposal publicly (this was asking almost too much), and were told by Darman that the proposal offered a test of the Democrats' seriousness about deficit reduction, and a chance to build up Rostenkowski's role. Some Republican leaders, like their Democratic counterparts, find Darman too clever by half, and aren't always bedazzled by his tactical schemes. Some think that both Darman and White House Chief of Staff John Sununu are too absorbed with short-range tactics, too enamored of their own high intelligence. A key Republican says, "These guys really believe that because they can create confusion, since they are smarter than us, they can dominate. That seems to be the operating principle: the more chaos we engender, the better, because we're smarter and can move more quickly than Congress."



Of this particular White House session, Vin Weber, Republican of Minnesota and Secretary to the House Republican Conference, says, "It was one of those meetings where nothing strikes you as quite right and two hours later you say, 'Now, what the hell was that all about?' " Some Republicans came away from the meeting—where the substance of Rostenkowski's proposal wasn't discussed—convinced that the White House was simply using Rostenkowski for tactical advantage. Weber says, "The Republicans could have scored points by beating up on Rostenkowski. The only thing I can see that happened is we failed to score points against Rostenkowski." It's out

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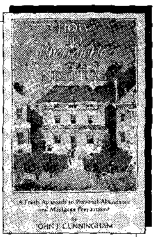

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of the question, Weber says, that House Republicans would accept substantial tax increases or a freeze of Social Security benefits. But Darman is serious in wanting the grand compromise that has eluded him for years, and he is not alone in the Administration in thinking that it would be worth it for the Administration to accept some additional tax increases in exchange for other serious, multi-year, steps to reduce the deficit. A lot of people here, in both parties, are weary of the annual, punishing budget rituals that result in only marginal changes—and which in the end, for all the appearance of "meeting" the Gramm-Rudman targets, have added a trillion dollars to the debt since the law was enacted in 1985. This charade doesn't come cheap: it now costs two hundred and sixty billion dollars a year just to finance the debt. This year, the Administration has already requested a net increase of about fifteen billion dollars in assorted taxes and user fees, and some officials think that the President could be persuaded to accept more if he got a good enough deal. The idea is to redefine the President's vow of "no new taxes" to mean "no new income taxes"—consumption taxes, user fees, and so on, might be acceptable, but not, officials insist, an increas in the top tax bracket.

It is not inconceivable that a packag could be put together that is some pa Moynihan, some part Rostenkowsk and some part Administration, whic could get us beyond the wearisome a essentially fruitless annual fights ov the budget. But that will take mo imagination and political courage a less interest in scoring political poi than are currently apparent.

—Elizabeth Dr

●

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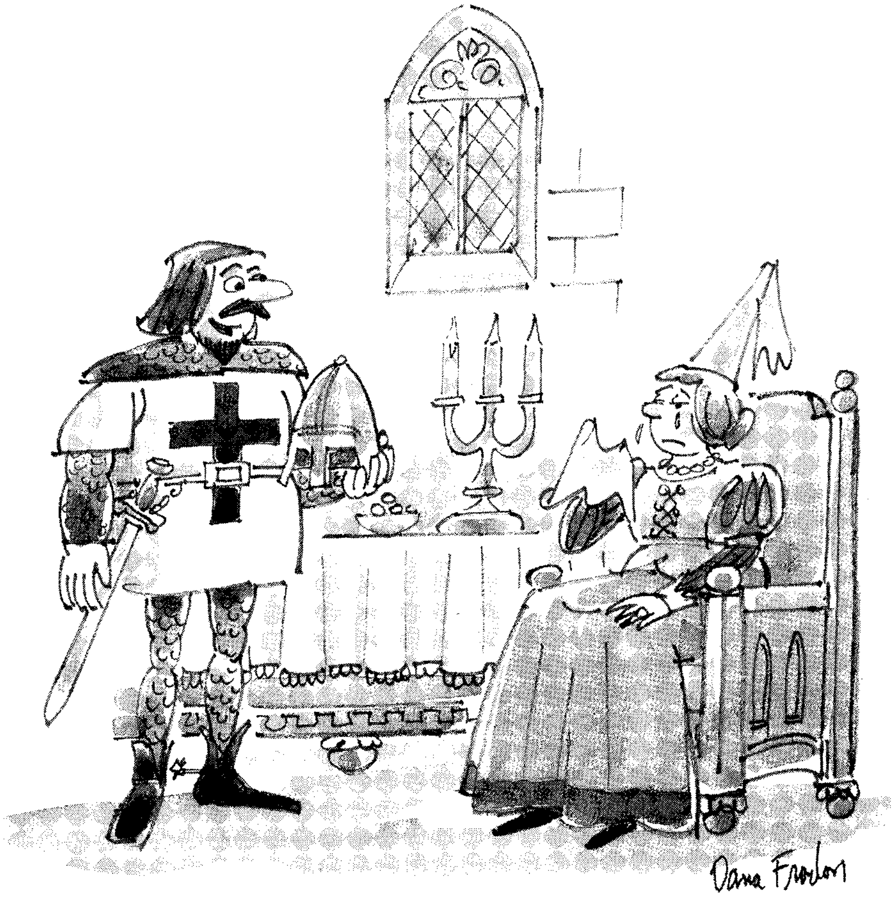
# BOOKS

## *Life in the Minors*

J. R. ACKERLEY is one of those oddball English writers who are always being rediscovered without ever quite catching on. He's practically a paradigm of the minor author, in fact: eccentric, a little cranky, interested more in style than in substance. During his lifetime Ackerley published three slender and quirky volumes: "Hindoo Holiday" (1932), a travel journal recounting four months he spent in the employ of a homosexual maharaja (it's a sort of gay "The King and I"); "We Think the World of You" (1960), a novel—based almost entirely on Ackerley's life—about a snobbish middle-aged man's love affair with a dog; and "My Dog Tulip" (1965), which is essentially a canine biography. A fourth book, the memoir "My Father and Myself," came out in 1968, the year after Ackerley died. All four books are charming, funny, and sometimes startling in their candor—they all had to be revised extensively to avoid prosecution for libel and obscenity—but none of them except "Hindoo Holiday" sold particuarly well. Ackerley supported himself or most of his adult life by working as e literary editor of *The Listener*, a b through which he attained some odest celebrity and influence; among s friends were E. M. Forster, Kenth Clark, Siegfried Sassoon, Stephen ender, and Leonard and Virginia oolf. Ackerley also befriended counts young men—"mostly of the lower ers," he once said, "and often clad uniforms of one sort or another." t the great love of his life, and the ly enduring one, was his German pherd, Queenie. He travelled selm—and then mostly to pick up boys and his principal residence was a rth-floor walkup above a pub in tney; there for years he cared for a urotic sister and an invalid aunt.

Ackerley's career in some ways typis a certain marginal but engaging rand in British letters—there are arallels with Saki, for example, and ith T. H. White, who also found ore happiness with dogs than with eople—but one would not have hought his life of sufficient interest or ignificance to justify a full-dress biogaphy. What is there to say about Ackerley, all of whose work is autobiographical in one way or another, that he hasn't said already? Remarkably, though, Peter Parker's "Ackerley" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25) turns out to be informative, funny, and affecting. Parker, who writes in a graceful, understated style that is at times the near equal of Ackerley's, doesn't try to make a case for Ackerley as a major figure, but by filling in many of the details omitted from Ackerley's self-portrait he suggests an Ackerley more complicated—and more tragic—than the one that even his intimates thought they knew. He also manages, effortlessly, to bring in a great deal of social and cultural history, so that Ackerley emerges from these pages as a transitional character, spanning the Edwardian era and our own. Ackerley fought in the First World War but lived long enough to see—and to deplore—America's involvement in Vietnam. He modelled his early writings on Housman and Tennyson but eventually became a fan of, among others, Norman Mailer and William Burroughs. The product of a society in which schoolboys were beaten for "immorality," and in which his friend Forster was reluctant even late in life to acknowledge his own sexual leanings, he nevertheless became an early and outspoken champion of what is now known as gay liberation. His life is a demonstration of how much, and how little, separates our world from the world at the turn of the century.

ACKERLEY was born—an "accident," most likely—on November 4, 1896. His mother, Netta, was a vague and hypochondriacal former actress. Roger, his father, was an ex-Guardsman who had made a small fortune as a fruit importer, earning him the title The Banana King. Roger and Netta met in 1892, began living together shortly thereafter, but neglected to marry until 1919, when their son was conveniently away at



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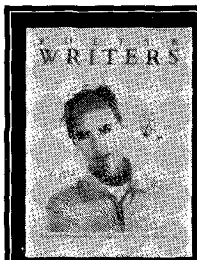

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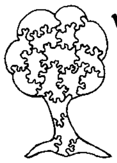

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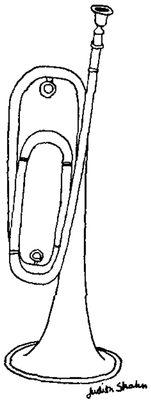
Cambridge. He was told of this belated marriage years afterward by his aunt. Not until after his father's death, in 1929, did Ackerley also learn that Roger had, in his words, been tending a "secret orchard": he had fathered an illegitimate family of three daughters, who had grown up just a few miles from where Roger lived with Netta. Those two secrets and an even more titillating third—the possibility that Roger Ackerley had a homosexual past—are at the heart of "My Father and Myself" and, ultimately, of Ackerley's view of the world.

All his life, Ackerley campaigned for truth and for openness. "To speak the truth, I think that people *ought* to be upset," he wrote to Stephen Spender. "I think that life is so important and, in its workings, so upsetting, that nobody should be spared, but that it should [be] rammed down their throats from morning to night." And it was to discover the truth of his relationship with his father and his family, he said, that he embarked upon the writing of "My Father and Myself"—a project that took some thirty-six years. Yet the book is a tease—a prolonged exercise in delayed gratification. Ackerley is continually drawing a blank at a dramatic moment—scratching his head and complaining about the imperfections of memory—and forever promising and at the same time withholding key information; the text is dotted with phrases like "to which I shall come later" and "as I shall describe later" and "as I shall relate in a moment." In a foreword he defends this structure of postponement on aesthetic grounds: "shocks," he says, "should never be bunched"; they "need spacing for maximum individual effect." But "My Father and Myself" takes a deep pleasure in deferral and postponement—in a fashion not unrelated to yet another of Ackerley's secrets, which he confesses in an appendix: that he suffered from what he calls "sexual incontinence," or premature ejaculation. All through the book you can feel both Ackerley's boyish eagerness to spill the beans and his delight in holding back; and from being unravelled so slowly and lovingly the secrets inevitably acquire a certain glamour.

The facts as Parker presents them turn out to be a good deal less racy than Ackerley suggests. The delayed marriage was mostly a matter of procrastination and embarrassment. The "secret orchard" was a thoroughly wretched affair, in which the real victims were not, as Ackerley implies, he and his sister but the three girls, who were essentially abandoned by their mother (she thought that they might come between her and Roger), and were brought up by a well-meaning but stingy friend. All three girls suffered from rickets, and neither Roger nor their mother ever noticed. In fact, Roger's whole domestic arrangement resembled nothing so much as one of those festering households in the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett. As for his homosexual past, if it existed it was in all likelihood brief and merely a way for Roger, like so many other young Guardsmen of the time, to pick up a few extra shillings. He was never really a part of the louche world that Ackerley fantasizes about.



Ackerley's own homosexuality, which at the time the book came out was thought to be the most scandalous secret of "My Father and Myself," is presented there as a kind of high-minded platonic quest for "the Ideal Friend." "*Though two or three hundred young men were to pass throug*' *my hands in the course of years, I di* not consider myself promiscu ous but monogamous," I writes, and he says that "u: able, it seemed, to reach s through love, I started up a long quest in pursuit love through sex." Parl points out that the quest v pretty much doomed fr the start, since Ackerle taste was for working-class h erosexuals, who were unlik ever to return his affecti —or, for that matter, to ma tain the standards of hygi that he fastidiously insisted up There was always an element of d taste as well as of attraction in Ack ley's affairs. Not that his sex life w all misery and frustration. Parker su gests that there was a kind of gid rompiness to many of Ackerley's e capades, while others had a quali of Joe Orton farce: hasty unbuttor ings with the footman, gay policeme trooping through the drawing roor and awkward moments with the post man. Ackerley's most disastrous an most blackly comic liaison was with a married Army deserter named Freddie Doyle, whom he once, in despair, betrayed to the authorities, because he could think of no other way to get him cured of gonorrhea. While Doyle was in jail, Ackerley became unreasonably jealous of his wife and contemplated murdering her by infecting some drawing pins and scattering them on the bedroom floor for her to step on. "This plot never got much beyond the planning stage and Ackerley later wondered how serious he had really been," Parker writes. "He had, however, gone so far as to stud a piece of rotting liver with drawing-pins, keeping the gruesome object, wrapped in cloth, at the bottom of a drawer."

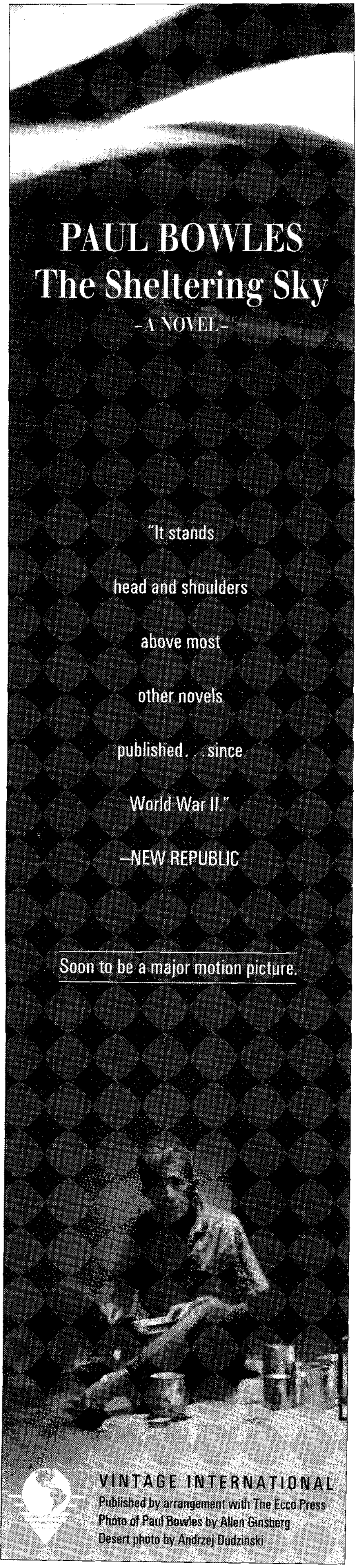
IN his published writings Ackerley says next to nothing about his editorial job, and an editor's work, of course, is almost invisible when it's done well. Parker nevertheless manages to demonstrate that Ackerley was a brilliant and inspired editor. He was tactful and patient, secure in his own judgment, and endlessly curious. He read everything in sight, he once said: "histories of the Ottoman Empire, instructions on patent medicines, bus-tickets, anything." He also had a gift for putting writers and subjects together, and for recognizing talent in its arliest manifestations. *The Listener* under Ackerley did much to further the eputation of the young Auden, for xample, and was the first magazine to ublish Philip Larkin. Ackerley enouraged provocative views, and then ought to defend them against the hilistine and arbitrary meddling of e BBC (*The Listener's* publisher), hich insisted, for instance, that a ference to Proust's homosexuality be moved from a review of a book about m, and forbade the use of the words harlotry," "randy," and (in poetry ut not in prose) "brothel." For all at Ackerley added to *The Listener*, e and the lords of Broadcasting House ere often at swords' points, and when e retired, in 1959, there was a certain mount of bad feeling on both sides. The one editorial talent that Ackerley acked, perhaps, was that of getting along with the boss.

Ackerley in his books also says little about his nonsexual friendships, which were extensive, or about his generosity, which at times was close to heroic. (When "We Think the World of You" came out, Forster, among others, complained that the hero, so like Ackerley in most respects, had none of his "kindness.") Ackerley's sister, Nancy, two years younger than he, darts through "My Father and Myself" as a kind of mysterious, disembodied presence, caught only in glimpses, but in reality she was a constant and almost overwhelming burden on him. Beautiful but spoiled and deeply troubled, Nancy was for all practical purposes unable to care for herself, and after the failure of her marriage—to an American business associate of her father's—she threw herself on Ackerley and insisted that he include her in his life. He nursed her through countless binges and breakdowns and fits of jealousy, and for much of his life she shared his home with him, as, for years, did their Aunt Bunny, a retired music-hall performer who had become infirm and alcoholic. Ackerley's little flat came ultimately to resemble a kind of squalid rest home, reeking both of gin and of the homemade diapers that the incontinent Bunny dried by the gas fire.

If there is a subtheme to Parker's book, in fact, it is the sadness of age and loneliness and drink. There are scenes, at once awful and comic, of Ackerley's mother, drunk and senile, spending hours placing crumbs around her bath in order to feed a housefly she said she had tamed; of a sodden Siegfried Sassoon, bitter and melancholy, shuffling through his great stone mausoleum of a house in flannels so worn that his buttocks showed through the seat; of Ackerley himself, who began drinking excessively as he grew older, cashing in a literary prize to pay for booze, and one night losing his balance as he reached down to take off his shoes and then crashing through the furniture and onto his face.

Ackerley's most extreme devotion was reserved for his dog, whom he bought (from Freddie Doyle, of all people) in 1946, and around whom he planned his life thereafter. He dedicated "My Father and Myself" to her, he attended proudly to her every bowel movement and urination, and he wrote about her in language that approaches hagiography:

> Her ears are tall and pointed, like the ears of Anubis. How she manages to hold them constantly erect, as though starched, I do not know, for with their fine soft covering of mouse-grey fur they are soft and flimsy; when she stands with her back



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> to the sun it shines through the delicate tissue, so that they glow shell-pink as though incandescent. . . . And in the midst of her forehead is a kind of Indian caste-mark, a black diamond suspended there, like the jewel on the brow of Pegasus in Mantegna's 'Parnassus.'

Parker confirms something I had always suspected about this paragon: she was in fact a monster, impossibly highstrung and insanely jealous of her owner. Forster called her "that unnecessary bitch," and another friend said she was "a noisy, dangerous creature that rushed about barking and made conversation impossible, and was too hysterical to stand still for even one hundredth of a second." But there is no doubt that Ackerley's passion for Queenie—and hers for him—was genuine. He watched over her with the same awestruck attentiveness that he devoted to his writing about her, and when she died he was devastated. "I wish I believed in an afterlife, that kind of sweet afterlife believed in by the Hindoos, in which great love brings souls together again," he said. "I would have immolated myself as a *suttee* when Queenie died. For no human being would I have done such a thing."

The most distressing—and the funniest—episode in Parker's book concerns Ackerley's efforts to find a substitute for Queenie in a wounded sparrow, which he nursed and fed, and named Hopalong Cassidy, after the cowboy star. Parker writes:

> Ackerley's friends looked on in horror as his room was gradually transformed to accommodate the bird. . . . He spread copies of *The Times* on the floor and gathered cardboard boxes, some old files and the Oxford Atlas in order to make a "playpen." He also made a perch, four inches above the ground, and provided an earth-filled flower pot in which Cassidy could enjoy dust baths. In one box he put an old sock, in the woollen folds of which the bird slept. Cassidy flapped ineffectually about the room, hopping about the furniture and covering everything with shit.

Eventually, a friend caused the bird to escape, and Ackerley, who had begun to half believe that Cassidy had somehow acquired part of Queenie's spirit, was inconsolable. He spent days searching for his bird among the local sparrows before concluding, ruefully, that Cassidy had fallen victim to cats.

THE one surprising omission in Parker's biography has to do with Ackerley's writing. Parker notes each of the books as it comes out, and dutifully records its reception, but he has little to say about Ackerley's style—which, like its author, was an appealing and original blend of Edwardian and modern—or about its influences or its evolution. The biography conveys no real sense of Ackerley as an *artist*. Nor does Parker ever consider why Ackerley published so little, and so little of real importance. Part of the answer is that for much of his life Ackerley was too busy, both with his job and with his romantic pursuits, to devote himself fully to writing. For some fifteen years, he said in "My Father and Myself," he was "seldom relaxed and did little writing or reading, for what was happening outside in the streets? what was I missing by staying indoors?" Moreover, Ackerley was by temperament both a miniaturist and a perfectionist. "I write by ear as well as by eye, and my finished prose has a kind of rhythm, very easily disturbed," he said in a letter. "Afterwards I find it hard to alter a single word, the balance of a sentence is liable to get upset. I am not trying to praise myself, only to say how I work. I could never knock off a novel in a few months." But Ackerley's greatest limitation was his subject matter: he had none other than himself. His one effort at fiction is, if anything, truer to his life than his memoir is, and the latter, a Ivy Compton-Burnett once pointe out, is misleadingly titled: it ought t be called "Myself and My Father. It's not that Ackerley was self-al sorbed, exactly, but that beyond a ce tain point he just didn't find peop particularly interesting. The other si of his profound identification with ar mals was a certain revulsion from h man beings—even, at times, from hi self. His writing about Queenie oft reveals a wistfulness and longing tl go beyond mere sympathy. The sadd thing of all about Ackerley is that i had been up to him he might have cl sen a dog's life.

—CHARLES MCGRA

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### ANOTHER CLEVER BUSINESS NA WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

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[*From an article by Kim Upton in the Los Angeles Times*]

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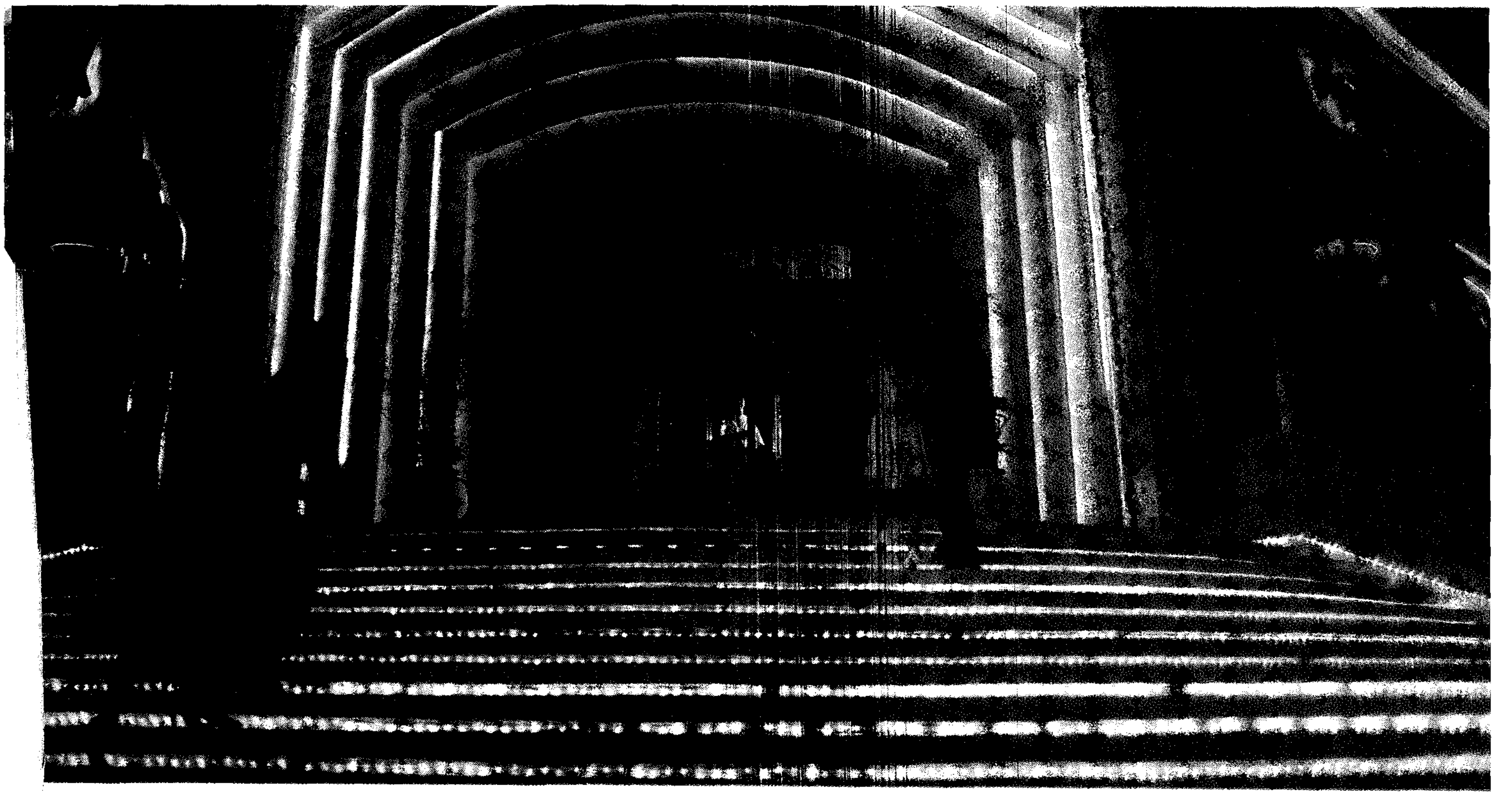

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